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OF

JOHN RUSKIN.

VOL. I.

GIOTTO AND HIS WORKS IN
PADUA.

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TIN-
TORET.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE
PRINCIPAL PICTURES EX-
HIBITED IN THE ROYAL
ACADEMY, 1875.

NOTES ON SAMUEL PROUT
AND WILLIAM HUNT.

TURNER'S DRAWINGS AND
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GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA.

BEING

*AN EXPLANATORY NOTICE OF THE SERIES OF
WOODCUTS EXECUTED FOR THE ARUNDEL
SOCIETY AFTER THE FRESCOS IN
THE ARENA CHAPEL.*

BY

JOHN RUSKIN.

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NEW YORK:
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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following notice of Giotto has not been drawn up with any idea of attempting a history of his life. That history could only be written after a careful search through the libraries of Italy for all documents relating to the years during which he worked. I have no time for such search, or even for the examination of well-known and published materials; and have therefore merely collected, from the sources nearest at hand, such information as appeared absolutely necessary to render the series of Plates now published by the Arundel Society intelligible and interesting to those among its Members who have not devoted much time to the examination of mediæval works. I have prefixed a few remarks on the relation of the art of Giotto to former and subsequent efforts; which I hope may be useful in preventing the general reader from either looking for what the painter never intended to give, or missing the points to which his endeavours were really directed.

J. R.

GIOTTO

AND HIS WORKS IN PADUA.

TOWARDS the close of the thirteenth century, Enrico Scrovegno, a noble Paduan, purchased, in his native city, the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre or Arena from the family of the Delesmanini, to whom those remains had been granted by the Emperor Henry III. of Germany in 1090. For the power of making this purchase, Scrovegno was in all probability indebted to his father, Reginald, who, for his avarice, is placed by Dante in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, and regarded apparently as the chief of the usurers there, since he is the only one who addresses Dante.* The son, having pos-

* “Noting the visages of some who lay
Beneath the pelting of that dolorous fire,
One of them all I knew not ; but perceived
That pendent from his neck each bore a pouch,
With colours and with emblems various marked,
On which it seemed as if their eye did feed.
And when amongst them looking round I came,
A yellow purse I saw, with azure wrought,
That wore a lion’s countenance and port.
Then, still my sight pursuing its career,
Another I beheld, than blood more red,
A goose display of whiter wing than curd.
And one who bore a fat and azure swine
Pictured on his white scrip, addressed me thus:
What dost thou in this deep? Go now and know,
Since yet thou livest, that my neighbour here,
Vitaliano, on my left shall sit.
A Paduan with these Florentines am I.
Ofttimes they thunder in mine ears, exclaiming,

sessed himself of the Roman ruin, or of the site which it had occupied, built himself a fortified palace upon the ground, and a chapel dedicated to the Annunciate Virgin.

This chapel, built in or about the year 1303,* appears to have been intended to replace one which had long existed on the spot; and in which, from the year 1278, an annual festival had been held on Lady-day, in which the Annunciation was represented in the manner of our English mysteries (and under the same title: "una sacra rappresentazione di quel *mistero*"), with dialogue, and music both vocal and instrumental. Scrovegno's purchase of the ground could not be allowed to interfere with the national custom; but he is reported by some writers to have rebuilt the chapel with greater costliness, in

Oh! haste that noble knight, he who the pouch
With the three goats will bring. This said, he writhed
The mouth, and lolled the tongue out, like an ox
That licks his nostrils."

Canto xvii.

This passage of Cary's Dante is not quite so clear as that translator's work usually is. "One of them all I knew not" is an awkward periphrasis for "I knew none of them." Dante's indignant expression of the effect of avarice in withering away distinctions of character, and the prophecy of Scrovegno, that his neighbor Vitaliano, then living, should soon be with him, to sit on his left hand, is rendered a little obscure by the transposition of the word "here." Cary has also been afraid of the excessive homeliness of Dante's imagery; "whiter wing than curd" being in the original whiter than butter." The attachment of the purse to the neck, as a badge of shame, in the *Inferno*, is found before Dante's time; as, for instance, in the windows of Bourges cathedral (see Plate iii. of MM. Martin and Calier's beautiful work). And the building of the Arena Chapel by the son, as a kind of atonement for the avarice of the father, is very characteristic of the period, in which the use of money for the building of churches was considered just as meritorious as its unjust accumulation was criminal. I have seen, in a MS. Church service of the thirteenth century, an illumination representing Church Consecration, illustrating the words, "Fundata est domus Domini supra verticem montium," surrounded for the purpose of contrast, by a grotesque, consisting of a picture of a miser's death-bed, a demon drawing his soul out of his mouth, while his attendants are searching in his chests for his treasures.

* For these historical details I am chiefly indebted to the very careful treatise of Selvatico, *Sulla Cappellina degli Scrovegni nell' Arena di Padova*, Padua, 1836.

order, as far as possible, to efface the memory of his father's unhappy life. But Federici, in his history of the Cavalieri Godenti, supposes that Scrovegno was a member of that body, and was assisted by them in decorating the new edifice. The order of Cavalieri Godenti was instituted in the beginning of the thirteenth century, to defend the "existence," as Selvatico states it, but more accurately the dignity, of the Virgin, against the various heretics by whom it was beginning to be assailed. Her knights were first called Cavaliers of St. Mary; but soon increased in power and riches to such a degree, that, from their general habits of life, they received the nickname of the "Merry Brothers." Federici gives forcible reasons for his opinion that the Arena Chapel was employed in the ceremonies of their order; and Lord Lindsay observes, that the fulness with which the history of the Virgin is recounted on its walls, adds to the plausibility of his supposition.

Enrico Scrovegno was, however, towards the close of his life, driven into exile, and died at Venice in 1320. But he was buried in the chapel he had built; and has one small monument in the sacristy, as the founder of the building, in which he is represented under a Gothic niche, standing, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised; while behind the altar is his tomb, on which, as usual at the period, is a recumbent statue of him. The chapel itself may not unwarrantably be considered as one of the first efforts of Popery in resistance of the Reformation: for the Reformation, though not victorious till the sixteenth, began in reality in the thirteenth century; and the remonstrances of such bishops as our own Grossteste, the martyrdoms of the Albigenses in the Dominican crusades, and the murmurs of those "heretics" against whose aspersions of the majesty of the Virgin this chivalrous order of the Cavalieri Godenti was instituted, were as truly the signs of the approach of a new era in religion, as the opponent work of Giotto on the walls of the Arena was a sign of the approach of a new era in art.

The chapel having been founded, as stated above, in 1303, Giotto appears to have been summoned to decorate its in-

terior walls about the year 1306,—summoned, as being at that time the acknowledged master of painting in Italy. By what steps he had risen to this unquestioned eminence it is difficult to trace; for the records of his life, strictly examined, and freed from the verbiage and conjecture of artistical history, nearly reduce themselves to a list of the cities of Italy where he painted, and to a few anecdotes, of little meaning in themselves, and doubly pointless in the fact of most of them being inheritances of the whole race of painters, and related successively of all in whose biographies the public have deigned to take an interest. There is even question as to the date of his birth; Vasari stating him to have been born in 1276, while Baldinucci, on the internal evidence derived from Vasari's own narrative, throws the date back ten years.* I believe, however, that Vasari is most probably accurate in his first main statement; and that his errors, always numerous, are in the subsequent and minor particulars. It is at least undoubted truth that Giotto was born, and passed the years of childhood, at Vespignano, about fourteen miles north of Florence, on the road to Bologna. Few travellers can forget the peculiar landscape of that district of the Apennine. As they ascend the hill which rises from Florence to the lowest break in the ridge of Fiesole, they pass continually beneath the walls of villas bright in perfect luxury, and beside cypress-hedges, enclosing fair terraced gardens, where the masses of oleander and magnolia, motionless as leaves in a picture, inlay alternately upon the blue sky their branching lightness of pale rose-colour, and deep green breadth of shade, studded with balls of budding silver, and showing at intervals through their framework of rich leaf and rubied flower, the far-away bends of the Arno beneath its slopes of olive, and the purple peaks of the Carrara mountains, tossing themselves against the western distance, where the streaks of motionless cloud burn above the Pisan sea. The traveller passes the Fiesolan ridge, and all is changed. The country is on a sudden

* Lord Lindsay, *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 166.

lonely. Here and there indeed are seen the scattered houses of a farm grouped gracefully upon the hill-sides,—here and there a fragment of tower upon a distant rock ; but neither gardens, nor flowers, nor glittering palace-walls, only a grey extent of mountain-ground, tufted irregularly with ilex and olive : a scene not sublime, for its forms are subdued and low ; not desolate, for its valleys are full of sown fields and tended pastures ; not rich nor lovely, but sunburnt and sorrowful ; becoming wilder every instant as the road winds into its recesses, ascending still, until the higher woods, now partly oak and partly pine, drooping back from the central crest of the Apennine, leave a pastoral wilderness of scathed rock and arid grass, withered away here by frost, and there by strange lambent tongues of earth-fed fire.* Giotto passed the first ten years of his life, a shepherd-boy, among these hills ; was found by Cimabue near his native village, drawing one of his sheep upon a smooth stone ; was yielded up by his father, “a simple person, a labourer of the earth,” to the guardianship of the painter, who, by his own work, had already made the streets of Florence ring with joy ; attended him to Florence, and became his disciple.

We may fancy the glance of the boy, when he and Cimabue stood side by side on the ridge of Fiesole, and for the first time he saw the flowering thickets of the Val d’Arno ; and deep beneath, the innumerable towers of the City of the Lily, the depths of his own heart yet hiding the fairest of them all. Another ten years passed over him, and he was chosen from among the painters of Italy to decorate the Vatican.

The account given us by Vasari of the mode of his competition on this occasion, is one of the few anecdotes of him which seem to be authentic (especially as having given rise to an Italian proverb), and it has also great point and value. I translate Vasari’s words literally.

“This work (his paintings in the Campo Santo of Pisa) ac-

* At Pietra Mala. The flames rise two or three feet above the stony ground out of which they spring, white and fierce enough to be visible in the intense rays even of the morning sun.

quired for him, both in the city and externally, so much fame, that the Pope, Benedict IX., sent a certain one of his courtiers into Tuscany, to see what sort of a man Giotto was, and what was the quality of his works, he (the pope) intending to have some paintings executed in St. Peter's; which courtier, coming to see Giotto, and hearing that there were other masters in Florence who excelled in painting and in mosaic, spoke, in Siena, to many masters; then, having received drawings from them, he came to Florence; and having gone one morning into Giotto's shop as he was at work, explained the pope's mind to him, and in what way he wished to avail himself of his powers, and finally requested from him a little piece of drawing to send to his Holiness. Giotto, who was most courteous, took a leaf (of vellum?), and upon this, with a brush dipped in red, fixing his arm to his side, to make it as the limb of a pair of compasses, and turning his hand, made a circle so perfect in measure and outline, that it was a wonder to see: which having done, he said to the courtier, with a smile, 'There is the drawing.' He, thinking himself mocked, said, 'Shall I have no other drawing than this?' 'This is enough, and too much,' answered Giotto; 'send it with the others: you will see if it will be understood.' The ambassador, seeing that he could not get any thing else, took his leave with small satisfaction, doubting whether he had not been made a jest of. However, when he sent to the pope the other drawings, and the names of those who had made them, he sent also that of Giotto, relating the way in which he had held himself in drawing his circle, without moving his arm, and without compasses. Whence the pope, and many intelligent courtiers, knew how much Giotto overpassed in excellence all the other painters of his time. Afterwards, the thing becoming known, the proverb arose from it: 'Thou art rounder than the O of Giotto;' which it is still in custom to say to men of the grosser clay; for the proverb is pretty, not only on account of the accident of its origin, but because it has a double meaning, 'round' being taken in Tuscany to express not only circular form, but slowness and grossness of wit."

Such is the account of Vasari, which, at the first reading, might be gravely called into question, seeing that the paintings at Pisa, to which he ascribes the sudden extent of Giotto's reputation, have been proved to be the work of Francesco da Volterra;* and since, moreover, Vasari has even mistaken the name of the pope, and written Boniface IX. for Boniface VIII. But the story itself must, I think, be true; and, rightly understood, it is singularly interesting. I say, rightly understood; for Lord Lindsay supposes the circle to have been mechanically drawn by turning the sheet of vellum under the hand, as now constantly done for the sake of speed at schools. But neither do Vasari's words bear this construction, nor would the drawing so made have borne the slightest testimony to Giotto's power. Vasari says distinctly, "and turning his hand" (or, as I should rather read it, "with a sweep of his hand") not "turning the vellum;" neither would a circle produced in so mechanical a manner have borne distinct witness to any thing except the draughtsman's mechanical ingenuity; and Giotto had too much common sense, and too much courtesy, to send the pope a drawing which did not really contain the evidence he required. Lord Lindsay has been misled also by his own careless translation of "*pennello tinto di rosso*" ("a *brush* dipped in red,") by the word "crayon." It is easy to draw the mechanical circle with a crayon, but by no means easy with a brush. I have not the slightest doubt that Giotto drew the circle as a painter naturally would draw it; that is to say, that he set the vellum upright on the wall or panel before him, and then steadying his arm firmly against his side, drew the circular line with one sweeping but firm revolution of his hand, holding the brush long. Such a feat as this is completely possible to a well-disciplined painter's hand, but utterly impossible to any other; and the circle so drawn, was the most convincing proof Giotto could give of his decision of eye and perfectness of practice.

* At least Lord Lindsay seems to consider the evidence collected by Förster on this subject conclusive. *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 168.

Still, even when thus understood, there is much in the anecdote very curious. Here is a painter requested by the head of the Church to execute certain religious paintings, and the only qualification for the task of which he deigns to demonstrate his possession is executive skill. Nothing is said, and nothing appears to be thought, of expression, or invention, or devotional sentiment. Nothing is required but firmness of hand. And here arises the important question: Did Giotto know that this was all that was looked for by his religious patrons? and is there occult satire in the example of his art which he sends them?—or does the founder of sacred painting mean to tell us that he holds his own power to consist merely in firmness of hand, secured by long practice? I cannot satisfy myself on this point: but yet it seems to me that we may safely gather two conclusions from the words of the master, “It is enough, and more than enough.” The first, that Giotto had indeed a profound feeling of the value of *precision* in all art; and that we may use the full force of his authority to press the truth, of which it is so difficult to persuade the hasty workmen of modern times, that the difference between right and wrong lies within the breadth of a line; and that the most perfect power and genius are shown by the accuracy which disdains error, and the faithfulness which fears it.

And the second conclusion is, that whatever Giotto’s imaginative powers might be, he was proud to be a good *workman*, and willing to be considered by others only as such. There might lurk, as has been suggested, some satire in the message to the pope, and some consciousness in his own mind of faculties higher than those of draughtsmanship. I cannot tell how far these hidden feelings existed; but the more I see of living artists, and learn of departed ones, the more I am convinced that the highest strength of genius is generally marked by strange unconsciousness of its own modes of operation, and often by no small scorn of the best results of its exertion. The inferior mind intently watches its own processes, and dearly values its own produce; the

master-mind is intent on other things than itself, and cares little for the fruits of a toil which it is apt to undertake rather as a law of life than a means of immortality. It will sing at a feast, or retouch an old play, or paint a dark wall, for its daily bread, anxious only to be honest in its fulfilment of its pledges or its duty, and careless that future ages will rank it among the gods.

I think it unnecessary to repeat here any other of the anecdotes commonly related of Giotto, as, separately taken, they are quite valueless. Yet much may be gathered from their general *tone*. It is remarkable that they are, almost without exception, records of good-humoured jests, involving or illustrating some point of practical good sense; and by comparing this general colour of the reputation of Giotto with the actual character of his designs, there cannot remain the smallest doubt that his mind was one of the most healthy, kind, and active, that ever informed a human frame. His love of beauty was entirely free from weakness; his love of truth untinged by severity; his industry constant, without impatience; his workmanship accurate, without formalism; his temper serene, and yet playful; his imagination exhaustless, without extravagance; and his faith firm, without superstition. I do not know, in the annals of art, such another example of happy, practical, unerring, and benevolent power.

I am certain that this is the estimate of his character which must be arrived at by an attentive study of his works, and of the few data which remain respecting his life; but I shall not here endeavour to give proof of its truth, because I believe the subject has been exhaustively treated by Rumohr and Förster, whose essays on the works and character of Giotto will doubtless be translated into English, as the interest of the English public in mediæval art increases. I shall therefore here only endeavour briefly to sketch the relation which Giotto held to the artists who preceded and followed him, a relation still imperfectly understood; and then, as briefly, to indicate the general course of his labours in Italy, as far as may be necessary for understanding the value of the series in the Arena Chapel.

The art of Europe, between the fifth and thirteenth centuries, divides itself essentially into great branches, one springing from, the other grafted on, the old Roman stock. The first is the Roman art itself, prolonged in a languid and degraded condition, and becoming at last a mere formal system, centered at the feet of Eastern empire, and thence generally called Byzantine. The other is the barbarous and incipient art of the Gothic nations, more or less coloured by Roman or Byzantine influence, and gradually increasing in life and power.

Generally speaking, the Byzantine art, although manifesting itself only in perpetual repetitions, becoming every day more cold and formal, yet preserved reminiscences of design originally noble, and traditions of execution originally perfect.

Generally speaking, the Gothic art, although becoming every day more powerful, presented the most ludicrous experiments of infantile imagination, and the most rude efforts of untaught manipulation.

Hence, if any superior mind arose in Byzantine art, it had before it models which suggested or recorded a perfection they did not themselves possess; and the superiority of the individual mind would probably be shown in a more sincere and living treatment of the subjects ordained for repetition by the canons of the schools.

In the art of the Goth, the choice of subject was unlimited, and the style of design so remote from all perfection, as not always even to point out clearly the direction in which advance could be made. The strongest minds which appear in that art are therefore generally manifested by redundancy of imagination, and sudden refinement of touch, whether of pencil or chisel, together with unexpected starts of effort or flashes of knowledge in accidental directions, gradually forming various national styles.

Of these comparatively independent branches of art, the greatest is, as far as I know, the French sculpture of the thirteenth century. No words can give any idea of the magnificent redundancy of its imaginative power, or of the perpetual

beauty of even its smallest incidental designs. But this very richness of sculptural invention prevented the French from cultivating their powers of painting, except in illumination (of which art they were the acknowledged masters), and in glass-painting. Their exquisite gift of fretting their stone-work with inexhaustible wealth of sculpture, prevented their feeling the need of figure-design on coloured surfaces.

The style of architecture prevalent in Italy at the same period, presented, on the contrary, large blank surfaces, which could only be rendered interesting by covering them with mosaic or painting.

The Italians were not at the time capable of doing this for themselves, and mosaicists were brought from Constantinople, who covered the churches of Italy with a sublime monotony of Byzantine traditions. But the Gothic blood was burning in the Italian veins; and the Florentines and Pisans could not rest content in the formalism of the Eastern splendour. The first innovator was, I believe, Giunta of Pisa, the second Cimabue, the third Giotto; the last only being a man of power enough to effect a complete revolution in the artistic principles of his time.

He, however, began, like his master Cimabue, with a perfect respect for his Byzantine models; and his paintings for a long time consisted only of repetitions of the Byzantine subjects, softened in treatment, enriched in number of figures, and enlivened in gesture. Afterwards he invented subjects of his own. The manner and degree of the changes which he at first effected could only be properly understood by actual comparison of his designs with the Byzantine originals; * but in default of the means of such a comparison, it may be gener-

* It might not, I think, be a work unworthy of the Arundel Society, to collect and engrave in outline the complete series of these Byzantine originals of the subjects of the Arena Chapel, in order to facilitate this comparison. The Greek MSS. in the British Museum would, I think, be amply sufficient; the Harleian MS. numbered 1810 alone furnishing a considerable number of subjects, and especially a Death of the Virgin, with the St. John thrown into the peculiar and violent gesture of grief afterwards adopted by Giotto in the Entombment of the Arena Chapel.

ally stated that the innovations of Giotto consisted in the introduction, A, of gayer or lighter colours; B, of broader masses; and, C, of more careful imitation of nature than existed in the works of his predecessors.

A. *Greater lightness of colour.* This was partly in compliance with a tendency which was beginning to manifest itself even before Giotto's time. Over the whole of northern Europe, the colouring of the eleventh and early twelfth centuries had been pale: in manuscripts, principally composed of pale red, green, and yellow, blue being sparingly introduced (earlier still, in the eighth and ninth centuries, the letters had often been coloured with black and yellow only). Then, in the close of the twelfth and throughout the thirteenth century, the great system of perfect colour was in use; solemn and deep; composed strictly, in all its leading masses, of the colours revealed by God from Sinai as the noblest;—blue, purple, and scarlet, with gold (other hues, chiefly green, with white and black, being used in points or small masses, to relieve the main colours). In the early part of the fourteenth century the colours begin to grow paler; about 1330 the style is already completely modified; and at the close of the fourteenth century the colour is quite pale and delicate.

I have not carefully examined the colouring of early Byzantine work; but it seems always to have been comparatively dark, and in manuscripts is remarkably so; Giotto's paler colouring, therefore, though only part of the great European system, was rendered notable by its stronger contrast with the Byzantine examples.

B. *Greater breadth of mass.* It had been the habit of the Byzantines to break up their draperies by a large number of minute folds. Norman and Romanesque sculpture showed much of the same character. Giotto melted all these folds into broad masses of colour; so that his compositions have sometimes almost a Titianesque look in this particular. This innovation was a healthy one, and led to very noble results when followed up by succeeding artists: but in many of Giotto's compositions the figures become ludicrously cumbrous,

from the exceeding simplicity of the terminal lines, and massiveness of unbroken form. The manner was copied in illuminated manuscripts with great disadvantage, as it was unfavourable to minute ornamentation. The French never adopted it in either branch of art, nor did any other Northern school; minute and sharp folds of the robes remaining characteristic of Northern (more especially of Flemish and German) design down to the latest times, giving a great superiority to the French and Flemish illuminated work, and causing a proportionate inferiority in their large pictorial efforts. Even Rubens and Vandyke cannot free themselves from a certain meanness and minuteness in disposition of drapery.

C. Close imitation of nature. In this one principle lay Giotto's great strength, and the entire secret of the revolution he effected. It was not by greater learning, not by the discovery of new theories of art, not by greater taste, nor by "ideal" principles of selection, that he became the head of the progressive schools of Italy. It was simply by being interested in what was going on around him, by substituting the gestures of living men for conventional attitudes, and portraits of living men for conventional faces, and incidents of every-day life for conventional circumstances, that he became great, and the master of the great. Giotto was to his contemporaries precisely what Millais is to *his* contemporaries,—a daring naturalist, in defiance of tradition, idealism, and formalism. The Giottesque movement in the fourteenth, and Pre-Raphaelite movement in the nineteenth centuries, are precisely similar in bearing and meaning: both being the protests of vitality against mortality, of spirit against letter, and of truth against tradition: and both, which is the more singular, literally links in one unbroken chain of feeling; for exactly as Niccola Pisano and Giotto were helped by the classical sculptures discovered in their time, the Pre-Raphaelites have been helped by the works of Niccola and Giotto at Pisa and Florence: and thus the fiery cross of truth has been delivered from spirit to spirit, over the dust of intervening generations.

But what, it may be said by the reader, is the use of the works of Giotto to *us*? They may indeed have been wonderful for their time, and of infinite use in that time; but since, after Giotto, came Leonardo and Correggio, what is the use of going back to the ruder art, and republishing it in the year 1854? Why should we fret ourselves to dig down to the root of the tree, when we may at once enjoy its fruit and foliage? I answer, first, that in all matters relating to human intellect, it is a great thing to have hold of the root: that at least we ought to see it, and taste it, and handle it; for it often happens that the root is wholesome when the leaves, however fair, are useless or poisonous. In nine cases out of ten, the first expression of an idea is the most valuable: the idea may afterward be polished and softened, and made more attractive to the general eye; but the first expression of it has a freshness and brightness, like the flash of a native crystal compared to the lustre of glass that has been melted and cut. And in the second place, we ought to measure the value of art less by its executive than by its moral power. Giotto was not indeed one of the most accomplished painters, but he was one of the greatest men, who ever lived. He was the first master of his time, in architecture as well as in painting; he was the friend of Dante, and the undisputed interpreter of religious truth, by means of painting, over the whole of Italy. The works of such a man may not be the best to set before children in order to teach them drawing; but they assuredly should be studied with the greatest care by all who are interested in the history of the human mind.

One point more remains to be noticed respecting him. As far as I am aware, he never painted profane subjects. All his important existing works are exclusively devoted to the illustration of Christianity. This was not a result of his own peculiar feeling or determination; it was a necessity of the period. Giotto appears to have considered himself simply as a workman, at the command of any employer, for any kind of work, however humble. “In the sixty-third novel of Franco Sacchetti we read that a stranger, suddenly entering Giotto’s

study, threw down a shield, and departed, saying, 'Paint me my arms on that shield.' Giotto looking after him, exclaimed, 'Who is he? What is he? He says, "Paint me my arms," as if he was one of the BARDI. What arms does he bear?'"* But at the time of Giotto's eminence, art was never employed on a great scale except in the service of religion; nor has it ever been otherwise employed, except in declining periods. I do not mean to draw any severe conclusion from this fact; but it is a fact nevertheless, which ought to be very distinctly stated, and very carefully considered. All *progressive* art hitherto has been religious art; and commencements of the periods of decline are accurately marked, in illumination, by its employment on romances instead of psalters; and in painting, by its employment on mythology or profane history instead of sacred history. Yet perhaps I should rather have said, on *heathen mythology* instead of *Christian mythology*; for this latter term—first used, I believe, by Lord Lindsay—is more applicable to the subjects of the early painters than that of "sacred *history*." Of all the virtues commonly found in the higher orders of human mind, that of a stern and just respect for truth seems to be the rarest; so that while self-denial, and courage, and charity, and religious zeal, are displayed in their utmost degrees by myriads of saints and heroes, it is only once in a century that a man appears whose word may be implicitly trusted, and who, in the relation of a plain fact, will not allow his prejudices or his pleasure to tempt him to some colouring or distortion of it. Hence the portions of sacred history which have been the constant subjects of fond popular contemplation have, in the lapse of ages, been encumbered with fictitious detail; and their various historians seem to have considered the exercise of their imagination innocent, and even meritorious, if they could increase either the vividness of conception or the sincerity of belief in their readers. A due consideration of that well-known weakness of the popular mind, which renders a statement credible in propor-

* Notes to Rogers' *Italy*.

tion to the multitude of local and circumstantial details which accompany it, may lead us to look with some indulgence on the errors, however fatal in their issue to the cause they were intended to advance, of those weak teachers, who thought the acceptance of their general statements of Christian doctrine cheaply won by the help of some simple (and generally absurd) inventions of detail respecting the life of the Virgin or the Apostles.

Indeed, I can hardly imagine the Bible to be ever read with true interest, unless, in our reading, we feel some longing for further knowledge of the minute incidents of the life of Christ, —for some records of those things, which “if they had been written every one,” the world could not have contained the books that should be written: and they who have once felt this thirst for further truth, may surely both conceive and pardon the earnest questioning of simple disciples (who knew not, as we do, how much had been indeed revealed), and measure with some justice the strength of the temptation which betrayed these teachers into adding to the word of Revelation. Together with this specious and subtle influence, we must allow for the instinct of imagination exerting itself in the acknowledged embellishment of beloved truths. If we reflect how much, even in this age of accurate knowledge, the visions of Milton have become confused in the minds of many persons with scriptural facts, we shall rather be surprised, that in an age of legends so little should be added to the Bible, than that occasionally we should be informed of important circumstances in sacred history with the collateral warning, “This Moses spake not of.”*

More especially in the domain of painting, it is surprising to see how strictly the early workmen confined themselves to representations of the same series of scenes; how little of pictorial embellishment they usually added; and how, even in the positions and gestures of figures, they strove to give the

* These words are gravely added to some singular particulars respecting the life of Adam, related in a MS. of the sixteenth century preserved in the Herald's College.

idea rather of their having seen the *fact*, than imagined a picturesque treatment of it. Often, in examining early art, we mistake conscientiousness for servility, and attribute to the absence of invention what was indeed the result of the earnestness of faith.

Nor, in a merely artistical point of view, is it less important to note, that the greatest advance in power was made when painters had few subjects to treat. The day has perhaps come when genius should be shown in the discovery of perpetually various interest amidst the incidents of actual life; and the absence of inventive capacity is very assuredly proved by the narrow selection of subjects which commonly appear on the walls of our exhibitions. But yet it is to be always remembered, that more originality may be shown in giving interest to a well-known subject than in discovering a new one; that the greatest poets whom the world has seen have been contented to retouch and exalt the creations of their predecessors; and that the painters of the middle ages reached their utmost power by unweariedly treading a narrow circle of sacred subjects.

Nothing is indeed more notable in the history of art than the exact balance of its point of excellence, in all things, midway between servitude and license. Thus, in choice and treatment of subject it became paralysed among the Byzantines, by being mercilessly confined to a given series of scenes, and to a given mode of representing them. Giotto gave it partial liberty and incipient life; by the artists who succeeded him the range of its scenery was continually extended, and the severity of its style slowly softened to perfection. But the range was still, in some degree, limited by the necessity of its continual subordination to religious purposes; and the style, though softened, was still chaste, and though tender, self-restrained. At last came the period of license: the artist chose his subjects from the lowest scenes of human life, and let loose his passions in their portraiture. And the kingdom of art passed away.

As if to direct us to the observation of this great law, there

is a curious visible type of it in the progress of ornamentation in manuscripts, corresponding with the various changes in the higher branch of art. In the course of the 12th and early 13th centuries, the ornamentation, though often full of high feeling and fantasy, is sternly enclosed within limiting border-lines;—at first, severe squares, oblongs, or triangles. As the grace of the ornamentation advances, these border-lines are softened and broken into various curves, and the inner design begins here and there to overpass them. Gradually this emergence becomes more constant, and the lines which thus escape throw themselves into curvatures expressive of the most exquisite concurrence of freedom with self-restraint. At length the restraint vanishes, the freedom changes consequently into license, and the page is covered with exuberant, irregular, and foolish extravagances of leafage and line.

It only remains to be noticed, that the circumstances of the time at which Giotto appeared were peculiarly favourable to the development of genius; owing partly to the simplicity of the methods of practice, and partly to the naïveté with which art was commonly regarded. Giotto, like all the great painters of the period, was merely a travelling decorator of walls, at so much a day; having at Florence a *bottega*, or workshop, for the production and sale of small tempera pictures. There were no such things as “studios” in those days. An artist’s “studies” were over by the time he was eighteen; after that he was a *lavoratore*, “labourer,” a man who knew his business, and produced certain works of known value for a known price; being troubled with no philosophical abstractions, shutting himself up in no wise for the reception of inspirations; receiving, indeed, a good many, as a matter of course,—just as he received the sunbeams which came in at his window, the light which he worked by;—in either case, without musing about it, or much concerning himself as to the nature of it. Not troubled by critics either; satisfied that his work was well done, and that people would find it out to be well done; but not vain of it, nor more profoundly vexed at its being found fault with, than a good saddler would be by some one’s

saying his last saddle was uneasy in the seat. Not, on the whole, much molested by critics, but generally understood by the men of sense, his neighbours and friends, and permitted to have his own way with the walls he had to paint, as being, on the whole, an authority about walls; receiving at the same time a good deal of daily encouragement and comfort in the simple admiration of the populace, and in the general sense of having done good, and painted what no man could look upon without being the better for it.

Thus he went, a serene labourer, throughout the length and breadth of Italy. For the first ten years of his life, a shepherd; then a student, perhaps for five or six; then already in Florence, setting himself to his life's task; and called as a master to Rome when he was only twenty. There he painted the principal chapel of St. Peter's, and worked in mosaic also; no handicrafts, that had colour or form for their objects, seeming unknown to him. Then returning to Florence, he painted Dante, about the year 1300,* the 35th year of Dante's life, the 24th of his own; and designed the façade of the Duomo, on the death of its former architect, Arnolfo. Some six years afterwards he went to Padua, there painting the chapel which is the subject of our present study, and many other churches. Thence south again to Assisi, where he painted half the walls and vaults of the great convent that stretches itself along the slopes of the Perugian hills, and various other minor works on his way there and back to Florence. Staying in his native city but a little while, he engaged himself in other tasks at Ferrara, Verona, and Ravenna, and at last at Avignon, where he became acquainted with Petrarch—working there for some three years, from 1324 to 1327;† and then passed rapidly through Florence

* Lord Lindsay's evidence on this point (*Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 174) seems quite conclusive. It is impossible to overrate the value of the work of Giotto in the Bargello, both for its own intrinsic beauty, and as being executed in this year, which is not only that in which the *Divina Commedia* opens, but, as I think, the culminating period in the history of the art of the middle ages.

† *Christian Art*, vol. ii. p. 242.

and Orvieto on his way to Naples, where "he received the kindest welcome from the good king Robert. The king, ever partial to men of mind and genius, took especial delight in Giotto's society, and used frequently to visit him while working in the Castello dell' Uovo, taking pleasure in watching his pencil and listening to his discourse; 'and Giotto,' says Vasari, 'who had ever his repartee and bon-mot ready, held him there, fascinated at once with the magic of his pencil and pleasantry of his tongue.' We are not told the length of his sojourn at Naples, but it must have been for a considerable period, judging from the quantity of works he executed there. He had certainly returned to Florence in 1332." There he was immediately appointed "chief master" of the works of the Duomo, then in progress, "with a yearly salary of one hundred gold florins, and the privilege of citizenship." He designed the Campanile, in a more perfect form than that which now exists; for his intended spire, 150 feet in height, never was erected. He, however, modelled the bas-reliefs for the base of the building, and sculptured two of them with his own hand. It was afterwards completed, with the exception of the spire, according to his design; but he only saw its foundations laid, and its first marble story rise. He died at Florence, on the 8th of January, 1337, full of honour; happy, perhaps, in departing at the zenith of his strength, when his eye had not become dim, nor his natural force abated. He was buried in the cathedral, at the angle nearest his campanile; and thus the tower, which is the chief grace of his native city, may be regarded as his own sepulchral monument.

I may refer the reader to the close of Lord Lindsay's letter on Giotto,* from which I have drawn most of the particulars above stated, for a very beautiful sketch of his character and his art. Of the real rank of that art, in the abstract, I do not feel myself capable of judging accurately, having not seen his finest works (at Assisi and Naples), nor carefully studied even

* *Christian Art*, p. 260.

those at Florence. But I may be permitted to point out one or two peculiar characteristics in it which have always struck me forcibly.

In the first place, Giotto never finished highly. He was not, indeed, a loose or sketchy painter, but he was by no means a delicate one. His lines, as the story of the circle would lead us to expect, are always firm, but they are never fine. Even in his smallest tempera pictures the touch is bold and somewhat heavy: in his fresco work the handling is much broader than that of contemporary painters, corresponding somewhat to the character of many of the figures, representing plain, masculine kind of people, and never reaching any thing like the ideal refinement of the conceptions even of Benozzo Gozzoli, far less of Angelico or Francia. For this reason, the character of his painting is better expressed by bold wood-engravings than in general it is likely to be by any other means.

Again, he was a very noble colourist; and in his peculiar feeling for breadth of hue resembled Titian more than any other of the Florentine school. That is to say, had he been born two centuries later, when the art of painting was fully known, I believe he would have treated his subjects much more like Titian than like Raphael; in fact, the frescoes of Titian in the chapel beside the church of St. Antonio at Padua, are, in all technical qualities, and in many of their conceptions, almost exactly what I believe Giotto would have done, had he lived in Titian's time. As it was, he of course never attained either richness or truth of colour; but in serene brilliancy he is not easily rivalled; invariably massing his hues in large fields, limiting them firmly, and then filling them with subtle gradation. He had the Venetian fondness for bars and stripes, not unfrequently casting barred colours obliquely across the draperies of an upright figure, from side to side (as very notably in the dress of one of the musicians who are playing to the dancing of Herodias' daughter, in one of his frescoes at Santa Croce); and this predilection was mingled

with the truly mediæval love of *quartering*.* The figure of the Madonna in the small tempera pictures in the Academy at Florence is always completely divided into two narrow segments by her dark-blue robe.

And this is always to be remembered in looking at any engravings from the works of Giotto; for the injury they sustain in being deprived of their colour is far greater than in the case of later designers. All works produced in the fourteenth century agree in being more or less decorative; they were intended in most instances to be subservient to architectural effect, and were executed in the manner best calculated to produce a striking impression when they were seen in a mass. The painted wall and the painted window were part and parcel of one magnificent whole; and it is as unjust to the work of Giotto, or of any contemporary artist, to take out a single feature from the series, and represent it in black and white on a separate page, as it would be to take out a compartment of a noble coloured window, and engrave it in the same manner. What is at once refined and effective, if seen at the intended distance in unison with the rest of the work, becomes coarse and insipid when seen isolated and near; and the more skilfully the design is arranged, so as to give full value to the colours which are introduced in it, the more blank and cold will it become when it is deprived of them.

In our modern art we have indeed lost sight of one great principle which regulated that of the middle ages, namely, that *chiaroscuro* and colour are incompatible in their highest degrees. Wherever *chiaroscuro* enters, colour must lose some of its brilliancy. There is no *shade* in a rainbow, nor in an opal, nor in a piece of mother-of-pearl, nor in a well-designed painted window; only various hues of perfect colour. The best pictures, by subduing their colour and conventionalising their *chiaroscuro*, reconcile both in their diminished degrees; but a perfect light and shade cannot be given without con-

* I use this heraldic word in an inaccurate sense, knowing no other that will express what I mean,—the division of the picture into quaint segments of alternating colour, more marked than any of the figure outlines.

siderable loss of liveliness in colour. Hence the supposed inferiority of Tintoret to Titian. Tintoret is, in reality, the greater colourist of the two; but he could not bear to falsify his light and shadow enough to set off his colour. Titian nearly strikes the exact mean between the painted glass of the 13th century and Rembrandt; while Giotto closely approaches the system of painted glass, and hence his compositions lose grievously by being translated into black and white.

But even this *chiaroscuro*, however subdued, is not without a peculiar charm; and the accompanying engravings possess a marked superiority over all that have hitherto been made from the works of this painter, in rendering this *chiaroscuro*, as far as possible, together with the effect of the local colours. The true appreciation of art has been retarded for many years by the habit of trusting to outlines as a sufficient expression of the sentiment of compositions; whereas in all truly great designs, of whatever age, it is never the outline, but the disposition of the masses, whether of shade or colour, on which the real power of the work depends. For instance, in Plate III. (The Angel appears to Anna), the interest of the composition depends entirely upon the broad shadows which fill the spaces of the chamber, and of the external passage in which the attendant is sitting. This shade explains the whole scene in a moment: gives prominence to the curtain and coverlid of the homely bed, and the rude chest and trestles which form the poor furniture of the house; and conducts the eye easily and instantly to the three figures, which, had the scene been expressed in outline only, we should have had to trace out with some care and difficulty among the pillars of the loggia and folds of the curtains. So also the relief of the faces in light against the dark sky is of peculiar value in the compositions No. X. and No. XII.

The *drawing* of Giotto is, of course, exceedingly faulty. His knowledge of the human figure is deficient; and this, the necessary drawback in all works of the period, occasions an extreme difficulty in rendering them faithfully in an engraving. For wherever there is good and legitimate drawing, the

ordinary education of a modern draughtsman enables him to copy it with tolerable accuracy; but when once the true forms of nature are departed from, it is by no means easy to express *exactly* the error, and *no more than* the error, of his original. In most cases modern copyists try to modify or hide the weaknesses of the old art,—by which procedure they very often wholly lose its spirit, and only half redeem its defects; the results being, of course, at once false as representations, and intrinsically valueless. And just as it requires great courage and skill in an interpreter to speak out honestly all the rough and rude words of the first speaker, and to translate deliberately and resolutely, in the face of attentive men, the expressions of his weakness or impatience; so it requires at once the utmost courage and skill in a copyist to trace faithfully the failures of an imperfect master, in the front of modern criticism, and against the inborn instincts of his own hand and eye. And let him do the best he can, he will still find that the grace and life of his original are continually flying off like a vapour, while all the faults he has so diligently copied sit rigidly staring him in the face,—a terrible *caput mortuum*. It is very necessary that this should be well understood by the members of the Arundel Society, when they hear their engravings severely criticised. It is easy to produce an agreeable engraving by graceful infidelities; but the entire endeavour of the draughtsmen employed by this society has been to obtain accurately the character of the original; and he who never proposes to himself to rise *above* the work he is copying, must most assuredly often fall beneath it. Such fall is the inherent and inevitable penalty on all absolute copyism; and wherever the copy is made with sincerity, the fall must be endured with patience. It will never be an utter or a degrading fall; that is reserved for those who, like vulgar translators, wilfully quit the hand of their master, and have no strength of their own.

Lastly. It is especially to be noticed that these works of Giotto, in common with all others of the period, are independent of all the inferior sources of pictorial interest. They

never show the slightest attempt at imitative realisation: they are simple suggestions of ideas, claiming no regard except for the inherent value of the thoughts. There is no filling of the landscape with variety of scenery, architecture, or incident, as in the works of Benozzo Gozzoli or Perugino; no wealth of jewellery and gold spent on the dresses of the figures, as in the delicate labours of Angelico or Gentile da Fabriano. The background is never more than a few gloomy masses of rock, with a tree or two, and perhaps a fountain; the architecture is merely what is necessary to explain the scene; the dresses are painted sternly on the "heroic" principle of Sir Joshua Reynolds—that drapery is to be "drapery, and nothing more,"—there is no silk, nor velvet, nor distinguishable material of any kind: the whole power of the picture is rested on the three simple essentials of painting—pure Colour, noble Form, noble Thought.

We moderns, educated in reality far more under the influence of the Dutch masters than the Italian, and taught to look for realisation in all things, have been in the habit of casting scorn on these early Italian works, as if their simplicity were the result of ignorance merely. When we know a little more of art in general, we shall begin to suspect that a man of Giotto's power of mind did not altogether suppose his clusters of formal trees, or diminutive masses of architecture, to be perfect representations of the woods of Judea, or of the streets of Jerusalem: we shall begin to understand that there is a symbolical art which addresses the imagination, as well as a realist art which supersedes it; and that the powers of contemplation and conception which could be satisfied or excited by these simple types of natural things, were infinitely more majestic than those which are so dependent on the completeness of what is presented to them as to be paralysed by an error in perspective, or stifled by the absence of atmosphere.

Nor is the healthy simplicity of the period less marked in the selection than in the treatment of subjects. It has in these days become necessary for the painter who desires popularity

to accumulate on his canvas whatever is startling in aspect or emotion, and to drain, even to exhaustion, the vulgar sources of the pathetic. Modern sentiment, at once feverish and feeble, remains unawakened except by the violences of gaiety or gloom; and the eye refuses to pause, except when it is tempted by the luxury of beauty, or fascinated by the excitement of

terror. It ought not, therefore, to be without a respectful admiration that we find the masters of the fourteenth century dwelling on moments of the most subdued and tender feeling, and leaving the spectator to trace the under-currents of thought which link them with future events of mightier interest, and fill with a prophetic power and mystery scenes in themselves so simple as the meeting of a master with his herdsmen among the hills, or the return of a betrothed virgin to her house.

It is, however, to be remembered that this quietness in character of subject was much more possible to an early painter, owing to the connection in which his works were to be seen. A modern picture, isolated and portable, must rest all its claims to attention on its own actual subject: but the pictures of the early masters were nearly always parts of a consecutive and stable series, in which many were subdued, like the connecting passages of a prolonged poem, in order



to enhance the value or meaning of others. The arrangement of the subjects in the Arena Chapel is in this respect peculiarly skilful; and to that arrangement we must now direct our attention.

It was before noticed that the chapel was built between 1300 and 1306. The architecture of Italy in the beginning

of the fourteenth century is always pure, and often severe; but this chapel is remarkable, even among the severest forms, for the absence of decoration. Its plan, seen in the marginal figure on p. 26, is a pure oblong, with a narrow advanced tribune, ter-



INTERIOR OF THE ARENA CHAPEL, PADUA, LOOKING EASTWARD.

minating in a trilateral apse. Selvatico quotes from the German writer Stieglitz some curious observations on the apparent derivation of its proportions, in common with those of other buildings of the time, from the number of sides of its apse.

Without entering into these particulars, it may be noted that the apse is just one-half the width of the body of the chapel, and that the length from the extremity of the tribune to the west end is just seven times the width of the apse. The whole of the body of the chapel was painted by Giotto; the walls and roof being entirely covered either with his figure-designs, or with various subordinate decorations connecting and enclosing them.

The woodcut on p. 27 represents the arrangement of the frescoes on the sides, extremities, and roof of the chapel. The spectator is supposed to be looking from the western entrance towards the tribune, having on his right the south side, which is pierced by six tall windows, and on which the frescoes are therefore reduced in number. The north side is pierced by no windows, and on it therefore the frescoes are continuous, lighted from the south windows. The several spaces numbered 1 to 38 are occupied by a continuous series of subjects, representing the life of the Virgin and of Christ; the narrow panels below, marked *a*, *b*, *c*, &c., are filled by figures of the cardinal virtues and their opponent vices: on the lunette above the tribune is painted a Christ in glory, and at the western extremity the Last Judgment. Thus the walls of the chapel are covered with a continuous meditative poem on the mystery of the Incarnation, the acts of Redemption, the vices and virtues of mankind as proceeding from their scorn or acceptance of that Redemption, and their final judgment.

The first twelve pictures of the series are exclusively devoted to the apocryphal history of the birth and life of the Virgin. This the Protestant spectator will observe, perhaps, with little favour, more especially as only two compartments are given to the ministry of Christ, between his Baptism and Entry into Jerusalem. Due weight is, however, to be allowed to Lord Lindsay's remark, that the legendary history of the Virgin was of peculiar importance in this chapel, as especially dedicated to her service; and I think also that Giotto desired to unite the series of compositions in one continuous action,

feeling that to have enlarged on the separate miracles of Christ's ministry would have interrupted the onward course of thought. As it is, the mind is led from the first humiliation of Joachim to the Ascension of Christ in one unbroken and progressive chain of scenes ; the ministry of Christ being completely typified by his first and last conspicuous miracle: while the very unimportance of some of the subjects, as for instance that of the Watching the Rods, is useful in directing the spectator rather to pursue the course of the narrative, than to pause in satisfied meditation upon any single incident. And it can hardly be doubted that Giotto had also a peculiar pleasure in dwelling on the circumstances of the shepherd life of the father of the Virgin, owing to its resemblance to that of his own early years.

The incidents represented in these first twelve paintings are recorded in the two apocryphal gospels known as the "Prot-evangelion" and "Gospel of St. Mary."* But on comparing the statements in these writings (which, by the by, are in no-wise consistent with each other) with the paintings in the Arena Chapel, it appeared to me that Giotto must occasionally have followed some more detailed traditions than are furnished by either of them ; seeing that of one or two subjects the apocryphal gospels gave no distinct or sufficient explanation. Fortunately, however, in the course of some other researches, I met with a manuscript in the British Museum (Harl. 3571,) containing a complete "History of the most

* It has always appeared strange to me, that ecclesiastical history should possess no more authentic records of the life of the Virgin, before the period at which the narrative of St. Luke commences, than these apocryphal gospels, which are as wretched in style as untrustworthy in matter ; and are evidently nothing more than a collection, in rude imitation of the style of the Evangelists, of such floating traditions as became current among the weak Christians of the earlier ages, when their inquiries respecting the history of Mary were met by the obscurity under which the Divine will had veiled her humble person and character. There must always be something painful, to those who are familiar with the Scriptures, in reading these feeble and foolish mockeries of the manner of the inspired writers ; but it will be proper, nevertheless, to give the exact words in which the scenes represented by Giotto were recorded to *him*.

Holy Family," written in Northern Italian of about the middle of the 14th century ; and appearing to be one of the forms of the legend which Giotto has occasionally followed in preference to the statements of the Protevangelion. I have therefore, in illustration of the paintings, given, when it seemed useful, some portions of this manuscript ; and these, with one or two verses of the commonly received accounts, will be found generally enough to interpret sufficiently the meaning of the painter.

The following complete list of the subjects will at once enable the reader to refer any of them to its place in the series, and on the walls of the building ; and I have only now to remind him in conclusion, that within those walls the greatest painter and greatest poet of mediæval Italy held happy companionship during the time when the frescoes were executed. "It is not difficult," says the writer already so often quoted, Lord Lindsay, "gazing on these silent but eloquent walls, to repeople them with the group once, as we know, five hundred years ago, assembled within them : Giotto intent upon his work, his wife Ciuta admiring his progress ; and Dante, with abstracted eye, alternately conversing with his friend, and watching the gambols of the children playing on the grass before the door."

SERIES OF SUBJECTS.

1. The Rejection of Joachim's Offering.
2. Joachim retires to the Sheepfold.
3. The Angel appears to Anna.
4. The Sacrifice of Joachim.
5. The Vision of Joachim.
6. The Meeting at the Golden Gate.
7. The Birth of the Virgin.
8. The Presentation of the Virgin.
9. The Rods are brought to the High Priest.
10. The Watching of the Rods.
11. The Betrothal of the Virgin.

12. The Virgin returns to her House.
13. The Angel Gabriel.
14. The Virgin Annunciate.
15. The Salutation.
16. The Angel Appearing to the Shepherds.
17. The Wise Men's Offering.
18. The Presentation in the Temple.
19. The Flight into Egypt.
20. The Massacre of the Innocents.
21. The Young Christ in the Temple.
22. The Baptism of Christ.
23. The Marriage in Cana.
24. The Raising of Lazarus.
25. The Entry into Jerusalem.
26. The Expulsion from the Temple.
27. The Hiring of Judas.
28. The Last Supper.
29. The Washing of the Feet.
30. The Kiss of Judas.
31. Christ before Caiaphas.
32. The Scourging of Christ.
33. Christ bearing his Cross.
34. The Crucifixion.
35. The Entombment.
36. The Resurrection.
37. The Ascension.
38. The Descent of the Holy Spirit.

I.

THE REJECTION OF JOACHIM'S OFFERING.

“At that time, there was a man of perfect holiness, named Joachim, of the tribe of Juda, and of the city of Jerusalem. And this Joachim had in contempt the riches and honours of the world; and for greater despite to them, he kept his flocks, with his shepherds.

“ . . . And he, being so holy and just, divided the fruits which he received from his flocks into three parts: a third part—wool, and lambs, and such like—he gave to God, that is to say, to those who served God, and who ministered in the temple of God; another third part he gave to widows, orphans, and pilgrims; the remaining third he kept for himself and his family. And he persevering in this, God so multiplied and increased his goods that there was no man like him in the land of Israel. . . . And having come to the age of twenty years, he took to wife Anna, the daughter of Ysaya, of his own tribe, and of the lineage of David.

“ This precious St. Anna had always persevered in the service of God with great wisdom and sincerity; . . . and having received Joachim for her husband, was subject to him, and gave him honour and reverence, living in the fear of God. And Joachim having lived with his wife Anna for twenty years, yet having no child, and there being a great solemnity in Jerusalem, all the men of the city went to offer in the temple of God, which Solomon had built; and Joachim entering the temple with (incense?) and other gifts to offer on the altar, and Joachim having made his offering, the minister of the temple, whose name was Issachar, threw Joachim's offering from off the altar, and drove Joachim out of the temple, saying, ‘ Thou, Joachim, art not worthy to enter into the temple, seeing that God has not added his blessing to you, as in your life you have had no seed.’ Thus Joachim received a great insult in the sight of all the people; and he being all ashamed, returned to his house, weeping and lamenting most bitterly.” (MS. Harl.)

The Gospel of St. Mary differs from this MS. in its statement of the respective cities of Joachim and Anna, saying that the family of the Virgin's father “ was of Galilee and of the city of Nazareth, the family of her mother was of Bethlehem.” It is less interesting in details; but gives a better, or at least more graceful, account of Joachim's repulse, saying that Issachar “ despised Joachim and his offerings, and asked him why he, who had no children, would presume to

appear among those who had: adding, that his offerings could never be acceptable to God, since he had been judged by Him unworthy to have children; the Scripture having said, Cursed is every one who shall not beget a male in Israel."

Giotto seems to have followed this latter account, as the figure of the high priest is far from being either ignoble or ungentle.

The temple is represented by the two most important portions of a Byzantine church; namely, the ciborium which covered the altar, and the pulpit or reading desk; with the low screen in front of the altar enclosing the part of the church called the "cancellum." Lord Lindsay speaks of the priest within this enclosure as "confessing a young man who kneels at his feet." It seems to me, rather, that he is meant to be accepting the offering of another worshipper, so as to mark the rejection of Joachim more distinctly.

II.

JOACHIM RETIRES TO THE SHEEPFOLD.

"Then Joachim, in the following night, resolved to separate himself from companionship; to go to the desert places among the mountains, with his flocks; and to inhabit those mountains, in order not to hear such insults. And immediately Joachim rose from his bed, and called about him all his servants and shepherds, and caused to be gathered together all his flocks, and goats, and horses, and oxen, and what other beasts he had, and went with them and with the shepherds into the hills; and Anna his wife remained at home disconsolate, and mourning for her husband, who had departed from her in such sorrow." (MS. Harl.)

"But upon inquiry, he found that all the righteous had raised up seed in Israel. Then he called to mind the patriarch Abraham,—how that God in the end of his life had given him his son Isaac: upon which he was exceedingly dis-

tressed, and would not be seen by his wife ; but retired into the wilderness and fixed his tent there, and fasted forty days and forty nights, saying to himself, ‘I will not go down to eat or drink till the Lord my God shall look down upon me ; but prayer shall be my meat and drink.’” (Protevangelion, chap. i.)

Giotto seems here also to have followed the ordinary tradition, as he has represented Joachim retiring unattended,—but met by two of his shepherds, who are speaking to each other, uncertain what to do or how to receive their master. The dog hastens to meet him with joy. The figure of Joachim is singularly beautiful in its pensiveness and slow motion ; and the ignobleness of the herdsmen’s figures is curiously marked in opposition to the dignity of their master.

III.

THE ANGEL APPEARS TO ANNA.

“Afterwards the angel appeared to Anna his wife, saying, ‘Fear not, neither think that which you see is a spirit. For I am that angel who hath offered up your prayers and alms before God, and am now sent to tell you that a daughter will be born unto you. . . . Arise, therefore, and go up to Jerusalem ; and when you shall come to that which is called the Golden Gate (because it is gilt with gold), as a sign of what I have told you, you shall meet your husband, for whose safety you have been so much concerned.’” (Gospel of St. Mary, chap. iii. 1–7.)

The accounts in the Protevangelion and in the Harleian MS. are much expanded : relating how Anna feared her husband was dead, he having been absent from her five months ; and how Judith, her maid, taunted her with her childlessness ; and how, going then into her garden, she saw a sparrow’s nest, full of young, upon a laurel-tree, and mourning within herself, said, “I am not comparable to the very beasts of the earth, for even they are fruitful before thee, O Lord. . . . I am

not comparable to the very earth, for the earth produces its fruits to praise thee. Then the angel of the Lord stood by her," &c.

Both the Protevangelion and Harleian MS. agree in placing the vision in the garden; the latter adding, that she fled "into her chamber in great fear, and fell upon her bed, and lay as in a trance all that day and all that night, but did not tell the vision to her maid, because of her bitter answering." Giotto has deviated from both accounts in making the vision appear to Anna in her chamber, while the maid, evidently being considered an important personage, is at work in the passage. Apart from all reference to the legends, there is something peculiarly beautiful in the simplicity of Giotto's conception, and in the way in which he has shown the angel entering at the window, without the least endeavour to impress our imagination by darkness, or light, or clouds, or any other accessory; as though believing that angels might appear any where, and any day, and to all men, as a matter of course, if we would ask them, or were fit company for them.

IV.

THE SACRIFICE OF JOACHIM.

The account of this sacrifice is only given clearly in the Harleian MS.; but even this differs from Giotto's series in the order of the visions, as the subject of the *next* plate is recorded first in this MS., under the curious heading, "*Disse Sancto Theofilo como l'angelo de Dio aparse a Joachim lo qual li anuntia la nativita della vergene Maria;*" while the record of this vision and sacrifice is headed, "*Como l'angelo de Dio aparse anchora a Joachim.*" It then proceeds thus: "At this very moment of the day" (when the angel appeared to Anna), "there appeared a most beautiful youth (*unno belitissimo zovene*) among the mountains there, where Joachim was, and said to Joachim, 'Wherefore dost thou not return to thy wife?' And Joachim answered, 'These twenty years God

has given me no fruit of her, wherefore I was chased from the temple with infinite shame. . . . And, as long as I live, I will give alms of my flocks to widows and pilgrims.' . . . And these words being finished, the youth answered, 'I am the angel of God who appeared to thee the other time for a sign; and appeared to thy wife Anna, who always abides in prayer, weeping day and night; and I have consoled her; wherefore I command thee to observe the commandments of God, and his will, which I tell you truly, that of thee shall be born a daughter, and that thou shalt offer her to the temple of God, and the Holy Spirit shall rest upon her, and her blessedness shall be above the blessedness of all virgins, and her holiness so great that human nature will not be able to comprehend it.'* . . .

"Then Joachim fell upon the earth, saying, 'My lord, I pray thee to pray God for me, and to enter into this my tabernacle, and bless me, thy servant.' The angel answered, 'We are all the servants of God: and know that my eating would be invisible, and my drinking could not be seen by all the men in the world; but of all that thou wouldest give to me, do thou make sacrifice to God.' Then Joachim took a lamb without spot or blemish . . . ; and when he had made sacrifice of it, the angel of the Lord disappeared and ascended into heaven; and Joachim fell upon the earth in great fear, and lay from the sixth hour until the evening."

This is evidently nothing more than a very vapid imitation of the scriptural narrative of the appearances of angels to Abraham and Manoah. But Giotto has put life into it; and I am aware of no other composition in which so much interest

* This passage in the old Italian of the MS. may interest some readers: "E complice queste parole lo zovene respoxe, dignando, Io son l'angelo de Dio, lo quale si te aparse l'altra fiada, in segno, e aparse a toa mulier Anna che sempre sta in oration plauzando di e note, e si lo consolada; unde io te comando che tu debie osservare li comandimenti de Dio, ela soua volonta che io te dico veramente, che de la toa somenza insera una fiola, e questa offrila al templo de Dio, e lo Spirito santo riposera in ley, ela soa beatitudine sera sovera tute le altre verzene, ela soua santita sera si grande che natura humana non la pora comprendere."

and awe has been given to the literal "burnt sacrifice." In all other representations of such offerings which I remember, the interest is concentrated in the *slaying* of the victim. But Giotto has fastened on the *burning* of it; showing the white skeleton left on the altar, and the fire still hurtling up round it, typical of the Divine wrath, which is "as a consuming fire;" and thus rendering the sacrifice a more clear and fearful type not merely of the outward wounds and death of Christ, but of his soul-suffering. "All my bones are out of joint: my heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels." *

The hand of the Deity is seen in the heavens—the sign of the Divine Presence.

v.

THE ANGEL (RAPHAEL) APPEARS TO JOACHIM.

"Now Joachim being in this pain, the Lord God, Father of mercy, who abandons not his servants, nor ever fails to console them in their distresses, if they pray for his grace and pity, had compassion on Joachim, and heard his prayer, and sent the angel Raphael from heaven to earth to console him, and announce to him the nativity of the Virgin Mary. Therefore the angel Raphael appeared to Joachim, and comforted him with much peace, and foretold to him the birth of the Virgin in that glory and gladness, saying, 'God save you, O friend of God, O Joachim! the Lord has sent me to declare to you an everlasting joy, and a hope that shall have no end.' . . . And having finished these words, the angel of the Lord disappeared from him, and ascended into the heaven." (MS. Harl.)

The passage which I have omitted is merely one of the ordinary Romanist accounts of the immaculate conception of

* (Note by a friend):—"To me the most striking part of it is, that the skeleton is *entire* ('a bone of him shall not be broken'), and that the head stands up still looking to the skies: is it too fanciful to see a meaning in this?"

the Virgin, put into the form of prophecy. There are no sufficient details of this part of the legend either in the Protevangelion or Gospel of St. Mary ; but it is quite clear that Giotto followed it, and that he has endeavoured to mark a distinction in character between the angels Gabriel and Raphael * in the two subjects,—the form of Raphael melting back into the heaven, and being distinctly recognised as angelic, while Gabriel appears invested with perfect humanity. It is interesting to observe that the shepherds, who of course are not supposed to see the form of the Angel (his manifestation being only granted to Joachim during his sleep), are yet evidently under the influence of a certain degree of awe and expectation, as being conscious of some presence other than they can perceive, while the animals are unconscious altogether.

VI.

THE MEETING AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

“ And Joachim went down with the shepherds, and Anna stood by the gate, and saw Joachim coming with the shepherds. And she ran, and hanging about his neck, said, ‘ Now I know that the Lord hath greatly blessed me.’ ” (Protevangelion, iv. 8, 9.)

This is one of the most celebrated of Giotto's compositions, and deservedly so, being full of the most solemn grace and tenderness. The face of St. Anna, half seen, is most touching in its depth of expression ; and it is very interesting to observe how Giotto has enhanced its sweetness, by giving a harder and grosser character than is usual with him to the heads of the other two principal female figures (not but that this cast of feature is found frequently in the figures of somewhat earlier art), and by the rough and weather-beaten countenance of the entering shepherd. In like manner, the falling

* The MS. makes the angel Raphael the only messenger. Giotto clearly adopts the figure of Gabriel from the Protevangelion.

lines of the draperies owe a great part of their value to the abrupt and ugly oblongs of the horizontal masonry which adjoins them.

VII.

THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN.

“And Joachim said, ‘Now I know that the Lord is propitious to me, and hath taken away all my sins.’ And he went down from the temple of the Lord justified, and went to his own house.

“And when nine months were fulfilled to Anna, she brought forth, and said to the midwife, ‘What have I brought forth?’ And she told her, a girl.

“Then Anna said, ‘The Lord hath this day magnified my soul.’ And she laid her in the bed.” (Protevangelion, v. 4–8.)

The composition is very characteristic of Giotto in two respects: first, in its natural homeliness and simplicity (in older designs of the same subject the little Madonna is represented as born with a golden crown on her head); and secondly, in the smallness of the breast and head of the sitting figure on the right,—a fault of proportion often observable in Giotto’s figures of children or young girls.

For the first time, also, in this series, we have here two successive periods of the scene represented simultaneously, the babe being painted twice. This practice was frequent among the early painters, and must necessarily become so wherever painting undertakes the task of lengthened narrative. Much absurd discussion has taken place respecting its propriety; the whole question being simply whether the human mind can or cannot pass from the contemplation of one event to that of another, without reposing itself on an intermediate gilt frame.

VIII.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.

“And when three years were expired, and the time of her weaning complete, they brought the Virgin to the temple of the Lord with offerings.

“And there were about the temple, according to the fifteen Psalms of Degrees, fifteen stairs to ascend.

“The parents of the blessed Virgin and infant Mary put her upon one of these stairs; but while they were putting off their clothes in which they had travelled, in the meantime, the Virgin of the Lord in such a manner went up all the stairs, one after another, without the help of any one to lead her or lift her, that any one would have judged from hence that she was of perfect age.” (Gospel of St. Mary, iv. 1-6.)

There seems nothing very miraculous in a child's walking up stairs at three years old; but this incident is a favourite one among the Roman-Catholic painters of every period: generally, however, representing the child as older than in the legend, and dwelling rather on the solemn feeling with which she presents herself to the high-priest, than on the mere fact of her being able to walk alone. Giotto has clearly regarded the incident entirely in this light; for St. Anna touches the child's arm as if to support her; so that the so-called miraculous walking is not even hinted at.

Lord Lindsay particularly notices that the Virgin is “a dwarf woman instead of a child; the delineation of childhood was one of the latest triumphs of art.” Even in the time of those latest triumphs, however, the same fault was committed in another way; and a boy of eight or ten was commonly represented—even by Raffaele himself—as a dwarf Hercules, with all the gladiatorial muscles already visible in stunted roundity. Giotto probably felt he had not power enough to give dignity to a child of three years old, and intended the womanly form to be rather typical of the Virgin's advanced mind, than an actual representation of her person.

IX.

THE RODS ARE BROUGHT TO THE HIGH-PRIEST.

“Then he (the high-priest) appointed that all the men of the house and family of David who were marriageable, and not married, should bring their several rods to the altar. And out of whatsoever person’s rod, after it was brought, a flower should bud forth, and on the top of it the Spirit of the Lord should sit in the appearance of a dove, he should be the man to whom the Virgin should be given, and be betrothed to her.” (Gospel of St. Mary, v. 16, 17.)

There has originally been very little interest in this composition; and the injuries which it has suffered have rendered it impossible for the draughtsman to distinguish the true folds of the draperies amidst the defaced and worn colours of the fresco, so that the character of the central figure is lost. The only points requiring notice are, first, the manner in which St. Joseph holds his rod, depressing and half-concealing it,* while the other suitors present theirs boldly; and secondly, the graceful though monotonous grouping of the heads of the crowd behind him. This mode of rendering the presence of a large multitude, showing only the crowns of the heads in complicated perspective, was long practised in mosaics and illuminations before the time of Giotto, and always possesses a certain degree of sublimity in its power of suggesting perfect unity of feeling and movement among the crowd.

X.

THE WATCHING OF THE RODS AT THE ALTAR.

“After the high-priest had received their rods, he went into the temple to pray.

“And when he had finished his prayer, he took the rods and

* In the next chapter, it is said that “Joseph drew back his rod when every one else presented his.”

went forth and distributed them; and there was no miracle attended them.

“The last rod was taken by Joseph; and, behold, a dove proceeded out of the rod, and flew upon the head of Joseph.” (Protevangelion, viii. 9–11.)

This is among the least graceful designs of the series; though the clumsiness in the contours of the leading figures is indeed a fault which often occurs in the painter's best works, but it is here unredeemed by the rest of the composition. The group of the suitors, however, represented as waiting at the outside of the temple, is very beautiful in its earnestness, more especially in the passionate expression of the figure in front. It is difficult to look long at the picture without feeling a degree of anxiety, and strong sympathy with the silent watching of the suitors; and this is a sign of no small power in the work. The head of Joseph is seen far back on the extreme left; thus indicating by its position his humility, and desire to withdraw from the trial.

XI.

THE BETROTHAL OF THE VIRGIN.

There is no distinct notice of this event in the apocryphal Gospel: the traditional representation of it is nearly always more or less similar. Lord Lindsay's account of the composition before us is as follows:

“The high-priest, standing in front of the altar, joins their hands; behind the Virgin stand her bridesmaids; behind St. Joseph the unsuccessful suitors, one of whom steps forward to strike him, and another breaks his rod on his knee. Joseph bears his own rod, on the flower of which the Holy Spirit rests in the semblance of a dove.”

The development of this subject by Perugino (for Raffaele's picture in the Brera is little more than a modified copy of Perugino's, now at Caen,) is well known; but notwithstanding all its beauty, there is not, I think, any thing in the action of

the disappointed suitors so perfectly true or touching as that of the youth breaking his rod in this composition of Giotto's; nor is there among any of the figures the expression of solemn earnestness and intentness on the event which is marked among the attendants here, and in the countenances of the officiating priests.

XII.

THE VIRGIN MARY RETURNS TO HER HOUSE.

“Accordingly, the usual ceremonies of betrothing being over, he (Joseph) returned to his own city of Bethlehem to set his house in order, and to make the needful provisions for the marriage. But the Virgin of the Lord, Mary, with seven other virgins of the same age, who had been weaned at the same time, and who had been appointed to attend her by the priest, returned to her parents' house in Galilee.” (Gospel of St. Mary, vi. 6, 7.)

Of all the compositions in the Arena Chapel I think this the most characteristic of the noble time in which it was done. It is not so notable as exhibiting the mind of Giotto, which is perhaps more fully seen in subjects representing varied emotion, as in the simplicity and repose which were peculiar to the compositions of the early fourteenth century. In order to judge of it fairly, it ought first to be compared with any classical composition—with a portion, for instance, of the Elgin frieze,—which would instantly make manifest in it a strange seriousness and dignity and slowness of motion, resulting chiefly from the excessive simplicity of all its terminal lines. Observe, for instance, the pure wave from the back of the Virgin's head to the ground; and again, the delicate swelling line along her shoulder and left arm, opposed to the nearly unbroken fall of the drapery of the figure in front. It should then be compared with an Egyptian or Ninevite series of figures, which, by contrast, would bring out its perfect sweetness and grace, as well as its variety of expression: finally, it should

be compared with any composition subsequent to the time of Raffaele, in order to feel its noble freedom from pictorial artifice and attitude. These three comparisons cannot be made carefully without a sense of profound reverence for the national spirit* which could produce a design so majestic, and yet remain content with one so simple.

The small *loggia* of the Virgin's house is noticeable, as being different from the architecture introduced in the other pictures, and more accurately representing the Italian Gothic of the dwelling-house of the period. The arches of the windows have no capitals; but this omission is either to save time, or to prevent the background from becoming too conspicuous. All the real buildings designed by Giotto have the capital completely developed.

XIII.

THE ANNUNCIATION.—THE ANGEL GABRIEL.

This figure is placed on one side of the arch at the east end of the body of the chapel; the corresponding figure of the Virgin being set on the other side. It was a constant practice of the mediæval artists thus to divide this subject; which, indeed, was so often painted, that the meaning of the separated figures of the Angel and Mary was as well understood as when they were seen in juxtaposition. Indeed, on the two sides of this arch they would hardly be considered as separated, since very frequently they were set to answer to each other from the opposite extremities of a large space of architecture.†

The figure of the Angel is notable chiefly for its serenity, as opposed to the later conceptions of the scene, in which he sails into the chamber upon the wing, like a stooping falcon.

* *National*, because Giotto's works are properly to be looked on as the *fruit* of their own age, and the *food* of that which followed.

† As, for instance, on the two opposite angles of the façade of the Cathedral of Rheims.

The building above is more developed than in any other of the Arena paintings; but it must always remain a matter of question, why so exquisite a designer of architecture as Giotto should introduce forms so harsh and meagre into his backgrounds. Possibly he felt that the very faults of the architecture enhanced the grace and increased the importance of the figures; at least, the proceeding seems to me inexplicable on any other theory.*

XIV.

THE ANNUNCIATION.—THE VIRGIN MARY.

Vasari, in his notice of one of Giotto's Annunciations, praises him for having justly rendered the *fear* of the Virgin at the address of the Angel. If he ever treated the subject in such a manner, he departed from all the traditions of his time; for I am aware of no painting of this scene, during the course of the thirteenth and following centuries, which does not represent the Virgin as perfectly tranquil, receiving the message of the Angel in solemn thought and gentle humility, but without a shadow of fear. It was reserved for the painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries to change angelic majesty into reckless impetuosity, and maiden meditation into panic dread.

The face of the Virgin is slightly disappointing. Giotto never reached a very high standard of beauty in feature; depending much on distant effect in all his works, and therefore more on general arrangement of colour and sincerity of gesture, than on refinement of drawing in the countenance.

* (Note by a friend:) "I suppose you will not admit as an explanation, that he had not yet turned his mind to architectural composition, the Campanile being some thirty years later?"

XV.

THE SALUTATION.

This picture, placed beneath the figure of the Virgin Annunciate at the east end of the chapel, and necessarily small, (as will be seen by the plan), in consequence of the space occupied by the arch which it flanks, begins the second or lower series of frescoes; being, at the same time, the first of the great chain of more familiar subjects, in which we have the power of comparing the conceptions of Giotto not only with the designs of earlier ages, but with the efforts which subsequent masters have made to exalt or vary the ideas of the principal scenes in the life of the Virgin and of Christ. The two paintings of the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Annunciate hardly provoke such a comparison, being almost statue-like in the calm subjection of all dramatic interest to the symmetrical dignity and beauty of the two figures, leading, as they do, the whole system of the decoration of the chapel; but this of the Salutation is treated with no such reference to the architecture, and at once challenges comparison with the works of later masters.

Nor is the challenge feebly maintained. I have no hesitation in saying, that, among all the renderings of this scene which now exist, I remember none which gives the pure depth and plain facts of it so perfectly as this of Giotto's. Of majestic women bowing themselves to beautiful and meek girls, both wearing gorgeous robes, in the midst of lovely scenery, or at the doors of Palladian palaces, we have enough; but I do not know any picture which seems to me to give so truthful an idea of the action with which Elizabeth and Mary must actually have met,—which gives so exactly the way in which Elizabeth would stretch her arms, and stoop and gaze into Mary's face, and the way in which Mary's hand would slip beneath Elizabeth's arms, and raise her up to kiss her. I know not any Elizabeth so full of intense love, and joy, and humbleness; hardly any Madonna in which tenderness and dignity

are so quietly blended. She not less humble, and yet accepting the reverence of Elizabeth as her appointed portion, saying, in her simplicity and truth, "He that is mighty hath magnified me, and holy is His name." The longer that this group is looked upon, the more it will be felt that Giotto has done well to withdraw from it nearly all accessories of landscape and adornment, and to trust it to the power of its own deep expression. We may gaze upon the two silent figures until their silence seems to be broken, and the words of the question and reply sound in our ears, low as if from far away :

"Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me?"

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

XVI.

THE NATIVITY.

I am not sure whether I shall do well or kindly in telling the reader anything about this beautiful design. Perhaps the less he knows about early art or early traditions, the more deeply he will feel its purity and truth; for there is scarcely an incident here, or anything in the manner of representing the incidents, which is not mentioned or justified in Scripture. The bold, hilly background reminds us that Bethlehem was in the hill-country of Judah. But it may seem to have two purposes besides this literal one: the first, that it increases the idea of *exposure* and loneliness in the birth of Christ; the second that the masses of the great hills, with the angels floating round them in the horizontal clouds, may in some sort represent to our thoughts the power and space of that heaven and earth whose Lord is being laid in the manger-cradle.

There is an exquisite truth and sweetness in the way the Virgin turns upon the couch, in order herself to assist in laying the Child down. Giotto is in this exactly faithful to the scrip-

tural words: "*She* wrapped the Child in swaddling-clothes, and *laid* Him in a manger." Joseph sits beneath in meditation; above, the angels, all exulting, and, as it were, confused with joy, flutter and circle in the air like birds,—three looking up to the Father's throne with praise and thankfulness, one stooping to adore the Prince of Peace, one flying to tell the shepherds. There is something to me peculiarly affecting in this disorder of theirs; even angels, as it were, breaking their ranks with wonder, and not knowing how to utter their gladness and passion of praise. There is noticeable here, as in all works of this early time, a certain confidence in the way in which the angels trust to their wings, very characteristic of a period of bold and simple conception. Modern science has taught us that a wing cannot be anatomically joined to a shoulder; and in proportion as painters approach more and more to the scientific, as distinguished from the contemplative state of mind, they put the wings of their angels on more timidly, and dwell with greater emphasis upon the human form, and with less upon the wings, until these last become a species of decorative appendage,—a mere *sign* of an angel. But in Giotto's time an angel was a complete creature, as much believed in as a bird; and the way in which it would or might cast itself into the air, and lean hither and thither upon its plumes, was as naturally apprehended as the manner of flight of a chough or a starling. Hence Dante's simple and most exquisite synonym for angel, "Bird of God;" and hence also a variety and picturesqueness in the expression of the movements of the heavenly hierarchies by the earlier painters, ill replaced by the powers of foreshortening, and throwing naked limbs into fantastic positions, which appear in the cherubic groups of later times.

It is needless to point out the frank association of the two events,—the Nativity, and appearance of the Angel to the Shepherds. They are constantly thus joined; but I do not remember any other example in which they are joined so boldly. Usually the shepherds are seen in the distance, or are introduced in some ornamental border, or other inferior

place. The view of painting as a mode of suggesting relative or consecutive thoughts, rather than a realisation of any one scene, is seldom so fearlessly asserted, even by Giotto, as here, in placing the flocks of the shepherds at the foot of the Virgin's bed.

This bed, it will be noticed, is on a shelf of rock. This is in compliance with the idea founded on the Protevangelion and the apocryphal book known as the Gospel of Infancy, that our Saviour was born in a cave, associated with the scriptural statement that He was laid in a manger, of which the apocryphal gospels do not speak.

The vain endeavour to exalt the awe of the moment of the Saviour's birth has turned, in these gospels, the outhouse of the inn into a species of subterranean chapel, full of incense and candles. "It was after sunset, when the old woman (the midwife), and Joseph with her, reached the cave; and they both went into it. And behold, it was all filled with light, greater than the light of lamps and candles, and greater than the light of the sun itself." (Infancy, i. 9.) "Then a bright cloud overshadowed the cave, and the midwife said: This day my soul is magnified." (Protevangelion, xiv. 10.) The thirteenth chapter of the Protevangelion is, however, a little more skilful in this attempt at exaltation. "And leaving her and his sons in the cave, Joseph went forth to seek a Hebrew midwife in the village of Bethlehem. But as I was going, said Joseph, I looked up into the air, and I saw the clouds astonished, and the fowls of the air stopping in the midst of their flight. And I looked down towards the earth and saw a table spread, and working-people sitting around it; but their hands were on the table, and they did not move to eat. But all their faces were fixed upwards." (Protevangelion, xiii. 1-7.)

It would, of course, be absurd to endeavour to institute any comparison between the various pictures of this subject, innumerable as they are; but I must at least deprecate Lord Lindsay's characterising this design of Giotto's merely as the "Byzantine composition." It contains, indeed, nothing more than the materials of the Byzantine composition; but I know

no Byzantine Nativity which at all resembles it in the grace and life of its action. And, for full a century after Giotto's time, in northern Europe, the Nativity was represented in a far more conventional manner than this; usually only the heads of the ox and ass are seen, and they are arranging, or holding with their mouths, the drapery of the couch of the Child, who is not being laid in it by the Virgin, but raised upon a kind of tablet high above her in the centre of the group. All these early designs, without exception, however, agree in expressing a certain degree of languor in the figure of the Virgin, and in making her recumbent on the bed. It is not till the fifteenth century that she is represented as exempt from suffering, and immediately kneeling in adoration before the Child.

XVII.

THE WISE MEN'S OFFERING.

This is a subject which has been so great a favourite with the painters of later periods, and on which so much rich incidental invention has been lavished, that Giotto's rendering of it cannot but be felt to be barren. It is, in fact, perhaps the least powerful of all the series; and its effect is further marred by what Lord Lindsay has partly noted, the appearance—perhaps accidental, but if so, exceedingly unskilful—of matronly corpulence in the figure of the Madonna. The unfortunate failure in the representation of the legs and chests of the camels, and the awkwardness of the attempt to render the action of kneeling in the foremost king, put the whole composition into the class—not in itself an uninteresting one—of the slips or shortcomings of great masters. One incident in it only is worth observing. In other compositions of this time, and in many later ones, the kings are generally presenting their offerings themselves, and the Child takes them in His hand, or smiles at them. The painters who thought this an undignified conception left the presents in the hands of the

attendants of the Magi. But Giotto considers how presents would be received by an actual king ; and as what has been offered to a monarch is delivered to the care of his attendants, Giotto puts a waiting angel to receive the gifts, as not worthy to be placed in the lands of the Infant.

XVIII.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

This design is one of those which are peculiarly characteristic of Giotto as the head of the Naturalisti.* No painter before his time would have dared to represent the Child Jesus as desiring to quit the arms of Simeon, or the Virgin as in some sort interfering with the prophet's earnest contemplation of the Child by stretching her arms to receive Him. The idea is evidently a false one, quite unworthy of the higher painters of the religious school ; and it is a matter of peculiar interest to see what must have been the strength of Giotto's love of plain facts, which could force him to stoop so low in the conception of this most touching scene. The Child does not, it will be observed, merely stretch its arm to the Madonna, but is even struggling to escape, violently raising the left foot. But there is another incident in the composition, witnessing as notably to Giotto's powerful grasp of all the facts of his subject as this does to his somewhat hard and plain manner of grasping them ;—I mean the angel approaching Simeon, as if with a message. The peculiar interest of the Presentation is for the most part inadequately represented in painting, because it is impossible to imply the fact of Simeon's having waited so long in the hope of beholding his Lord, or to inform the spectator of the feeling in which he utters the song of hope fulfilled. Giotto has, it seems to me, done all that he could to make us remember this peculiar meaning of the scene ; for I think I cannot be deceived in

* See account of his principles above, p. 13, head C.

interpreting the flying angel, with its branch of palm or lily, to be the Angel of Death, sent in visible fulfilment of the thankful words of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." The figure of Anna is poor and uninteresting; that of the attendant, on the extreme left, very beautiful, both in its drapery and in the severe and elevated character of the features and head-dress.

XIX.

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Giotto again shows, in his treatment of this subject, a juster understanding of the probable facts than most other painters. It becomes the almost universal habit of later artists to regard the flight as both sudden and secret, undertaken by Joseph and Mary, unattended, in the dawn of the morning, or "by night," so soon as Joseph had awaked from sleep. (Matt. ii. 14.) Without a continuous miracle, which it is unnecessary in this case to suppose, such a lonely journey would have been nearly impracticable. Nor was instant flight necessary; for Herod's order for the massacre could not be issued until he had been convinced, by the protracted absence of the Wise Men, that he was "mocked of them." In all probability the exact nature and extent of the danger was revealed to Joseph; and he would make the necessary preparations for his journey with such speed as he could, and depart "by night" indeed, but not in the instant of awakening from his dream. The ordinary impression seems to have been received from the words of the Gospel of Infancy: "Go into Egypt *as soon as the cock crows.*" And the interest of the flight is rendered more thrilling, in late compositions, by the introduction of armed pursuers. Giotto has given a far more quiet, deliberate, and probable character to the whole scene, while he has fully marked the fact of divine protection and command in the figure of the guiding angel. Nor is the picture less interesting in its marked expression of the night. The figures

are all distinctly seen, and there is no broad distribution of the gloom; but the vigorous blackness of the dress of the attendant who holds the bridle, and the scattered glitter of the lights on the Madonna's robe, are enough to produce the required effect on the mind.

The figure of the Virgin is singularly dignified: the broad and severe curves traced by the hem and deepest folds of her dress materially conducing to the nobleness of the group. The Child is partly sustained by a band fastened round the Madonna's neck. The quaint and delicate pattern on this band, together with that of the embroidered edges of the dress, is of great value in opposing and making more manifest the severe and grave outlines of the whole figure, whose impressiveness is also partly increased by the rise of the mountain just above it, like a tent. A vulgar composer would have moved this peak to the right or left, and lost its power.

This mountain background is also of great use in deepening the sense of gloom and danger on the desert road. The trees represented as growing on the heights have probably been rendered indistinct by time. In early manuscripts such portions are invariably those which suffer most; the green (on which the leaves were once drawn with dark colours) mouldering away, and the lines of drawing with it. But even in what is here left there is noticeable more careful study of the distinction between the trees with thick spreading foliage, the group of two with light branches and few leaves, and the tree stripped and dead at the bottom of the ravine, than an historical painter would now think it consistent with his dignity to bestow.

XX.

MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.

Of all the series, this composition is the one which exhibits most of Giotto's weaknesses. All early work is apt to fail in the rendering of violent action: but Giotto is, in this instance,

inferior not only to his successors, but to the feeblest of the miniature-painters of the thirteenth century; while his imperfect drawing is seen at its worst in the nude figures of the children. It is, in fact, almost impossible to understand how any Italian, familiar with the eager gesticulations of the lower orders of his countrywomen on the smallest points of dispute with each other, should have been incapable of giving more adequate expression of true action and passion to the group of mothers; and, if I were not afraid of being accused of special pleading, I might insist at some length on a dim faith of my own, that Giotto thought the actual agony and strivings of the probable scene unfit for pictorial treatment, or for common contemplation; and that he chose rather to give motionless types and personifications of the soldiers and women, than to use his strength and realistic faculty in bringing before the vulgar eye the unseemly struggle or unspeakable pain. The formal arrangement of the heap of corpses in the centre of the group; the crowded standing of the mothers, as in a choir of sorrow; the actual presence of Herod, to whom some of them appear to be appealing,—all seem to me to mark this intention; and to make the composition only a symbol or shadow of the great deed of massacre, not a realisation of its visible continuance at any moment. I will not press this conjecture; but will only add, that if it be so, I think Giotto was perfectly right; and that a picture thus conceived might have been deeply impressive, had it been more successfully executed; and a calmer, more continuous, comfortless grief expressed in the countenances of the women. Far better thus, than with the horrible analysis of agony, and detail of despair, with which this same scene, one which ought never to have been made the subject of painting at all, has been gloated over by artists of more degraded times.

XXI.

THE YOUNG CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

This composition has suffered so grievously by time, that even the portions of it which remain are seen to the greatest disadvantage. Little more than various conditions of sear and stain can be now traced, where were once the draperies of the figures in the shade, and the suspended garland and arches on the right hand of the spectator; and in endeavouring not to represent more than there is authority for, the draughtsman and engraver have necessarily produced a less satisfactory plate than most others of the series. But Giotto has also himself fallen considerably below his usual standard. The faces appear to be cold and hard; and the attitudes are as little graceful as expressive either of attention or surprise. The Madonna's action, stretching her arms to embrace her Son, is pretty; but, on the whole, the picture has no value; and this is the more remarkable, as there were fewer precedents of treatment in this case than in any of the others; and it might have been anticipated that Giotto would have put himself to some pains when the field of thought was comparatively new. The subject of Christ teaching in the Temple rarely occurs in manuscripts; but all the others were perpetually repeated in the service-books of the period.

XXII.

THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.

This is a more interesting work than the last; but it is also gravely and strangely deficient in power of entering into the subject; and this, I think, is common with nearly all efforts that have hitherto been made at its representation. I have never seen a picture of the Baptism, by any painter whatever, which was not below the average power of the painter; and in this conception of Giotto's, the humility of St. John is

entirely unexpressed, and the gesture of Christ has hardly any meaning: it neither is in harmony with the words, "Suffer it to be so now," which must have been uttered before the mo-



ment of actual baptism, nor does it in the slightest degree indicate the sense in the Redeemer of now entering upon the great work of His ministry. In the earlier representations of the subject, the humility of St. John is never lost sight of; there

will be seen, for instance, an effort at expressing it by the slightly stooping attitude and bent knee, even in the very rude design given in outline on the opposite page. I have thought it worth while to set before the reader in this outline one example of the sort of traditional representations which were current throughout Christendom before Giotto arose. This instance is taken from a large choir-book, probably of French, certainly of Northern execution, towards the close of the thirteenth century;* and it is a very fair average example of the manner of design in the illuminated work of the period. The introduction of the scroll, with the legend, "This is My beloved Son," is both more true to the scriptural words, "Lo, a voice from heaven," and more reverent, than Giotto's introduction of the visible figure, as a type of the First Person of the Trinity. The boldness with which this type is introduced increases precisely as the religious sentiment of art decreases; in the fifteenth century it becomes utterly revolting.

I have given this woodcut for another reason also: to explain more clearly the mode in which Giotto deduced the strange form which he has given to the stream of the Jordan. In the earlier Northern works it is merely a green wave, rising to the Saviour's waist, as seen in the woodcut. Giotto, for the sake of getting standing-ground for his figures, gives *shores* to this wave, retaining its swelling form in the centre,—a very painful and unsuccessful attempt at reconciling typical drawing with laws of perspective. Or perhaps it is less to be regarded as an effort at progress, than as an awkward combination of the Eastern and Western types of the Jordan. In the difference between these types there is matter of some interest. Lord Lindsay, who merely characterises this work of Giotto's as "the Byzantine composition," thus describes the usual Byzantine manner of representing the Baptism:

"The Saviour stands immersed to the middle in Jordan (*flowing between two deep and rocky banks*), on one of which stands St. John, pouring the water on His head, and on the

* The exact date, 1290, is given in the title-page of the volume.

other two angels hold His robes. The Holy Spirit descends upon Him as a dove, in a stream of light, from God the Father, usually represented by a hand from Heaven. Two of John's disciples stand behind him as spectators. Frequently *the river-god of Jordan* reclines with his oars in the corner. . . . In the Baptistery at Ravenna, the rope is supported, not by an angel, but by the river-deity *Jordann* (Iordanes?), who holds in his left hand a reed as his sceptre."

Now in this mode of representing rivers there is something more than the mere Pagan tradition lingering through the wrecks of the Eastern Empire. A river, in the East and South, is necessarily recognised more distinctly as a beneficent power than in the West and North. The narrowest and feeblest stream is felt to have an influence on the life of mankind; and is counted among the possessions, or honoured among the deities, of the people who dwell beside it. Hence the importance given, in the Byzantine compositions, to the name and specialty of the Jordan stream. In the North such peculiar definiteness and importance can never be attached to the name of any single fountain. Water, in its various forms of streamlet, rain, or river, is felt as an universal gift of heaven, not as an inheritance of a particular spot of earth. Hence, with the Gothic artists generally, the personality of the Jordan is lost in the green and nameless wave; and the simple rite of the Baptism is dwelt upon, without endeavouring, as Giotto has done, to draw the attention to the rocky shores of Bethabara and Ænon, or to the fact that "there was much water there."

XXIII.

THE MARRIAGE IN CANA.

It is strange that the sweet significance of this first of the miracles should have been lost sight of by nearly all artists after Giotto; and that no effort was made by them to conceive the circumstances of it in simplicity. The poverty of the

family in which the marriage took place,—proved sufficiently by the fact that a carpenter's wife not only was asked as a chief guest, but even had authority over the servants,—is shown further to have been distressful, or at least embarrassed, poverty by their want of wine on such an occasion. It was not certainly to remedy an accident of careless provision, but to supply a need sorrowfully betraying the narrow circumstances of His hosts, that our Lord wrought the beginning of miracles. Many mystic meanings have been sought in the act, which, though there is no need to deny, there is little evidence to certify: but we may joyfully accept, as its first indisputable meaning, that of simple kindness; the wine being provided here, when needed, as the bread and fish were afterwards for the hungry multitudes. The whole value of the miracle, in its serviceable tenderness, is at once effaced when the marriage is supposed, as by Veronese and other artists of later times, to have taken place at the house of a rich man. For the rest, Giotto sufficiently implies, by the lifted hand of the Madonna, and the action of the fingers of the bridegroom, as if they held sacramental bread, that there lay a deeper meaning under the miracle for those who could accept it. How all miracle is accepted by common humanity, he has also shown in the figure of the ruler of the feast, drinking. This unregarding forgetfulness of present spiritual power is similarly marked by Veronese, by placing the figure of a fool with his bauble immediately underneath that of Christ, and by making a cat play with her shadow in one of the wine-vases.

It is to be remembered, however, in examining all pictures of this subject, that the miracle was not made manifest to all the guests;—to none indeed, seemingly, except Christ's own disciples: the ruler of the feast, and probably most of those present (except the servants who drew the water), knew or observed nothing of what was passing, and merely thought the good wine had been “kept until now.”

XXIV.

THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

In consequence of the intermediate position which Giotto occupies between the Byzantine and Naturalist schools, two relations of treatment are to be generally noted in his work. As compared with the Byzantines, he is a realist, whose power consists in the introduction of living character and various incidents, modifying the formerly received Byzantine symbols. So far as he has to do this, he is a realist of the purest kind, endeavoring always to conceive events precisely as they were likely to have happened; not to idealise them into forms artfully impressive to the spectator. But in so far as he was compelled to retain, or did not wish to reject, the figurative character of the Byzantine symbols, he stands opposed to succeeding realists, in the quantity of meaning which probably lies hidden in any composition, as well as in the simplicity with which he will probably treat it, in order to enforce or guide to this meaning: the figures being often letters of a hieroglyphic, which he will not multiply, lest he should lose in force of suggestion what he gained in dramatic interest.

None of the compositions display more clearly this typical and reflective character than that of the Raising of Lazarus. Later designers dwell on vulgar conditions of wonder or horror, such as they could conceive likely to attend the resuscitation of a corpse; but with Giotto the physical reanimation is the type of a spiritual one, and, though shown to be miraculous, is yet in all its deeper aspects unperturbed, and calm in awfulness. It is also visibly gradual. "His face was bound about with a napkin." The nearest Apostle has withdrawn the covering from the face, and looks for the command which shall restore it from wasted corruption, and sealed blindness, to living power and light.

Nor is it, I believe, without meaning, that the two Apostles, if indeed they are intended for Apostles, who stand at Lazarus' side, wear a different dress from those who follow Christ.

I suppose them to be intended for images of the Christian and Jewish Churches in their ministration to the dead soul: the one removing its bonds, but looking to Christ for the word and power of life; the other inactive and helpless—the veil upon its face—in dread; while the principal figure fulfils the order it receives in fearless simplicity.

XXV.

THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

This design suffers much from loss of colour in translation. Its decorative effect depends on the deep blue ground, relieving the delicate foliage and the local colours of dresses and architecture. It is also one of those which are most directly opposed to modern feeling: the sympathy of the spectator with the passion of the crowd being somewhat rudely checked by the grotesque action of two of the foremost figures. We ought, however, rather to envy the deep seriousness which could not be moved from dwelling on the real power of the scene by any ungracefulness or familiarity of circumstance. Among men whose minds are rightly toned, nothing is ludicrous: it must, if an act, be either right or wrong, noble or base; if a thing seen, it must either be ugly or beautiful: and what is either wrong or deformed is not, among noble persons, in anywise subject for laughter; but, in the precise degree of its wrongness or deformity, a subject of horror. All perception of what, in the modern European mind, falls under the general head of the ludicrous, is either childish or profane; often healthy, as indicative of vigorous animal life, but always degraded in its relation to manly conditions of thought. It has a secondary use in its power of detecting vulgar imposture; but it only obtains this power by denying the highest truths.

XXVI.

THE EXPULSION FROM THE TEMPLE.

More properly, the Expulsion from the outer Court of the Temple (Court of Gentiles), as Giotto has indicated by placing the porch of the Temple itself in the background.

The design shows, as clearly as that of the Massacre of the Innocents, Giotto's want of power, and partly of desire, to represent rapid or forceful action. The raising of the right hand, not holding any scourge, resembles the action afterwards adopted by Orcagna, and finally by Michael Angelo in his Last Judgment: and my belief is, that Giotto considered this act of Christ's as partly typical of the final judgment, the Pharisees being placed on the left hand, and the disciples on the right. From the faded remains of the fresco, the draughtsman could not determine what animals are intended by those on the left hand. But the most curious incident (so far as I know, found only in this design of the Expulsion, no subsequent painter repeating it), is the sheltering of the two children, one of them carrying a dove, under the arm and cloak of two disciples. Many meanings might easily be suggested in this; but I see no evidence for the adoption of any distinct one.

XXVII.

THE HIRING OF JUDAS.

The only point of material interest presented by this design is the decrepit and distorted shadow of the demon, respecting which it may be well to remind the reader that all the great Italian thinkers concurred in assuming decrepitude or disease, as well as ugliness, to be a characteristic of all natures of evil. Whatever the extent of the power granted to evil spirits, it was always abominable and contemptible; no element of beauty or heroism was ever allowed to remain, however obscured, in

the aspect of a fallen angel. Also, the demoniacal nature was shown in acts of betrayal, torture, or wanton hostility; never in valiancy or perseverance of contest. I recollect no mediæval demon who shows as much insulting, resisting, or contending power as Bunyan's Apollyon. They can only cheat, undermine, and mock; never overthrow. Judas, as we should naturally anticipate, has not in this scene the nimbus of an Apostle; yet we shall find it restored to him in the next design. We shall discover the reason of this only by a careful consideration of the meaning of that fresco.

 XXVIII.

THE LAST SUPPER.

I have not examined the original fresco with care enough to be able to say whether the uninteresting quietness of its design is redeemed by more than ordinary attention to expression; it is one of the least attractive subjects in the Arena Chapel, and always sure to be passed over in any general observation of the series: nevertheless, however unfavourably it may at first contrast with the designs of later masters, and especially with Leonardo's, the reader should not fail to observe that Giotto's aim, had it been successful, was the higher of the two, as giving truer rendering of the probable fact. There is no distinct evidence, in the sacred text, of the annunciation of coming treachery having produced among the disciples the violent surprise and agitation represented by Leonardo. Naturally, they would not at first understand what was meant. They knew nothing distinctly of the machinations of the priests; and so little of the character or purposes of Judas, that even after he had received the sop which was to point him out to the others as false;—and after they had heard the injunction, "That thou doest, do quickly,"—the other disciples had still no conception of the significance, either of the saying, or the act: they thought that Christ meant he was to buy something for the feast. Nay, Judas himself, so far from

starting, as a convicted traitor, and thereby betraying himself, as in Leonardo's picture, had not, when Christ's first words were uttered, any immediately active intention formed. The devil had not entered into him until he received the sop. The passage in St. John's account is a curious one, and little noticed; but it marks very distinctly the paralysed state of the man's mind. He had talked with the priests, covenanted with them, and even sought opportunity to bring Jesus into their hands; but while such opportunity was wanting, the act had never presented itself fully to him for adoption or rejection. He had toyed with it, dreamed over it, hesitated, and procrastinated over it, as a stupid and cowardly person would, such as traitors are apt to be. But the way of retreat was yet open; the conquest of the temper not complete. Only after receiving the sop the idea *finally* presented itself clearly, and was accepted, "To-night, while He is in the garden, I can do it; and I will." And Giotto has indicated this distinctly by giving Judas still the Apostle's nimbus, both in this subject and in that of the Washing of the Feet; while it is taken away in the previous subject of the Hiring, and the following one of the Seizure: thus it fluctuates, expires, and reilluminates itself, until his fall is consummated. This being the general state of the Apostles' knowledge, the words, "One of you shall betray me," would excite no feeling in their minds correspondent to that with which we now read the prophetic sentence. What this "giving up" of their Master meant became a question of bitter and self-searching thought with them,—gradually of intense sorrow and questioning. But had they understood it in the sense we now understand it, they would never have each asked, "Lord, is it I?" Peter believed himself incapable even of *denying* Christ; and of giving him up to death for money, every one of his true disciples *knew* themselves incapable; the thought never occurred to them. In slowly-increasing wonder and sorrow (*ἡρξαντο λυπεῖσθαι*, Mark xiv. 19), not knowing what was meant, they asked one by one, with pauses between, "Is it I?" and another, "Is it I?" and this so quietly and timidly that the one who was lying

on Christ's breast never stirred from his place; and Peter, afraid to speak, signed to him to ask who it was. One further circumstance, showing that this was the real state of their minds, we shall find Giotto take cognisance of in the next fresco.

XXIX.

THE WASHING OF THE FEET.

In this design, it will be observed, there are still the twelve disciples, and the nimbus is yet given to Judas (though, as it were, setting, his face not being seen).

Considering the deep interest and importance of every circumstance of the Last Supper, I cannot understand how preachers and commentators pass by the difficulty of clearly understanding the periods indicated in St. John's account of it. It seems that Christ must have risen while they were still eating, must have washed their feet as they sate or reclined at the table, just as the Magdalen had washed His own feet in the Pharisee's house; that, this done, He returned to the table, and the disciples continuing to eat, presently gave the sop to Judas. For St. John says, that he having received the sop, went *immediately* out; yet that Christ had washed his feet is certain, from the words, "Ye are clean, but not all." Whatever view the reader may, on deliberation, choose to accept, Giotto's is clear, namely, that though not cleansed by the baptism, Judas was yet capable of being cleansed. The devil had not entered into him at the time of the washing of the feet, and he retains the sign of an Apostle.

The composition is one of the most beautiful of the series, especially owing to the submissive grace of the two standing figures.

XXX.

THE KISS OF JUDAS.

For the first time we have Giotto's idea of the face of the traitor clearly shown. It is not, I think, traceable through any of the previous series; and it has often surprised me to observe how impossible it was in the works of almost any of the sacred painters to determine by the mere cast of feature which was meant for the false Apostle. Here, however, Giotto's theory of physiognomy, and together with it his idea of the character of Judas, are perceivable enough. It is evident that he looks upon Judas mainly as a sensual dullard, and foul-brained fool; a man in no respect exalted in bad eminence of treachery above the mass of common traitors, but merely a distinct type of the eternal treachery to good, in vulgar men, which stoops beneath, and opposes in its appointed measure, the life and efforts of all noble persons, their natural enemies in this world; as the slime lies under a clear stream running through an earthy meadow. Our careless and thoughtless English use of the word into which the Greek "Diabolos" has been shortened, blinds us in general to the meaning of "Deviltry," which, in its essence, is nothing else than slander, or traitorhood;—the accusing and giving up of good. In particular it has blinded us to the meaning of Christ's words, "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a traitor and accuser?" and led us to think that the "one of you is a devil" indicated some greater than human wickedness in Judas; whereas the practical meaning of the entire fact of Judas' ministry and fall is, that out of any twelve men chosen for the forwarding of any purpose,—or, much more, out of any twelve men we meet,—one, probably, is or will be a Judas.

The modern German renderings of all the scenes of Christ's life in which the traitor is conspicuous are very curious in their vulgar misunderstanding of the history, and their consequent endeavours to represent Judas as more diabolic than

selfish, treacherous, and stupid men are in all their generations. They paint him usually projected against strong effects of light, in lurid chiaroscuro;—enlarging the whites of his eyes, and making him frown, grin, and gnash his teeth on all occasions, so as to appear among the other Apostles invariably in the aspect of a Gorgon.

How much more deeply Giotto has fathomed the fact, I believe all men will admit who have sufficient purity and abhorrence of falsehood to recognise it in its daily presence, and who know how the devil's strongest work is done for him by men who are too bestial to understand what they betray.

XXXI.

CHRIST BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

Little is to be observed in this design of any distinctive merit; it is only a somewhat completer version of the ordinary representation given in illuminated missals and other conventual work, suggesting, as if they had happened at the same moment, the answer, "If I have spoken evil, bear witness of the evil," and the accusation of blasphemy which causes the high-priest to rend his clothes.

Apparently distrustful of his power of obtaining interest of a higher kind, Giotto has treated the enrichments more carefully than usual, down even to the steps of the high-priest's seat. The torch and barred shutters conspicuously indicate its being now dead of night. That the torch is darker than the chamber, if not an error in the drawing, is probably the effect of a darkening alteration in the yellow colours used for the same.

XXXII.

THE SCOURGING OF CHRIST.

It is characteristic of Giotto's rational and human view of all subjects admitting such aspect, that he has insisted here chiefly on the dejection and humiliation of Christ, making no attempt to suggest to the spectator any other divinity than that of patience made perfect through suffering. Angelico's conception of the same subject is higher and more mystical. He takes the moment when Christ is blindfolded, and exaggerates almost into monstrosity the vileness of feature and bitterness of sneer in the questioners, "Prophesy unto us, who is he that smote thee;" but the bearing of the person of Christ is entirely calm and unmoved; and his eyes, open, are seen through the binding veil, indicating the ceaseless omniscience.

This mystical rendering is, again, rejected by the later realistic painters; but while the earlier designers, with Giotto at their head, dwelt chiefly on the humiliation and the mockery, later painters dwelt on the physical pain. In Titian's great picture of this subject in the Louvre, one of the executioners is thrusting the thorn-crown down upon the brow with his rod, and the action of Christ is that of a person suffering extreme physical agony.

No representations of the scene exist, to my knowledge, in which the mockery is either sustained with indifference, or rebuked by any stern or appealing expression of feature; yet one of these two forms of endurance would appear, to a modern habit of thought, the most natural and probable.

XXXIII.

CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS.

This design is one of great nobleness and solemnity in the isolation of the principal figure, and removal of all motives of interest depending on accessories, or merely temporary inci-

dents. Even the Virgin and her attendant women are kept in the background; all appeal for sympathy through physical suffering is disdained. Christ is not represented as borne down by the weight of the Cross, nor as urged forward by the impatience of the executioners. The thing to be shown,—the unspeakable mystery,—is the simple fact, the Bearing of the Cross by the Redeemer. It would be vain to compare the respective merits or value of a design thus treated, and of one like Veronese's of this same subject, in which every essential accessory and probable incident is completely conceived. The abstract and symbolical suggestion will always appeal to one order of minds, the dramatic completeness to another. Unquestionably, the last is the greater achievement of intellect, but the manner and habit of thought are perhaps loftier in Giotto. Veronese leads us to perceive the reality of the act, and Giotto to understand its intention.

XXXIV.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

The treatment of this subject was, in Giotto's time, so rigidly fixed by tradition that it was out of his power to display any of his own special modes of thought; and, as in the Bearing of the Cross, so here, but yet more distinctly, the temporary circumstances are little regarded, the significance of the event being alone cared for. But even long after this time, in all the pictures of the Crucifixion by the great masters, with the single exception perhaps of that by Tintoret in the Church of San Cassano at Venice, there is a tendency to treat the painting as a symmetrical image, or collective symbol of sacred mysteries, rather than as a dramatic representation. Even in Tintoret's great Crucifixion in the School of St. Roch, the group of fainting women forms a kind of pedestal for the Cross. The flying angels in the composition before us are thus also treated with a restraint hardly passing the limits of decorative symbolism. The fading away of their

figures into flame-like cloud may perhaps be founded on the verse, "He maketh His angels spirits; His ministers a flame of fire" (though erroneously, the right reading of that verse being, "He maketh the winds His messengers, and the flaming fire His servant"); but it seems to me to give a greater sense of possible truth than the entire figures, treading the clouds with naked feet, of Perugino and his successors.

XXXV.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

I do not consider that in fulfilling the task of interpreter intrusted to me, with respect to this series of engravings, I may in general permit myself to unite with it the duty of a critic. But in the execution of a laborious series of engravings, some must of course be better, some worse; and it would be unjust, no less to the reader than to Giotto, if I allowed this plate to pass without some admission of its inadequacy. It may possibly have been treated with a little less care than the rest, in the knowledge that the finished plate, already in the possession of the members of the Arundel Society, superseded any effort with inferior means; be that as it may, the tenderness of Giotto's composition is, in the engraving before us, lost to an unusual degree.

It may be generally observed that the passionateness of the sorrow both of the Virgin and disciples, is represented by Giotto and all great following designers as reaching its crisis at the Entombment, not at the Crucifixion. The expectation that, after experiencing every form of human suffering, Christ would yet come down from the cross, or in some other visible and immediate manner achieve for Himself the victory, might be conceived to have supported in a measure the minds of those among His disciples who watched by His cross. But when the agony was closed by actual death, and the full strain was put upon their faith, by their laying in the sepulchre, wrapped in His grave-clothes, Him in whom they trusted,

“that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel,” their sorrow became suddenly hopeless; a gulf of horror opened, almost at unawares, under their feet; and in the poignancy of her astounded despair, it was no marvel that the agony of the Madonna in the “Pietà” became subordinately associated in the mind of the early Church with that of their Lord Himself;—a type of consummate human suffering.

XXXVI.

THE RESURRECTION.

Quite one of the loveliest designs of the series. It was a favourite subject with Giotto; meeting, in all its conditions, his love of what was most mysterious, yet most comforting and full of hope, in the doctrines of his religion. His joy in the fact of the Resurrection, his sense of its function, as the key and primal truth of Christianity, was far too deep to allow him to dwell on any of its minor circumstances, as later designers did, representing the moment of bursting the tomb, and the supposed terror of its guards. With Giotto the leading thought is not of physical reanimation, nor of the momentarily exerted power of breaking the bars of the grave; but the consummation of Christ's work in the first manifesting to human eyes, and the eyes of one who had loved Him and believed in Him, His power to take again the life He had laid down. This first appearance to her out of whom He had cast seven devils is indeed the very central fact of the Resurrection. The keepers had not seen Christ; they had seen only the angel descending, whose countenance was like lightning: for fear of him they became as dead; yet this fear, though great enough to cause them to swoon, was so far conquered at the return of morning, that they were ready to take money-payment for giving a false report of the circumstances. The Magdalen, therefore, is the first witness of the Resurrection; to the love, for whose sake much had been forgiven, this gift is also first given; and as the first witness of the truth, so she

is the first messenger of the Gospel. To the Apostles it was granted to proclaim the Resurrection to all nations; but the Magdalen was bidden to proclaim it to the Apostles.

In the chapel of the Bargello, Giotto has rendered this scene with yet more passionate sympathy. Here, however, its significance is more thoughtfully indicated through all the accessories, down even to the withered trees above the sepulchre, while those of the garden burst into leaf. This could hardly escape notice when the barren boughs were compared by the spectator with the rich foliage of the neighbouring designs, though, in the detached plate, it might easily be lost sight of.

XXXVII.

THE ASCENSION.

Giotto continues to exert all his strength on these closing subjects. None of the Byzantine or earlier Italian painters ventured to introduce the entire figure of Christ in this scene: they showed the feet only, concealing the body; according to the text, "a cloud received Him out of their sight." This composition, graceful as it is daring, conveys the idea of ascending motion more forcibly than any that I remember by other than Venetian painters. Much of its power depends on the continuity of line obtained by the half-floating figures of the two warning angels.

I cannot understand why this subject was so seldom treated by religious painters: for the harmony of Christian creed depends as much upon it as on the Resurrection itself; while the circumstances of the Ascension, in their brightness, promise, miraculousness, and direct appeal to all the assembled Apostles, seem more fitted to attract the joyful contemplation of all who received the faith. How morbid, and how deeply to be mourned, was the temper of the Church which could not be satisfied without perpetual representation of the tortures of Christ; but rarely dwelt on His triumph! How more than strange the concessions to this feebleness by its greatest

teachers; such as that of Titian, who, though he paints the Assumption of the Madonna rather than a Pietà, paints the Scourging and the Entombment of Christ, with his best power,—but never the Ascension! .

XXXVIII.

THE DESCENT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

This last subject of the series, the quietest and least interesting in treatment, yet illustrates sadly, and forcibly, the vital difference between ancient and modern art.

The worst characters of modern work result from its constant appeal to our desire of change, and pathetic excitement; while the best features of the elder art appealed to love of contemplation. It would appear to be the object of the truest artists to give permanence to images such as we should always desire to behold, and might behold without agitation; while the inferior branches of design are concerned with the acuter passions which depend on the turn of a narrative, or the course of an emotion. Where it is possible to unite these two sources of pleasure, and, as in the Assumption of Titian, an action of absorbing interest is united with perfect and perpetual elements of beauty, the highest point of conception would appear to have been touched: but in the degree in which the interest of action *supersedes* beauty of form and colour, the art is lowered; and where real deformity enters, in any other degree than as a momentary shadow or opposing force, the art is illegitimate. Such art can exist only by accident, when a nation has forgotten or betrayed the eternal purposes of its genius, and gives birth to painters whom it cannot teach, and to teachers whom it will not hear. The best talents of all our English painters have been spent either in endeavours to find room for the expression of feelings which no master guided to a worthy end, or to obtain the attention of a public whose mind was dead to natural beauty, by sharpness of satire, or variety of dramatic circumstance.

The work to which England is now devoting herself withdraws her eyes from beauty, as her heart from rest ; nor do I conceive any revival of great art to be possible among us while the nation continues in its present temper. As long as it can bear to see misery and squalor in its streets, it can neither invent nor accept human beauty in its pictures : and so long as in passion of rivalry, or thirst of gain, it crushes the roots of happiness, and forsakes the ways of peace, the great souls whom it may chance to produce will all pass away from it helpless, in error, in wrath, or in silence. Amiable visionaries may retire into the delight of devotional abstraction, strong men of the world may yet hope to do service by their rebuke or their satire ; but for the clear sight of Love there will be no horizon, for its quiet words no answer ; nor any place for the art which alone is faithfully Religious, because it is Lovely and True.

The series of engravings thus completed, while they present no characters on which the members of the Arundel Society can justifiably pride themselves, have, nevertheless, a real and effective value, if considered as a series of maps of the Arena frescoes. Few artists of eminence pass through Padua without making studies of detached portions of the decoration of this Chapel, while no artist has time to complete drawings of the whole. Such fragmentary studies might now at any time be engraved with advantage, their place in the series being at once determinable by reference to the woodcuts ; while qualities of expression could often be obtained in engravings of single figures, which are sure to be lost in an entire subject. The most refined character is occasionally dependent on a few happy and light touches, which, in a single head, are effective, but are too feeble to bear due part in an entire composition, while, in the endeavour to reinforce them, their vitality is lost. I believe the members of the Arundel Society will perceive, eventually, that no copies of works of great art are worthily representative of them but such as are made freely, and for their own purposes, by great painters : the best results obtain-

able by mechanical effort will only be charts or plans of pictures, not mirrors of them. Such charts it is well to command in as great number as possible, and with all attainable completeness; but the Society cannot be considered as having entered on its true functions until it has obtained the hearty co-operation of European artists, and by the increase of its members, the further power of representing the subtle studies of masterly painters by the aid of exquisite engraving.

THE RELATION

BETWEEN

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TINTORET.

SEVENTH OF THE COURSE OF

LECTURES ON SCULPTURE,

DELIVERED AT OXFORD, 1870-71.

BY

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NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

NO. 15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

I HAVE printed this Lecture separately, that strangers visiting the Galleries may be able to use it for reference to the drawings. But they must observe that its business is only to point out what is to be blamed in Michael Angelo, and that it assumes the facts of his power to be generally known. Mr. Tyrwhitt's statement of these, in his "Lectures on Christian Art," will put the reader into possession of all that may justly be alleged in honour of him.

Corpus Christi College, 1st May, 1872.

THE RELATION

BETWEEN

MICHAEL ANGELO AND TINTORET.

*The Seventh of the Course of Lectures on Sculpture
delivered at Oxford, 1870-71.*

IN preceding lectures on sculpture I have included references to the art of painting, so far as it proposes to itself the same object as sculpture, (idealization of form); and I have chosen for the subject of our closing inquiry, the works of the two masters who accomplished or implied the unity of these arts. Tintoret entirely conceives his figures as solid statues: sees them in his mind on every side; detaches each from the other by imagined air and light; and foreshortens, interposes, or involves them, as if they were pieces of clay in his hand. On the contrary, Michael Angelo conceives his sculpture partly as if it were painted; and using (as I told you formerly) his pen like a chisel, uses also his chisel like a pencil; is sometimes as picturesque as Rembrandt, and sometimes as soft as Correggio.

It is of him chiefly that I shall speak to-day; both because it is part of my duty to the strangers here present to indicate for them some of the points of interest in the drawings forming part of the University collections; but still more, because I must not allow the second year of my professorship to close, without some statement of the mode in which those collections may be useful or dangerous to my pupils. They seem at present little likely to be either; for since I entered on my

duties, no student has ever asked me a single question respecting these drawings, or, so far as I could see, taken the slightest interest in them.

There are several causes for this which might be obviated—there is one which cannot be. The collection, as exhibited at present, includes a number of copies which mimic in variously injurious ways the characters of Michael Angelo's own work; and the series, except as material for reference, can be of no practical service until these are withdrawn, and placed by themselves. It includes, besides, a number of original drawings which are indeed of value to any laborious student of Michael Angelo's life and temper; but which owe the greater part of this interest to their being executed in times of sickness or indolence, when the master, however strong, was failing in his purpose, and, however diligent, tired of his work. It will be enough to name, as an example of this class, the sheet of studies for the Medici tombs, No. 45, in which the lowest figure is, strictly speaking, neither a study nor a working drawing, but has either been scrawled in the feverish languor of exhaustion, which cannot escape its subject of thought; or, at best, in idly experimental addition of part to part, beginning with the head, and fitting muscle after muscle, and bone after bone to it, thinking of their place only, not their proportion, till the head is only about one twentieth part of the height of the body: finally, something between a face and a mask is blotted in the upper left-hand corner of the paper, indicative, in the weakness and frightfulness of it, simply of mental disorder from overwork; and there are several others of this kind, among even the better drawings of the collection, which ought never to be exhibited to the general public.

It would be easy, however, to separate these, with the acknowledged copies, from the rest; and, doing the same with the drawings of Raphael, among which a larger number are of true value, to form a connected series of deep interest to artists, in illustration of the incipient and experimental methods of design practised by each master.

I say, to artists. Incipient methods of design are not, and ought not to be, subjects of earnest inquiry to other people: and although the re-arrangement of the drawings would materially increase the chance of their gaining due attention, there is a final and fatal reason for the want of interest in them displayed by the younger students;—namely, that these designs have nothing whatever to do with present life, with its passions, or with its religion. What their historic value is, and relation to the life of the past, I will endeavour, so far as time admits, to explain to-day.

The course of Art divides itself hitherto, among all nations of the world that have practised it successfully, into three great periods.

The first, that in which their conscience is undeveloped, and their condition of life in many respects savage; but, nevertheless, in harmony with whatever conscience they possess. The most powerful tribes, in this stage of their intellect, usually live by rapine, and under the influence of vivid, but contracted, religious imagination. The early predatory activity of the Normans, and the confused minglings of religious subjects with scenes of hunting, war, and vile grotesque, in their first art, will sufficiently exemplify this state of a people; having, observe, their conscience undeveloped, but keeping their conduct in satisfied harmony with it.

The second stage is that of the formation of conscience by the discovery of the true laws of social order and personal virtue, coupled with sincere effort to live by such laws as they are discovered.

All the Arts advance steadily during this stage of national growth, and are lovely, even in their deficiencies, as the buds of flowers are lovely by their vital force, swift change, and continent beauty.

The third stage is that in which the conscience is entirely formed, and the nation, finding it painful to live in obedience to the precepts it has discovered, looks about to discover, also, a compromise for obedience to them. In this condition of mind its first endeavour is nearly always to make its religion

pompous, and please the gods by giving them gifts and entertainments, in which it may piously and pleurably share itself; so that a magnificent display of the powers of art it has gained by sincerity, takes place for a few years, and is then followed by their extinction, rapid and complete exactly in the degree in which the nation resigns itself to hypocrisy.

The works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Tintoret, belong to this period of compromise in the career of the greatest nation of the world; and are the most splendid efforts yet made by human creatures to maintain the dignity of states with beautiful colours, and defend the doctrines of theology with anatomical designs.

Farther, and as an universal principle, we have to remember that the Arts express not only the moral temper, but the scholarship, of their age; and we have thus to study them under the influence, at the same moment of, it may be, declining probity, and advancing science.

Now in this the Arts of Northern and Southern Europe stand exactly opposed. The Northern temper never accepts the Catholic faith with force such as it reached in Italy. Our sincerest thirteenth century sculpture is cold and formal compared with that of the Pisani; nor can any Northern poet be set for an instant beside Dante, as an exponent of Catholic faith: on the contrary, the Northern temper accepts the scholarship of the Reformation with absolute sincerity, while the Italians seek refuge from it in the partly scientific and completely lascivious enthusiasms of literature and painting, renewed under classical influence. We therefore, in the north, produce our Shakespeare and Holbein; they their Petrarch and Raphael. And it is nearly impossible for you to study Shakespeare or Holbein too much, or Petrarch and Raphael too little.

I do not say this, observe, in opposition to the Catholic faith, or to any other faith, but only to the attempts to support whatsoever the faith may be, by ornament or eloquence, instead of action. Every man who honestly accepts, and acts upon, the knowledge granted to him by the circumstances of

his time, has the faith which God intends him to have ;—assuredly a good one, whatever the terms or form of it—every man who dishonestly refuses, or interestedly disobeys the knowledge open to him, holds a faith which God does not mean him to hold, and therefore a bad one, however beautiful or traditionally respectable.

Do not, therefore, I entreat you, think that I speak with any purpose of defending one system of theology against another ; least of all, reformed against Catholic theology. There probably never was a system of religion so destructive to the loveliest arts and the loveliest virtues of men, as the modern Protestantism, which consists in an assured belief in the Divine forgiveness of all your sins, and the Divine correctness of all your opinions. But in their first searching and sincere activities, the doctrines of the Reformation produced the most instructive art, and the grandest literature, yet given to the world ; while Italy, in her interested resistance to those doctrines, polluted and exhausted the arts she already possessed. Her iridescence of dying statesmanship—her magnificence of hollow piety, were represented in the arts of Venice and Florence by two mighty men on either side—Titian and Tintoret,—Michael Angelo and Raphael. Of the calm and brave statesmanship, the modest and faithful religion, which had been her strength, I am content to name one chief representative artist at Venice, John Bellini.

Let me now map out for you roughly, the chronological relations of these five men. It is impossible to remember the minor years, in dates ; I will give you them broadly in decades, and you can add what finesse afterwards you like.

Recollect, first, the great year 1480. Twice four's eight—you can't mistake it. In that year Michael Angelo was five years old ; Titian, three years old ; Raphael, within three years of being born.

So see how easily it comes. Michael Angelo five years old—and you divide six between Titian and Raphael,—three on each side of your standard year, 1480.

Then add to 1480, forty years—an easy number to recol-

lect, surely ; and you get the exact year of Raphael's death, 1520.

In that forty years all the new effort, and deadly catastrophe took place. 1480 to 1520.

Now, you have only to fasten to those forty years, the life of Bellini, who represents the best art before them, and of Tintoret, who represents the best art after them.

I cannot fit you these on with a quite comfortable exactness, but with very slight inexactness I can fit them firmly.

John Bellini was ninety years old when he died. He lived fifty years before the great forty of change, and he saw the forty, and died. Then Tintoret is born ; lives eighty* years after the forty, and closes, in dying, the sixteenth century, and the great arts of the world.

Those are the dates, roughly ; now for the facts connected with them.

John Bellini precedes the change, meets, and resists it victoriously to his death. Nothing of flaw or failure is ever to be discerned in him.

Then Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Titian, together, bring about the deadly change, playing into each other's hands—Michael Angelo being the chief captain in evil ; Titian, in natural force.

Then Tintoret, himself alone nearly as strong as all the three, stands up for a last fight, for Venice, and the old time. He all but wins it at first ; but the three together are too strong for him. Michael Angelo strikes him down ; and the arts are ended. "*Il disegno di Michel Agnolo.*" That fatal motto was his death-warrant.

And now, having massed out my subject, I can clearly sketch for you the changes that took place from Bellini, through Michael Angelo, to Tintoret.

The art of Bellini is centrally represented by two pictures

* If you like to have it with perfect exactitude, recollect that Bellini died at true ninety,—Tintoret at eighty-two ; that Bellini's death was four years before Raphael's and that Tintoret was born four years before Bellini's death.

at Venice : one, the Madonna in the Sacristy of the Frari, with two saints beside her, and two angels at her feet ; the second, the Madonna with four Saints, over the second altar of San Zaccaria.

In the first of these, the figures are under life size, and it represents the most perfect kind of picture for rooms ; in which, since it is intended to be seen close to the spectator, every right kind of finish possible to the hand may be wisely lavished ; yet which is not a miniature, nor in any wise petty, or ignoble.

In the second, the figures are of life size, or a little more, and it represents the class of great pictures in which the boldest execution is used, but all brought to entire completion. These two, having every quality in balance, are as far as my present knowledge extends, and as far as I can trust my judgment, the two best pictures in the world.

Observe respecting them—

First, they are both wrought in entirely consistent and permanent material. The gold in them is represented by painting, not laid on with real gold. And the painting is so secure, that four hundred years have produced on it, so far as I can see, no harmful change whatsoever, of any kind.

Secondly, the figures in both are in perfect peace. No action takes place except that the little angels are playing on musical instruments, but with uninterrupted and effortless gesture, as in a dream. A choir of singing angels by La Robbia or Donatello would be intent on their music, or eagerly rapturous in it, as in temporary exertion : in the little choirs of cherubs by Luini in the Adoration of the Shepherds, in the Cathedral of Como, we even feel by their dutiful anxiety that there might be danger of a false note if they were less attentive. But Bellini's angels, even the youngest, sing as calmly as the Fates weave.

Let me at once point out to you that this calmness is the attribute of the entirely highest class of art : the introduction of strong or violently emotional incident is at once a confession of inferiority.

Those are the two first attributes of the best art. Faultless workmanship, and perfect serenity; a continuous, not momentary, action,—or entire inaction. You are to be interested in the living creatures; not in what is happening to them.

Then the third attribute of the best art is that it compels you to think of the spirit of the creature, and therefore of its face, more than of its body.

And the fourth is that in the face, you shall be led to see only beauty or joy;—never vileness, vice, or pain.

Those are the four essentials of the greatest art. I repeat them, they are easily learned.

1. Faultless and permanent workmanship.
2. Serenity in state or action.
3. The Face principal, not the body.
4. And the Face free from either vice or pain.

It is not possible, of course, always literally to observe the second condition, that there shall be quiet action or none; but Bellini's treatment of violence in action you may see exemplified in a notable way in his St. Peter Martyr. The soldier is indeed striking the sword down into his breast; but in the face of the Saint is only resignation, and faintness of death, not pain—that of the executioner is impassive; and, while a painter of the later schools would have covered breast and sword with blood, Bellini allows no stain of it; but pleases himself by the most elaborate and exquisite painting of a soft crimson feather in the executioner's helmet.

Now the changes brought about by Michael Angelo—and permitted, or persisted in calamitously, by Tintoret—are in the four points these:

1st. Bad workmanship.

The greater part of all that these two men did is hastily and incompletely done; and all that they did on a large scale in colour is in the best qualities of it perished.

2nd. Violence of transitional action.

The figures flying,—falling,—striking, or biting. Scenes of

Judgment,—battle,—martyrdom,—massacre ; anything that is in the acme of instantaneous interest and violent gesture. They cannot any more trust their public to care for anything but that.

3rd. Physical instead of mental interest. The body, and its anatomy, made the entire subject of interest : the face, shadowed, as in the Duke Lorenzo,* unfinished, as in the *Twilight*, or entirely foreshortened, backshortened, and despised, among labyrinths of limbs, and mountains of sides and shoulders.

4th. Evil chosen rather than good. On the face itself, instead of joy or virtue, at the best, sadness, probably pride, often sensuality, and always, by preference, vice or agony as the subject of thought. In the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo, and the Last Judgment of Tintoret, it is the wrath of the *Dies Iræ*, not its justice, in which they delight ; and their only passionate thought of the coming of Christ in the clouds, is that all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him.

Those are the four great changes wrought by Michael Angelo. I repeat them :

Ill work for good.

Tumult for Peace.

The Flesh of Man for his Spirit.

And the Curse of God for His Blessing.

Hitherto, I have massed, necessarily, but most unjustly, Michael Angelo and Tintoret together, because of their common relation to the art of others. I shall now proceed to distinguish the qualities of their own. And first as to the general temper of the two men.

Nearly every existing work by Michael Angelo is an attempt to execute something beyond his power, coupled with a fevered desire that his power may be acknowledged. He is always matching himself either against the Greeks whom he cannot rival, or against rivals whom he cannot forget. He is proud, yet not proud enough to be at peace ; melancholy, yet

* Julian, rather. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's notice of the lately discovered error, in his *Lectures on Christian Art*.

not deeply enough to be raised above petty pain; and strong beyond all his companion workmen, yet never strong enough to command his temper, or limit his aims.

Tintoret, on the contrary, works in the consciousness of supreme strength, which cannot be wounded by neglect, and is only to be thwarted by time and space. He knows precisely all that art can accomplish under given conditions; determines absolutely how much of what can be done, he will himself for the moment choose to do; and fulfils his purpose with as much ease as if, through his human body, were working the great forces of nature. Not that he is ever satisfied with what he has done, as vulgar and feeble artists are satisfied. He falls short of his ideal, more than any other man; but not more than is necessary; and is content to fall short of it to that degree, as he is content that his figures, however well painted, do not move nor speak. He is also entirely unconcerned respecting the satisfaction of the public. He neither cares to display his strength to them, nor convey his ideas to them; when he finishes his work, it is because he is in the humour to do so; and the sketch which a meaner painter would have left incomplete to show how cleverly it was begun, Tintoret simply leaves because he has done as much of it as he likes.

Both Raphael and Michael Angelo are thus, in the most vital of all points, separate from the great Venetian. They are always in dramatic attitudes, and always appealing to the public for praise. They are the leading athletes in the gymnasium of the arts; and the crowd of the circus cannot take its eyes away from them, while the Venetian walks or rests with the simplicity of a wild animal; is scarcely noticed in his occasionally swifter motion; when he springs, it is to please himself; and so calmly, that no one thinks of estimating the distance covered.

I do not praise him wholly in this. I praise him only for the well-founded pride, infinitely nobler than Michael Angelo's. You do not hear of Tintoret's putting any one into hell because they had found fault with his work. Tintoret would

as soon have thought of putting a dog into hell for laying his paws on it. But he is to be blamed in this—that he thinks as little of the pleasure of the public, as of their opinion. A great painter's business is to do what the public ask of him, in the way that shall be helpful and instructive to them. His relation to them is exactly that of a tutor to a child; he is not to defer to their judgment, but he is carefully to form it;—not to consult their pleasure for his own sake, but to consult it much for theirs. It was scarcely, however, possible that this should be the case between Tintoret and his Venetians; he could not paint for the people, and in some respects he was happily protected by his subordination to the senate. Raphael and Michael Angelo lived in a world of court intrigue, in which it was impossible to escape petty irritation, or refuse themselves the pleasure of mean victory. But Tintoret and Titian, even at the height of their reputation, practically lived as craftsmen in their workshops, and sent in samples of their wares, not to be praised or cavilled at, but to be either taken or refused.

I can clearly and adequately set before you these relations between the great painters of Venice and her senate—relations which, in monetary matters, are entirely right and exemplary for all time—by reading to you two decrees of the Senate itself, and one petition to it. The first document shall be the decree of the Senate for giving help to John Bellini, in finishing the compartments of the great Council Chamber; granting him three assistants—one of them Víctor Carpaccio.

The decree, first referring to some other business, closes in these terms:*

“There having moreover offered his services to this effect our most faithful citizen, Zuan Bellin, according to his agreement employing his skill and all speed and diligence for the completion of this work of the three pictures aforesaid, provided he be assisted by the under written painters.

“Be it therefore put to the ballot, that besides the aforesaid Zuan Bellin

* From the invaluable series of documents relating to Titian and his times, extricated by Mr. Rawdon Brown from the archives of Venice, and arranged and translated by him.

in person, who will assume the superintendence of this work, there be added Master Victor Scarpaza, with a monthly salary of five ducats; Master Victor, son of the late Mathio, at four ducats per month; and the painter, Hieronymo, at two ducats per month; they rendering speedy and diligent assistance to the aforesaid Zuan Bellin for the painting of the pictures aforesaid, so that they be completed well and carefully as speedily as possible. The salaries of the which three master painters aforesaid, with the costs of colours and other necessities, to be defrayed by our Salt office with the moneys of the great chest.

"It being expressly declared that said pensioned painters be tied and bound to work constantly and daily, so that said three pictures may be completed as expeditiously as possible; the artists aforesaid being pensioned at the good pleasure of this Council.

"Ayes	23
"Noes	3
"Neutrals.....	0"

This decree is the more interesting to us now, because it is the precedent to which Titian himself refers, when he first offers his services to the Senate.

The petition which I am about to read to you, was read to the Council of Ten, on the last day of May, 1513, and the original draft of it is yet preserved in the Venice archives.

" 'Most Illustrious Council of Ten.

" 'Most Serene Prince and most Excellent Lords.

" 'I, Titian of Serviete de Cadore, having from my boyhood upwards set myself to learn the art of painting, not so much from cupidity of gain as for the sake of endeavouring to acquire some little fame, and of being ranked amongst those who now profess the said art.

" 'And altho heretofore, and likewise at this present, I have been earnestly requested by the Pope and other potentates to go and serve them, nevertheless, being anxious as your Serenity's most faithful subject, for such I am, to leave some memorial in this famous city; my determination is, should the Signory approve, *to undertake, so long as I live, to come and paint in the Grand Council with my whole soul and ability*; commencing, provided your Serenity think of it, with the battle-piece on the side towards the "Piazza," that being the most difficult; nor down to this time has any one chosen to assume so hard a task.

" 'I, most excellent Lords, should be better pleased to receive as recompense for the work to be done by me, such acknowledgments as may be deemed sufficient, and much less; but because, as already stated by me, I care solely for my honour, and mere livelihood, should your Serenity approve, you will vouchsafe to grant me for my life, the next brokers patent

in the German factory,* by whatever means it may become vacant ; notwithstanding other expectancies ; with the terms, conditions, obligations, and exemptions, as in the case of Messer Zuan Bellini ; besides two youths whom I purpose bringing with me as assistants ; they to be paid by the Salt office ; as likewise the colours and all other requisites, as conceded a few months ago by the aforesaid most Illustrious Council to the said Messer Zuan ; for I promise to do such work and with so much speed and excellency as shall satisfy your Lordships to whom I humbly recommend myself.”

“ This proposal,” Mr. Brown tells us, “ in accordance with the petitions presented by Gentil Bellini and Alvise Vivarini, was immediately put to the ballot,” and carried thus—the decision of the Grand Council, in favour of Titian, being, observe, by no means unanimous :—

“ Ayes	10
“ Noes	6
“ Neutrals	0 ”

Immediately follows on the acceptance of Titian’s services, this practical order :

“ We, Chiefs of the most Illustrious Council of Ten, tell and inform you Lords Proveditors for the State ; videlicet the one who is cashier of the Great Chest, and his successors, that for the execution of what has been decreed above in the most Illustrious Council aforesaid, you do have prepared all necessaries for the above written Titian according to his petition and demand, and as observed with regard to Juan Bellini, that he may paint ut supra ; paying from month to month the two youths whom said Titian shall present to you at the rate of four ducats each per month, as urged by him because of their skill and sufficiency in said art of painting, tho’ we do not mean the payment of their salary to commence until they begin work ; and thus will you do. Given on the 8th of June, 1513.”

That is the way, then, great workmen wish to be paid, and that is the way wise men pay them for their work. The perfect simplicity of such patronage leaves the painter free to do precisely what he thinks best : and a good painter always produces his best, with such license.

* Fondaco de Tedeschi. I saw the last wrecks of Giorgione’s frescoes on the outside of it in 1845.

And now I shall take the four conditions of change in succession, and examine the distinctions between the two masters in their acceptance of, or resistance to, them.

I. The change of good and permanent workmanship for bad and insecure workmanship.

You have often heard quoted the saying of Michael Angelo, that oil-painting was only fit for women and children.

He said so, simply because he had neither the skill to lay a single touch of good oil-painting, nor the patience to overcome even its elementary difficulties.

And it is one of my reasons for the choice of subject in this concluding lecture on Sculpture, that I may, with direct reference to this much quoted saying of Michael Angelo, make the positive statement to you, that oil-painting is the Art of arts;* that it is sculpture, drawing, and music, all in one, involving the technical dexterities of those three several arts; that is to say—the decision and strength of the stroke of the chisel;—the balanced distribution of appliance of that force necessary for gradation in light and shade;—and the passionate felicity of rightly multiplied actions, all unerring, which on an instrument produce right sound, and on canvas, living colour. There is no other human skill so great or so wonderful as the skill of fine oil-painting; and there is no other art whose results are so absolutely permanent. Music is gone as soon as produced—marble discolours,—fresco fades,—glass darkens or decomposes—painting alone, well guarded, is practically everlasting.

Of this splendid art Michael Angelo understood nothing; he understood even fresco, imperfectly. Tintoret understood both perfectly; but he—when no one would pay for his colours, (and sometimes nobody would even give him space of wall to paint on)—used cheap blue for ultramarine; and he worked so rapidly, and on such huge spaces of canvas, that

* I beg that this statement may be observed with attention. It is of great importance, as in opposition to the views usually held respecting the grave schools of painting.

between damp and dry, his colours must go, for the most part; but any complete oil-painting of his stands as well as one of Bellini's own: while Michael Angelo's fresco is defaced already in every part of it, and Lionardo's oil-painting is all either gone black, or gone to nothing.

II. Introduction of dramatic interest for the sake of excitement. I have already, in the *Stones of Venice*, illustrated Tintoret's dramatic power at so great length, that I will not, to-day, make any farther statement to justify my assertion that it is as much beyond Michael Angelo's as Shakespeare's is beyond Milton's—and somewhat with the same kind of difference in manner. Neither can I speak to-day, time not permitting me, of the abuse of their dramatic power by Venetian or Florentine; one thing only I beg you to note, that with full half of his strength, Tintoret remains faithful to the serenity of the past; and the examples I have given you from his work in S. 50,* are, one, of the most splendid drama, and the other of the quietest portraiture, ever attained by the arts of the middle ages.

Note also this respecting his picture of the Judgment, that, in spite of all the violence and wildness of the imagined scene, Tintoret has not given, so far as I remember, the spectacle of any one soul under infliction of actual pain. In all previous representations of the Last Judgment there had at least been one division of the picture set apart for the representation of torment; and even the gentle Angelico shrinks from no orthodox detail in this respect: but Tintoret, too vivid and true in imagination to be able to endure the common thoughts of hell, represents indeed the wicked in ruin, but not in agony. They are swept down by flood and whirlwind—the place of them shall know them no more, but not one is seen in more than the natural pain of swift and irrevocable death.

* The upper photograph in S. 50 is, however, not taken from the great Paradise, which is in too dark a position to be photographed, but from a study of it existing in a private gallery, and every way inferior. I have vainly tried to photograph portions of the picture itself.

III. I pass to the third condition ; the priority of flesh to spirit, and of the body to the face.

In this alone, of the four innovations, Michael Angelo and Tintoret have the Greeks with them ;—in this, alone, have they any right to be called classical. The Greeks gave them no excuse for bad workmanship ; none for temporary passion ; none for the preference of pain. Only in the honour done to the body may be alleged for them the authority of the ancients.

You remember, I hope, how often in my preceding lectures I had to insist on the fact that Greek sculpture was essentially ἀπρόσωπος ;—independent, not only of the expression, but even of the beauty of the face. Nay, independent of its being so much as seen. The greater number of the finest pieces of it which remain for us to judge by, have had the heads broken away ;—we do not seriously miss them either from the Three Fates, the Ilissus, or the Torso of the Vatican. The face of the Theseus is so far destroyed by time that you can form little conception of its former aspect. But it is otherwise in Christian sculpture. Strike the head off even the rudest statue in the porch of Chartres and you will greatly miss it—the harm would be still worse to Donatello's St. George :—and if you take the heads from a statue of Mino, or a painting of Angelico—very little but drapery will be left ;—drapery made redundant in quantity and rigid in fold, that it may conceal the forms, and give a proud or ascetic reserve to the actions, of the bodily frame. Bellini and his school, indeed, rejected at once the false theory, and the easy mannerism, of such religious design ; and painted the body without fear or reserve, as, in its subordination, honourable and lovely. But the inner heart and fire of it are by them always first thought of, and no action is given to it merely to show its beauty. Whereas the great culminating masters, and chiefly of these, Tintoret, Correggio, and Michael Angelo, delight in the body for its own sake, and cast it into every conceivable attitude, often in violation of all natural probability, that they may exhibit the action of its skeleton, and the contours of its flesh. The movement of a hand with Cima or Bellini expresses men-

tal emotion only; but the clustering and twining of the fingers of Correggio's St. Catherine is enjoyed by the painter just in the same way as he would enjoy the twining of the branches of a graceful plant, and he compels them into intricacies which have little or no relation to St. Catherine's mind. In the two drawings of Correggio, (S. 13 and 14,) it is the rounding of limbs and softness of foot resting on clouds which are principally thought of in the form of the Madonna; and the countenance of St. John is foreshortened into a section, that full prominence may be given to the muscles of his arms and breast.

So in Tintoret's drawing of the Graces (S. 22), he has entirely neglected the individual character of the Goddesses, and been content to indicate it merely by attributes of dice or flower, so only that he may sufficiently display varieties of contour in thigh and shoulder.

Thus far then, the Greeks, Correggio, Michael Angelo, Raphael, in his latter design, and Tintoret, in his scenic design, (as opposed to portraiture) are at one. But the Greeks, Correggio, and Tintoret, are also together in this farther point; that they all draw the body for true delight in it, and with knowledge of it living; while Michael Angelo and Raphael draw the body for vanity, and from knowledge of it dead.

The Venus of Melos,—Correggio's Venus, (with Mercury teaching Cupid to read),—and Tintoret's Graces, have the forms which their designers truly *liked* to see in women. They may have been wrong or right in liking those forms, but they carved and painted them for their pleasure, not for vanity.

But the form of Michael Angelo's Night is not one which he delighted to see in women. He gave it her, because he thought it was fine, and that he would be admired for reaching so lofty an ideal.*

Again. The Greeks, Correggio, and Tintoret, learn the

* He had, indeed, other and more solemn thoughts of the night than Correggio; and these he tried to express by distorting form, and making her partly Medusa-like. In this lecture, as above stated, I am only dwelling on points hitherto unnoticed of dangerous evil in the too much admired master.

body from the living body, and delight in its breath, colour, and motion.*

Raphael and Michael Angelo learned it essentially from the corpse, and had no delight in it whatever, but great pride in showing that they knew all its mechanism; they therefore sacrifice its colours, and insist on its muscles, and surrender the breath and fire of it, for what is—not merely carnal,—but obscene, knowing that for one person who can recognize the loveliness of a look, or the purity of a colour, there are a hundred who can calculate the length of a bone.

The boy with the doves, in Raphael's cartoon of the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, is not a child running, but a surgical diagram of a child in a running posture.

Farther, when the Greeks, Correggio, and Tintoret, draw the body active, it is because they rejoice in its force, and when they draw it inactive, it is because they rejoice in its repose. But Michael Angelo and Raphael invent for it ingenious mechanical motion, because they think it uninteresting when it is quiet, and cannot, in their pictures, endure any person's being simple-minded enough to stand upon both his legs at once, or venture to imagine any one's being clear enough in his language to make himself intelligible without pointing.

In all these conditions, the Greek and Venetian treatment of the body is faithful, modest, and natural; but Michael Angelo's dishonest, insolent, and artificial.

But between him and Tintoret there is a separation deeper than all these, when we examine their treatment of the face. Michael Angelo's vanity of surgical science rendered it impossible for him ever to treat the body as well as the Greeks treated it; but it left him wholly at liberty to treat the face as ill; and he did: and in some respects very curiously worse.

The Greeks had, in all their work, one type of face for beautiful and honourable persons; and another, much contrary to

* Tintoret dissected, and used clay models, in the true academical manner, and produced academical results thereby, but all his fine work is done from life, like that of the Greeks.

it, for dishonourable ones; and they were continually setting these in opposition. Their type of beauty lay chiefly in the undisturbed peace and simplicity of all contours; in full roundness of chin; in perfect formation of the lips, showing neither pride nor care; and, most of all, in a straight and firm line from the brow to the end of the nose.

The Greek type of dishonourable persons, especially satyrs, fauns, and sensual powers, consisted in irregular excrescence and decrement of features, especially in flatness of the upper part of the nose, and projection of the end of it into a blunt knob.

By the most grotesque fatality, as if the personal bodily injury he had himself received had passed with a sickly echo into his mind also, Michael Angelo is always dwelling on this satyric form of countenance;—sometimes violently caricatures it, but never can help drawing it; and all the best profiles in this collection at Oxford have what Mr. Robinson calls a “*nez retroussé*,” but what is, in reality, the nose of the Greek Bacchic mask, treated as a dignified feature.

For the sake of readers who cannot examine the drawings themselves, and lest I should be thought to have exaggerated in any wise the statement of this character, I quote Mr. Robinson's description of the head, No. 9—a celebrated and entirely authentic drawing,—(on which, I regret to say, my own pencil comment in passing is merely “brutal lower lip, and broken nose:”)

“This admirable study was probably made from nature, additional character and more powerful expression having been given to it by a slight exaggeration of details, bordering on caricature (observe the protruding lower lip, ‘*nez retroussé*,’ and overhanging forehead). The head, in profile, turned to the right, is proudly planted on a massive neck and shoulders, and the short tufted hair stands up erect. The expression is that of fierce, insolent self-confidence and malevolence; it is engraved in facsimile in Ottley's ‘*Italian School of Design*,’ and it is described in that work, p. 33, as ‘*Finely expressive of scornfulness and pride, and evidently a study from nature.*’

“Michel Angelo has made use of the same ferocious-looking model on other occasions—see an instance in the well known ‘*Head of Satan*’ engraved in Woodburn's Lawrence Gallery (No. 16), and now in the Malcolm Collection.

"The study on the reverse of the leaf is more slightly executed; it represents a man of powerful frame, carrying a hog or boar in his arms before him, the upper part of his body thrown back to balance the weight, his head hidden by that of the animal, which rests on the man's right shoulder.

"The power displayed in every line and touch of these drawings is inimitable—the head was in truth one of the '*teste divine*,' and the hand which executed it the '*mano terribile*,' so enthusiastically alluded to by Vasari."

Passing, for the moment, by No. 10, a "young woman of majestic character, marked by a certain expression of brooding melancholy;" and "wearing on her head a fantastic cap or turban;"—by No. 11, a bearded man, "wearing a conical Phrygian cap, his mouth wide open," and his expression "obstreperously animated;"—and by No. 12, "a middle-aged or old man, with a snub nose, high forehead, and thin, scrubby hair," we will go on to the fairer examples of Divine heads in No. 32.

"This splendid sheet of studies is probably one of the '*carte stupendissime di teste divine*,' which Vasari says (*Vita*, p. 272) Michel Angelo executed, as presents or lessons for his artistic friends. Not improbably it is actually one of those made for his friend Tommaso dei Cavalieri, who, when young, was desirous of learning to draw."

But it is one of the chief misfortunes affecting Michael Angelo's reputation, that his ostentatious display of strength and science has a natural attraction for comparatively weak and pedantic persons. And this sheet of Vasari's "*teste divine*" contains, in fact, not a single drawing of high quality—only one of moderate agreeableness, and two caricatured heads, one of a satyr with hair like the fur of animals, and one of a monstrous and sensual face, such as could only have occurred to the sculptor in a fatigued dream, and which in my own notes I have classed with the vile face in No. 45.

Returning, however, to the divine heads above it, I wish you to note "the most conspicuous and important of all," a study for one of the Genii behind the *Sibylla Libyca*. This Genius, like the young woman of a majestic character, and the man with his mouth open, wears a cap, or turban; opposite to him in the sheet, is a female in profile, "wearing a hood

of massive drapery." And, when once your attention is directed to this point, you will perhaps be surprised to find how many of Michael Angelo's figures, intended to be sublime, have their heads bandaged. If you have been a student of Michael Angelo chiefly, you may easily have vitiated your taste to the extent of thinking that this is a dignified costume; but if you study Greek work, instead, you will find that nothing is more important in the system of it than a finished disposition of the hair; and as soon as you acquaint yourself with the execution of carved marbles generally, you will perceive these massy fillets to be merely a cheap means of getting over a difficulty too great for Michael Angelo's patience, and too exigent for his invention. They are not sublime arrangements, but economies of labour, and reliefs from the necessity of design; and if you had proposed to the sculptor of the Venus of Melos, or of the Jupiter of Olympia, to bind the ambrosial locks up in towels, you would most likely have been instantly bound, yourself; and sent to the nearest temple of Æsculapius.

I need not, surely, tell you,—I need only remind,—how in all these points, the Venetians and Correggio reverse Michael Angelo's evil, and vanquish him in good; how they refuse caricature, rejoice in beauty, and thirst for opportunity of toil. The waves of hair in a single figure of Tintoret's (the Mary Magdalen of the Paradise) contain more intellectual design in themselves alone than all the folds of unseemly linen in the Sistine chapel put together.

In the fourth and last place, as Tintoret does not sacrifice, except as he is forced by the exigencies of display, the face for the body, so also he does not sacrifice happiness for pain. The chief reason why we all know the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, and not the "Paradise" of Tintoret, is the same love of sensation which makes us read the *Inferno* of Dante, and not his *Paradise*; and the choice, believe me, is our fault, not his; some farther evil influence is due to the fact that Michael Angelo has invested all his figures with picturesque and palpable elements of effect, while Tintoret

has only made them lovely in themselves and has been content that they should deserve, not demand, your attention.

You are accustomed to think the figures of Michael Angelo sublime—because they are dark, and colossal, and involved, and mysterious—because, in a word, they look sometimes like shadows, and sometimes like mountains, and sometimes like spectres, but never like human beings. Believe me, yet once more, in what I told you long since—man can invent nothing nobler than humanity. He cannot raise his form into anything better than God made it, by giving it either the flight of birds or strength of beasts, by enveloping it in mist, or heaping it into multitude. Your pilgrim must look like a pilgrim in a straw hat, or you will not make him into one with cockle and nimbus; an angel must look like an angel on the ground, as well as in the air; and the much-denounced pre-Raphaelite faith that a saint cannot look saintly unless he has thin legs, is not more absurd than Michael Angelo's, that a Sibyl cannot look Sibylline unless she has thick ones.

All that shadowing, storming, and coiling of his, when you look into it, is mere stage decoration, and that of a vulgar kind. Light is, in reality, more awful than darkness—modesty more majestic than strength; and there is truer sublimity in the sweet joy of a child, or the sweet virtue of a maiden, than in the strength of Antæus, or thunder-clouds of Ætna.

Now, though in nearly all his greater pictures, Tintoret is entirely carried away by his sympathy with Michael Angelo, and conquers him in his own field;—outflies him in motion, outnumbers him in multitude, outwits him in fancy, and outflames him in rage,—he can be just as gentle as he is strong: and that Paradise, though it is the largest picture in the world, without any question, is also the thoughtfullest, and most precious.

The Thoughtfullest!—it would be saying but little, as far as Michael Angelo is concerned.

For consider of it yourselves. You have heard, from your youth up, (and all educated persons have heard for three centuries,) of this Last Judgment of his, as the most sublime picture in existence.

The subject of it is one which should certainly be interesting to you, in one of two ways.

If you never expect to be judged for any of your own doings, and the tradition of the coming of Christ is to you as an idle tale—still, think what a wonderful tale it would be, were it well told. You are at liberty, disbelieving it, to range the fields—Elysian and Tartarean, of all imagination. You may play with it, since it is false; and what a play would it not be, well written! Do you think the tragedy, or the miracle play, or the infinitely Divina Commedia of the Judgment of the astonished living who were dead;—the undeceiving of the sight of every human soul, understanding in an instant all the shallow, and depth of past life and future,—face to face with both,—and with God:—this apocalypse to all intellect, and completion to all passion, this minute and individual drama of the perfected history of separate spirits, and of their finally accomplished affections!—think you, I say, all this was well told by mere heaps of dark bodies curled and convulsed in space, and fall as of a crowd from a scaffolding, in writhed concretions of muscular pain?

But take it the other way. Suppose you believe, be it never so dimly or feebly, in some kind of Judgment that is to be;—that you admit even the faint contingency of retribution, and can imagine, with vivacity enough to fear, that in this life, at all events, if not in another—there may be for you a Visitation of God, and a questioning—What hast thou done? The picture, if it is a good one, should have a deeper interest, surely on *this* postulate? Thrilling enough, as a mere imagination of what is never to be—now, as a conjecture of what *is* to be, held the best that in eighteen centuries of Christianity has for men's eyes been made;—Think of it so!

And then, tell me, whether you yourselves, or any one you have known, did ever at any time receive from this picture any, the smallest vital thought, warning, quickening, or help? It may have appalled, or impressed you for a time, as a thunder-cloud might: but has it ever taught you anything—chastised in you anything—confirmed a purpose—fortified a re-

sistance—purified a passion? I know that for you, it has done none of these things; and I know also that, for others, it has done very different things. In every vain and proud designer who has since lived, that dark carnality of Michael Angelo's has fostered insolent science, and fleshly imagination. Daubers and blockheads think themselves painters, and are received by the public as such, if they know how to foreshorten bones and decipher entrails; and men with capacity of art either shrink away (the best of them always do) into petty felicities and innocencies of genre painting—landscapes, cattle, family breakfasts, village schoolings, and the like; or else, if they have the full sensuous art-faculty that would have made true painters of them, being taught, from their youth up, to look for and learn the body instead of the spirit, have learned it, and taught it to such purpose, that at this hour, when I speak to you, the rooms of the Royal Academy of England, receiving also what of best can be sent there by the masters of France, contain *not one* picture honourable to the arts of their age; and contain many which are shameful in their record of its manners.

Of that, hereafter. I will close to-day by giving you some brief account of the scheme of Tintoret's Paradise, in justification of my assertion that it is the thoughtfullest as well as mightiest picture in the world.

In the highest centre is Christ, leaning on the globe of the earth, which is of dark crystal. Christ is crowned with a glory as of the sun, and all the picture is lighted by that glory, descending through circle beneath circle of cloud, and of flying or throned spirits.

The Madonna, beneath Christ, and at some interval from Him, kneels to Him. She is crowned with the Seven stars, and kneels on a cloud of angels, whose wings change into ruby fire, where they are near her.

The three great Archangels meeting from three sides, fly towards Christ. Michael delivers up his scales and sword. He is followed by the Thrones and Principalities of the Earth; so inscribed—Throni—Principatus. The Spirits of

the Thrones bear scales in their hands; and of the Princdoms, shining globes: beneath the wings of the last of these are the four great teachers and lawgivers, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Gregory, St. Augustine, and behind St. Augustine stands his mother, watching him, her chief joy in Paradise.

Under the Thrones, are set the Apostles, St. Paul separated a little from the rest, and put lowest, yet principal; under St. Paul, is St. Christopher, bearing a massive globe, with a cross upon it: but to mark him as the Christ bearer, since here in Paradise he cannot have the child on his shoulders, Tintoret has thrown on the globe a flashing stellar reflection of the sun round the head of Christ.

All this side of the picture is kept in glowing colour,—the four Doctors of the church have golden mitres and mantles; except the Cardinal, St. Jerome, who is in burning scarlet, his naked breast glowing, warm with noble life,—the darker red of his robe relieved against a white glory.

Opposite to Michael, Gabriel flies toward the Madonna, having in his hand the Annunciation lily, large, and triple-blossomed. Above him, and above Michael, equally, extends a cloud of white angels, inscribed “Serafini;” but the group following Gabriel, and corresponding to the Throni following Michael, is inscribed “Cherubini.” Under these are the great prophets, and singers and foretellers of the happiness or of the sorrow of time. David, and Solomon, and Isaiah, and Amos of the herdsmen. David has a colossal golden psaltery laid horizontally across his knees;—two angels behind him dictate to him as he sings, looking up towards Christ; but one strong angel sweeps down to Solomon from among the cherubs, and opens a book, resting it on the head of Solomon, who looks down earnestly, unconscious of it;—to the left of David, separate from the group of prophets, as Paul from the apostles, is Moses, dark-robed;—in the full light, withdrawn far behind him, Abraham, embracing Isaac with his left arm, and near him, pale St. Agnes. In front, nearer, dark and colossal, stands the glorious figure of Santa Giustina of Padua;

then a little subordinate to her, St. Catherine, and, far on the left, and high, St. Barbara leaning on her tower. In front, nearer, flies Raphael ; and under him is the four-square group of the Evangelists. Beneath them, on the left, Noah ; on the right, Adam and Eve, both floating unsupported by cloud or angel ; Noah buoyed by the Ark, which he holds above him, and it is *this* into which Solomon gazes down, so earnestly. Eve's face is, perhaps, the most beautiful ever painted by Tintoret—full in light, but dark-eyed. Adam floats beside her, his figure fading into a winged gloom, edged in the outline of fig-leaves. Far down, under these, central in the lowest part of the picture, rises the Angel of the Sea, praying for Venice ; for Tintoret conceives his Paradise as existing now, not as in the future. I at first mistook this soft Angel of the Sea for the Magdalen, for he is sustained by other three angels on either side, as the Magdalen is, in designs of earlier time, because of the verse, "There is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth." But the Magdalen is on the right, behind St. Monica ; and on the same side, but lowest of all, Rachel, among the angels of her children, gathered now again to her for ever.

I have no hesitation in asserting this picture to be by far the most precious work of art of any kind whatsoever, now existing in the world ; and it is, I believe, on the eve of final destruction ; for it is said that the angle of the great council-chamber is soon to be rebuilt ; and that process will involve the destruction of the picture by removal, and, far more, by repainting. I had thought of making some effort to save it by an appeal in London to persons generally interested in the arts ; but the recent desolation of Paris has familiarized us with destruction, and I have no doubt the answer to me would be, that Venice must take care of her own. But remember, at least, that I have borne witness to you to-day of the treasures that we forget, while we amuse ourselves with the poor toys, and the petty, or vile, arts, of our own time.

The years of that time have perhaps come, when we are to be taught to look no more to the dreams of painters, either

for knowledge of Judgment, or of Paradise. The anger of Heaven will not longer, I think, be mocked for our amusement ; and perhaps its love may not always be despised by our pride. Believe me, all the arts, and all the treasures of men, are fulfilled and preserved to them only, so far as they have chosen first, with their hearts, not the curse of God, but His blessing. Our Earth is now encumbered with ruin, our Heaven is clouded by Death. May we not wisely judge ourselves in some things now, instead of amusing ourselves with the painting of judgments to come ?

NOTES

ON SOME OF

THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

EXHIBITED IN THE ROOMS OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY,

1875.

BY

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CHURCH, OXFORD.

NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

No. 15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

PREFACE

It is now just twenty years since I wrote the first number of these notes ; and fifteen, since they were discontinued. I have no intention of renewing the series, unless occasionally, should accident detain me in London during the spring. But this year, for many reasons, it seemed to me imperatively proper to say as much as is here said.

And that the temper of the saying may not, so far as I can prevent it, be mistaken, I will venture to ask my reader to hear, and trust that he will believe, thus much concerning myself. Among various minor, but collectively sufficient, reasons for the cessation of these notes, one of the chief was the exclamation of a young artist, moving in good society,—authentically, I doubt not, reported to me,—“ D—— the fellow,—why doesn't he back his friends?” The general want in the English mind of any abstract conception of justice, and the substitution for it of the idea of fidelity to a party, as the first virtue of public action, had never struck me so vividly before ; and thenceforward it seemed to me useless, so far as artists were concerned, to continue criticism which they would esteem dishonourable, unless it was false.

But Fortune has so sternly reversed her wheel during these recent years, that I am more likely now to be accused of malice than of equity ; and I am therefore at the pains to beg the

honest reader to believe, that, having perhaps as much pleasure as other people, both in backing my friends, and fronting my enemies, I have never used, and shall never use, my power of criticism to such end ; but that I write now, and have always written, so far as I am able, what may show that there is a fixed criterion of separation between right art and wrong ; that no opinion, no time, and no circumstances can ever in one jot change this relation of their Good and Evil ; and that it would be pleasant for the British public to recognize the one, and wise in them to eschew the other.

HERNE HILL, *May 23rd*, 1875.

NOTES, ETC.

BEFORE looking at any single picture, let us understand the scope and character of the Exhibition as a whole. The Royal Academy of England, in its annual publication, is now nothing more than a large coloured 'Illustrated Times' folded in saloons:—the splendidest May Number of the Graphic, shall we call it? That is to say, it is a certain quantity of pleasant, but imperfect, "illustration" of passing events, mixed with as much gossip of the past, and tattle of the future, as may be probably agreeable to a populace supremely ignorant of the one, and reckless of the other.

Supremely ignorant, I say;—ignorant, that is, on the lofty ground of their supremacy in useless knowledge.

For instance: the actual facts which Shakespeare knew, about Rome, were, in number and accuracy, compared to those which M. Alma-Tadema knows, as the pictures of a child's first story-book, compared to Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities.

But when Shakespeare wrote,

"The noble sister of Publicola,
The Moon of Rome; chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple,"

he knew Rome herself, to the heart; and M. Tadema, after reading his Smith's Dictionary through from A to Z, knows nothing of her but her shadow; and that, cast at sunset.

Yet observe, in saying that Academy work is now nothing more, virtually, than cheap coloured woodcut, I do not mean

to depreciate the talent employed in it. Our public press is supported by an ingenuity and skill in rapid art, unrivalled at any period of history; nor have I ever been so humbled, or astonished, by the mightiest work of Tintoret, Turner, or Velasquez, as I was one afternoon last year, in watching, in the Dudley gallery, two ordinary workmen for a daily newspaper, finishing their drawings on the blocks by gaslight, against time.

Nay,—not in skill only, but in pretty sentiment, our press illustration, in its higher ranks, far surpasses—or indeed, in that department finds no rivalship in—the schools of classical art; and it happens curiously that the only drawing of which the memory remains with me as a possession, out of the old water-colour exhibition of this year, — Mrs. Allingham's "Young Customers,"—should be, not only by an accomplished designer of woodcut, but itself the illustration of a popular story. The drawing, with whatever temporary purpose executed, is for ever lovely; a thing which I believe Gainsborough would have given one of his own pictures for, —old-fashioned as red-tipped daisies are,—and more precious than rubies.

And I am conscious of, and deeply regret, the inevitable warp which my own lately exclusive training under the elder schools gives to my estimate of this current art of the day; and submissively bear the blame due to my sullen refusal of what good is offered me in the railroad station, because I cannot find in it what I found in the Ducal Palace. And I may be permitted to say this much, in the outset, in apology for myself, that I determined on writing this number of Academy notes, simply because I was so much delighted with Mr. Leslie's School,—Mr. Leighton's little Fatima, Mr. Hook's Hearts of Oak, and Mr. Couldery's kittens,—that I thought I should be able to write an entirely good-humoured, and therefore, in all likelihood, practically useful, sketch of the socially pleasant qualities of modern English painting, which were not enough acknowledged in my former essays.

As I set myself to the work, and examined more important

pictures, my humour changed, though much against my will. Not more reluctantly the son of Beor found his utterances become benedictory, than I mine—the reverse. But the need of speaking, if not the service, (for too often we can help least where need is most), is assuredly greater than if I could have spoken smooth things without ruffling anywhere the calm of praise.

Popular or classic,—temporary, or eternal, all good art is more or less didactic. My artist-adversaries rage at me for saying so; but the gayest of them cannot help being momentarily grave; nor the emptiest-headed, occasionally instructive: and whatever work any of them do, that is indeed honourable to themselves, is also intellectually helpful, no less than entertaining, to others. And it will be the surest way of estimating the intrinsic value of the art of this year, if we proceed to examine it in the several provinces which its didactic functions occupy; and collect the sum of its teaching on the subjects,—which will, I think, sufficiently embrace its efforts in every kind,—of Theology, History, Biography, Natural History, Landscape, and as the end of all, Policy.

THEOLOGY.

584. Dedicated to all the Churches. (G. F. Watts, R.A.)

Here, at least, is one picture meant to teach; nor failing of its purpose, if we read it rightly. Very beautiful, it might have been; and is, in no mean measure: but as years pass by, the artist concedes to himself, more and more, the privilege which none but the feeble should seek, of substituting the sublimity of mystery for that of absolute majesty of form. The relation between this grey and soft cloud of visionary power, and the perfectly substantial, bright, and near presence of the saints, angels, or Deities of early Christian art, involves questions of too subtle interest to be followed here; but in the essential force of it, belongs to the inevitable ex-

pression, in each period, of the character of its own faith. The Christ of the 13th century was vividly present to its thoughts, and dominant over its acts, as a God manifest in the flesh, well pleased in the people to whom He came; while ours is either forgotten; or seen, by those who yet trust in Him, only as a mourning and departing Ghost.

129. Ezekiel's Vision. (P. F. Poole, R.A.)

Though this design cannot for a moment be compared with the one just noticed, in depth of feeling, there is yet, as there has been always in Mr. Poole's work, some acknowledgment of a supernatural influence in physical phenomena, which gives a nobler character to his storm-painting than can belong to any merely literal study of the elements. But the piece is chiefly interesting for its parallelism with that 'dedicated to all the churches,' in effacing the fearless realities of the elder creed among the confused speculations of our modern one. The beasts in Raphael's vision of Ezekiel are as solid as the cattle in Smithfield; while here, if traceable at all in the drift of the storm-cloud, (which, it is implied, was all that the prophet really saw), their animal character can only be accepted in polite compliance with the prophetic impression, as the weasel by Polonius. And my most Polonian courtesy fails in deciphering the second of the four—not-living,—creatures.

218. Rachel and her Flock. (F. Goodall, R.A.)

This is one of the pictures which, with such others as Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," Millais' "Dove Returning to the Ark," etc., the public owe primarily to the leading genius of Dante Rossetti, the founder, and for some years the vital force of the pre-Raphaelite school. He was the first assertor in painting, as I believe I was myself in art-literature, (Goldsmith and Molière having given the first general statements of it) of the great distinctive principle of that school, that things should be painted as they probably did look and happen, and not as, by rules of art developed under Raphael, Correggio, and Michael Angelo, they might be supposed gracefully, deliciously, or sublimely to have happened.

The adoption of this principle by good and great men, produces the grandest art possible in the world; the adoption of it by vile and foolish men,—very vile and foolish art; yet not so entirely nugatory as imitations of Raphael or Correggio would be by persons of the same calibre: an intermediate and large class of pictures have been produced by painters of average powers; mostly of considerable value, but which fall again into two classes, according to the belief of the artists in the truth, and understanding of the dignity of the subjects they endeavour to illustrate, or their opposite degree of incredulity, and materialistic vulgarity of interpretation.

The picture before us belongs to the higher class, but is not a fine example of it. We cannot tell from it whether Mr. Goodall believes Rachel to have wept over Ramah from her throne in heaven; but at least we gather from it some suggestion of what she must have looked like, when she was no more than a Syrian shepherdess.

That she was a very beautiful shepherdess, so that her lover thought years of waiting but as days, for the love he bore to her, Mr. Goodall has scarcely succeeded in representing. And on the whole he would have measured his powers more reasonably in contenting himself with painting a Yorkshire shepherdess instead of a Syrian one.* Like everybody except myself—he has been in the East. If that is the appearance of the new moon in the East, I am well enough content to guide, and gild, the lunacies of my declining years by the light of the old western one.

518. Julian the Apostate, presiding, etc. (E. Armytage, R.A.)

This, I presume, is a modern enlightened improvement on the *Disputa del Sacramento*. The English Church is to be congratulated on the education she gives her artists. Fumbling with sham Gothic penny tracts, and twopenny Scripture

* Compare however at once 582, which is, on the whole, the most honourably complete and scholastic life-size figure in the rooms, with well cast, and unaffectedly well painted, drapery.

prints, among the embers of reverence and sacred life that yet linger on from the soul of ancient days, she holds her own, in outward appearance at least, among our simple country villages; and, in our more ignorant manufacturing centres, contentedly enamels the service of Mammon with the praise of God. But in the capital of England—here, on her Vatican hill above St. Peter's church, and beside St. Paul's—*this* is the testimony she wins from art, as compared with the councils of Fathers, and concourses of Saints which poor dark-minded Italy once loved to paint. Mr. Armytage, however, has not completed his satire with subtlety; he knows the higher virtue of sectarians as little as Gibbon knew those of Julian,* whose sincere apostacy was not the act of a soul which could 'enjoy the agreeable spectacle' of vile dispute among any men;—least of all, among those whom he had once believed messengers of Christ.

1293—1295. Terra-cottas, representing, etc. (S. Tinworth.)

Full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive; able also to conceive far more than can be rightly expressed on this scale. And, after all the labours of past art on the Life of Christ, here is an English workman fastening, with more decision than I recollect in any of them, on the gist of the sin of the Jews, and their rulers, in the choice of Barabbas, and making the physical fact of contrast between the man released, and the man condemned, clearly visible. We must receive it, I suppose, as a flash of really prophetic intelligence on the question of Universal Suffrage.

These bas-reliefs are the most earnest work in the Academy, next to Mr. Boehm's study of Carlyle. But how it happens that after millions of money have been spent in the machinery of art education at Kensington, an ornamental designer of so high faculty as this one, should never in his life have found a human being able to explain to him the first principles of re-

* See note on page 38.

lief, or show him the difference between decorative foliage-sculpture, and Norman hatchet-work,—I must leave the Kensington authorities to explain,—for it passes all my capacities of conjecture, and all my hitherto experience of the costly and colossal public institution of—Nothing,—out of which, to wise men, as here, can come nothing; but to fools everywhere,—worse than nothing. Kensington has flattened its thousands of weak students into machine pattern-papers:—here, it had a true man to deal with; and, for all he has learned of his business, he might as well have lived in South Australia.

HISTORY.

26. The Sculpture Gallery. (L. Alma-Tadema.)

This, I suppose, we must assume to be the principal historical piece of the year; a work showing artistic skill and classic learning, both in high degree. But both parallel in their method of selection. The artistic skill has succeeded with all its objects in the degree of their unimportance. The piece of silver plate is painted best; the griffin bas-relief it stands on, second best; the statue of the empress worse than the griffins, and the living personages, worse than the statue. I do not know what feathers the fan with the frightful mask in the handle, held by the nearest lady, is supposed to be made of; to a simple spectator they look like peacock's, without the eyes. And, indeed, the feathers, under which the motto 'I serve' of French art seems to be written in these days, are, I think, very literally, all feather and no eyes,—the Raven's feather to wit, of Sycorax. The selection of the subject is similarly—one might say, filamentous,—of the extremity, instead of the centre. The old French Republicans, reading of Rome, chose such events to illustrate her history, as the battle of Romulus with the Sabines, the vow of the Horatii, or the self-martyrdom of Lucretia. The modern Republican sees in the Rome he studies so profoundly, only a central establishment for the manufacture and sale of imitation-Greek articles of virtù.

The execution is dextrous, but more with mechanical steadiness of practice than innate fineness of nerve. It is impossible, however, to say how much the personal nervous faculty of an artist of this calibre is paralysed by his education in schools which I could not characterize in my Oxford inaugural lectures otherwise than as the 'schools of clay,' in which he is never shown what Venetians or Florentines meant by 'painting,' and allowed to draw his flesh steadily and systematically with shadows of charcoal, and lights of cream-soap, without ever considering whether there would be any reflections in the one, or any flush of life in the other. The head on the extreme left is exceptionally good; but who ever saw a woman's neck and hand blue-black under reflection from white drapery, as they are in the nearer figure? It is well worth while to go straight from this picture to the two small studies by Mr. Albert Moore, 356 and 357,—which are consummately artistic and scientific work: examine them closely, and with patience; the sofa and basket especially, in 357, with a lens of moderate power; and, by way of a lesson in composition, hide in this picture the little honeysuckle ornament above the head, and the riband hanging over the basket, and see what becomes of everything! Or try the effect of concealing the yellow flower in the hair, in the 'flower walk.' And for comparison with the elementary method of M. Tadmé, look at the blue reflection on the chin in this figure; at the reflection of the warm brick wall on its right arm; and at the general modes of unaffected relief by which the extended left arm in 'Pansies' detaches itself from the background. And you ought afterwards, if you have eye for colour, never more to mistake a tinted drawing for a painting.

233. The Festival. (E. J. Poynter, A.)

I wonder how long Mr. Poynter thinks a young lady could stand barefoot on a round-runged ladder; or that a sensible Greek girl would take her sandals off to try, on an occasion when she had festive arrangements to make with care. The ladders themselves, here and in No. 236 (The Golden Age),

appear to me not so classical, or so rude, in type, as might have been expected; but to savour somewhat of expeditious gas-lighting. Of course Mr. Poynter's object in No. 236 is to show us, like Michael Angelo, the adaptability of limbs to awkward positions. But he can only, by this anatomical science, interest his surgical spectators; while the Golden Age, in this pinchbeck one, interests nobody. Not even the painter,—for had he looked at the best authorities for account of it, he would have found that its people lived chiefly on corn and strawberries, both growing wild; and doubtless the loaded fruit-branches drooped to their reach. Both these pictures are merely studies of decorative composition, and have far too much pains taken with them for their purpose. Decorative work, however complete, should be easy.

401. Ready! (P. Cockerell.)

I suppose this is meant for portrait, not history. At all events, the painter has been misled in his endeavour, if he made any, to render Swiss character, by Schiller's absurd lines. Schiller, of all men high in poetic fame whose works are in any wise known to me, has the feeblest hold of facts and the dull-est imagination. "Still as a lamb!" Sucking, I suppose? They are so very quiet in that special occupation; and never think of such a thing as jumping, when they have had enough, of course? And I should like to hear a Swiss (or English) boy, with any stuff in him, liken himself to a lamb! If there were any real event from which the legend sprung, the boy's saying would have been not in the smallest degree pathetic: "Never fear *me*, father; I'll stand like grandmother's donkey when she wants him to go,"—or something to such effect.

482. The Babylonian Marriage Market. (E. Long.)

A painting of great merit, and well deserving purchase by the Anthropological Society. For the varieties of character in the heads are rendered with extreme subtlety, while, as a mere piece of painting, the work is remarkable, in the modern school, for its absence of affectation; there is no insolently in-

dulged indolence, nor vulgarly asserted dexterity,—the painting is good throughout, and unobtrusively powerful.

It becomes a question of extreme interest with me, as I examine this remarkable picture, how far the intensely subtle observation of physical character and expression which rendered the painting of it possible, necessitates the isolation of the artist's thoughts from subjects of intellectual interest, or moral beauty. Certainly, the best expressional works of the higher schools present nothing analogous to the anatomical precision with which the painter has here gradated the feature and expression of the twelve waiting girls, from great physical beauty to absolute ugliness; and from the serene insolence and power of accomplished fleshly womanhood, to the restless audacity, and crushed resignation, of its despised states of personal inferiority, unconsoled by moral strength, or family affection. As a piece of anthropology, it is the natural and very wonderful product of a century occupied in carnal and mechanical science. In the total paralysis of conception—without attempt to disguise the palsy—as to the existence of any higher element in a woman's mind than vanity and spite, or in a man's than avarice and animal passion, it is also a specific piece of the natural history of our own century; but only a partial one, either of it, or of the Assyrian, who was once as “the cedars in the garden of God.”

The painter has in the first instance misread his story, or been misled by his translation. This custom, called wise by Herodotus, is so called only as practised in country districts with respect to the fortuneless girls of the lower labouring population; daughters of an Assyrian noble, however plain-featured, would certainly not be exposed in the market to receive dowry from the dispute for their fairer sisters.* But there is matter of deeper interest in the custom, as it is compared to our modern life. However little the English edu-

* The passage in Strabo which gives some countenance to the idea of universality in the practice, gives a somewhat different colour to it by the statement that over each of the three great Assyrian provinces a “temperately wise” person was set to conduct the ordinances of marriage.

educated classes now read their Bibles, they cannot but, in the present state of literary science, be aware that there is a book, once asserted to have been written by St. John, in which a spiritual Babylon is described as the mother of harlots and abominations of the earth, and her ruin represented as lamentable, especially to the *merchants*, who trafficked with her in many beautiful and desirable articles, but above all in “souls of men.”

Also, the educated reader cannot but be aware that the animosity of Christian sects—which we have seen the subject of another important national-historical picture in this Academy—has for the last three hundred years wasted much of their energy in endeavours to find Scriptural reason for calling each other Babylonians, and whatever else that term may be understood to imply.

There is, however, no authority to be found in honestly read Scripture for these well-meaning, but ignorant, incivilities. Read in their entirety, the books of the Bible represent to us a literal and material deliverance of a visibly separated people, from a literal bondage; their establishment in a literally fruitful and peaceful land, and their being led away out of that land, in consequence of their refusal to obey the laws of its Lord, into a literal captivity in a small, material, Babylon. The same Scriptures represent to us a spiritual deliverance of an invisibly separated people, from spiritual bondage; their establishment in the spiritual land of Christian joy and peace; and their being led away out of this land into a spiritual captivity in a great spiritual Babylon, the mother of abominations, and in all active transactions especially delightful to ‘merchants’—persons engaged, that is to say, in obtaining profits by exchange instead of labour.

And whatever was literally done, whether apparently wise or not, in the minor fleshly Babylon, will, therefore, be found spiritually fulfilled in the major ghostly one,—and, for instance, as the most beautiful and marvellous maidens were announced for literal sale by auction in Assyria, are not also the souls of our most beautiful and marvellous maidens announced

annually for sale by auction in Paris and London, in a spiritual manner, for the spiritual advantages of position in society?

BIOGRAPHY.

UNDER this head I include Drama, Domestic Incident, and Portrait: this last being, if good, the sum of what drama and domestic chances have been wrought by, and befallen to, the person portrayed.

Not to begin with too high matters, and collapse subsequently, suppose we first contemplate the pretty little scene,

408. Domestic Troubles. (J. Burr.)

The boy peeping in fearfully at the door, has evidently, under the inspiration of modern scientific zeal, dissected the bellows,—and whether they will ever help the pot to boil again is doubtful to grandpapa. The figure of the younger child, mute with awe, and anxiety, yet not wholly guiltless of his naughty brother's curiosity, is very delightful. Avenging Fate, at the chimneypiece, is too severe.

I have marked, close by it, two other pictures, 403, 405, which interested me for reasons scarcely worth printing. The cloister of Assisi has been carefully and literally studied, in all but what is singular or beautiful in it; namely, the flattened dome over its cistern, and the central mossy well above. But there is more conscientious treatment of the rest of the building, and greater quietness of natural light than in most picture backgrounds of these days. Ponte della Paglia, 405, may be useful to travellers in at least clearly, if not quite accurately, showing the decorative use of the angle sculpture of the drunkenness of Noah on the Ducal Palace; and the Bridge of Sighs is better painted than usual.

242. A Merrie Jest. (H. S. Marks, A.)

Very characteristic of the painter's special gift. The difficulty of so subtle a rendering as this of the half-checked, yet

extreme mirth of persons naturally humorous, can only be judged of by considering how often aspects of laughter are attempted in pictures, and how rarely we feel ourselves inclined to join in the merriment. The piece of accessory landscape is very unaffected and good, and the painting, throughout, here, as well as in the equally humorous, and useless, picture of bygone days, 166, of good standard modern quality.

107. *The Barber's Prodigy.* (J. B. Burgess.)

A close and careful study of modern domestic drama, deserving notice, however, chiefly for its unaffected manner of work, and moderately pleasant incident, as opposed to overlaboured pictures of what is merely ugly, or meanly faultful, 141, 241,—wastes of attention, skill, and time. “Too Good to be True,” 153, another clever bit of minor drama, is yet scarcely good enough to be paused at; “Private and Confidential,” 375, deserves a few moments more. 879 (A. Lüben) is much surer and finer in touch than anything English that I can find in this sort. The Düsseldorf Germans, and the Neuchâtel Swiss have been doing splendid domestic work lately; but, I suppose, are too proud to exhibit here.

75. *Sophia Western.* (W. P. Frith, R.A.)

The painter seems not to have understood, nor are the public likely to understand, that Fielding means, in the passage quoted, to say that Miss Western's hands were white, soft, translucent, and at the moment, snow-cold. In the picture they cannot be shown to be cold,—are certainly not white; do not look soft; and scarcely show the light of the fire on them, much less through them. But what is the use of painting from Fielding at all? Of all our classic authors, it is he who demands the reader's attention most strictly; and what modern reader ever attends to anything?

88. *Loot: 1797.* (A. C. Gore.)

An entirely fine picture of its class, representing an ordi-

nary fact of war as it must occur, without any forced sentiment or vulgar accent. Highly skilful throughout, keenly seen, well painted, and deserving a better place than the slow cart-horses and solid waterfalls on the line have left for it.

89. War Time. (B. Rivière.)

Compare 626, at once; the first is a true piece of feeling—almost Wordsworthian; the second, disgraceful to it, both in the low pitch of its vulgar horror, and in its loss of power, by retreat to picturesque tradition, instead of dealing, like the other, with the facts of our own day.

If Mr. Rivière really feels as I think he feels; and means to do good, he must not hope to do anything with people who would endure the sight of a subject such as this. He may judge what they are worth by a sentence I heard as I stood before it. “Last of the garrison—ha! they’re all finished off, you see,—isn’t that well done?” At all events, if he means to touch them, he must paint the cooking of a French pet-poodle; not the stabbing of a bloodhound.

214. The Crown of Love. (J. E. Millais.)

Much of the painter’s old power remains in this sketch; (it cannot be called a painting;) and it is of course the leading one of the year in dramatic sentiment. This, then, it appears, is the best that English art can, at the moment, say, in praise of the virtue, and promise of the reward, of Love; this, the subject of sentimental contemplation likely to be most pleasing to the present British public;—torture, namely, carried to crisis of death, in the soul of one creature, and flesh of another. The British public are welcome to their feast; but, as purchasers, they ought to be warned that, compared with the earlier dual pictures of the school, (Inguenot, Claudio and Isabella, April love, and the like,) this composition balances its excess of sentiment by defect of industry; and that it is not a precedent advantageous to them, in the arrangement of pictures of lovers, that one should have a body without a face, and the other a face without a body.

47. Hearts of Oak. (J. C. Hook, R.A.)

Beautiful, but incomplete; the painter wants more heart of oak himself. If he had let all his other canvasses alone, and finished this, the year's work would have been a treasure for all the centuries; while now, it is only "the Hook of the season."

It looks right and harmonious in its subdued sunshine. But it isn't. Why should mussel shells cast a shadow; but boats and hats none? Why should toy-carts and small stones have light and dark sides; and tall rocks none? I fancy all the pictures this year must have been painted in the sunless east wind; and only a bit of sunshine put in here and there out of the painter's head, where he thought it would do nobody any harm.

112. A November Morning, etc. (H. T. Wells, R.A.)

Fishermen's hearts being of oak, what are huntsmen's hearts made of?

They will have to ascertain, and prove, soon; there being question now-a-days among the lower orders, whether they have got any, to speak of.

A pleasant aristocratic picture—creditable to Mr. Wells. and the nobility. Not a Vandyck, neither.

430. Sunday Afternoon. (R. Collinson.)

This picture, though of no eminent power in any respect, is extremely delightful to myself; and ought, I think, to be so to most unsophisticated persons, who care for English rural life; representing, as it does, a pleasant and virtuous phase of such life, whether on Sunday or Saturday afternoon.

Why, by the way, *must* we accept it for Sunday? Have our nice old women no rest on any other day? Do they never put on a clean muslin kerchief on any other day? Do they never read their Bible (of course, it would be improper to suppose any other book readable by them) on any other day? Whatever day it be—here, at all events, are peace, light, cleanliness, and content.

Luxury even, of a kind; the air coming in at that door must be delicious; and the leaves, outside of it, look like a bit of the kitchen-garden side of Paradise. They please me all the better, because, since scientific people were good enough to tell us that leaves were made green by 'green-leaf,' I haven't seen a leaf painted green, by anybody. But this peep through the door is like old times, when we were neither plagued with soot, nor science.

Note, for a little piece of technical study in composition, that the painter would not have been able to venture on so pure colour outside of the door, had he not painted the door green as well, only of a modified tint, and so led the subdued colour forward into the red interior, taken up again by the shadows of the plants in the window. The management of the luminous shadow throughout is singularly skilful—all the more so because it attracts so little attention. *This* is true chiaroscuro; not spread treacle or splashed mud, speckled with white spots,—as a Rembrandt amateur thinks.

Mr. Pettie, for instance, a man of real feeling and great dramatic power, is ruining himself by these shallow notions of chiaroscuro. If he had not been mimicking Rembrandt, as well as the "costume of the sixteenth century," in 318, he never would have thought of representing Scott's entirely heroic and tender-hearted Harry of Perth (223), merely by the muscular back and legs of him, (the legs, by the way, were slightly bandy—if one holds to accuracy in anatomical respects); nor vulgarized the real pathos and most subtle expression of his Jacobites, (1217) by the slovenly dark background, corresponding, virtually, to the slouched hat of a theatrical conspirator. I have been examining the painting of the chief Jacobite's face very closely. It is nearly as good as a piece of old William Hunt; but Hunt never loaded his paint, except in sticks, and moss, and such like. Now there's a wrinkle quite essential to the expression, under the Jacobite's eye, got by a projecting ridge of paint, instead of a proper dark line. Rembrandt's bad bricklayer's work, with all the mortar sticking out at the edges, may be pardonable in a Dutchman sure

of his colours; but it is always licentious; and in these days, when the first object of manufacture is to produce articles that won't last, if the mortar cracks, where are we?

To return to the question of *chiaroscuro*. The present Academicians—most of whom I have had anxious talk of, with their fathers or friends, when they were promising boys—have since been, with the best part of their minds, amusing themselves in London drawing-rooms, or Eastern deserts, instead of learning their business; with the necessary result that they have, as a body, qualified themselves rather to be Masters of Ceremonies than of Studies; and guides rather of Caravans than Schools; and have not got an inkling of any principle of their art to bless themselves—or other people, with. So that they have not only filled their large railroad station and stalls, (attached refreshment room completing the nature of the thing) with a mass of heterogeneous pictures, of which at least two-thirds are beneath the level of acceptance in any well established dealer's shop;* but they have encouraged, by favour of position, quite the worst abuses of the cheap art of the day; of which these tricks of rubbing half the canvas over with black or brown, that the rest may come out handsomer, or that the spectator may be properly, but at the same time economically, prepared for its melancholy or sublime tenour, are among the least creditable either to our English wits or honesty. The portrait, No. 437, for instance, is a very respectable piece of painting, and would have taken its place well in the year's show of work, if the inkstand had not been as evanescent as the vision of Ezekiel, and the library shelves so lost in the gloom of art, as to suggest symbolically, what our bishops at home seem so much afraid of,—indistinctness in colonial divinity. And the two highly moral pictures, 101 and 335, which are meant to enforce on the public mind the touching theories that, for the labouring poor, grass is not green, nor geese white; and that on the pastoral poor, the snow falls

* I permit myself to name, for instance, not as worse than others, but as peculiarly disagreeable to myself, because I love monks, herons, and sea,—450, 291, and 837.

dirty, might have delivered their solemn message just as convincingly from a more elevated stage of the wall-pulpit, without leaving on the minds of any profane spectator like myself, the impression of their having been executed by a converted crossing-sweeper, with his broom, after it was worn stumpy.

If the reader is interested in the abstract qualities of art, he will find it useful at once to compare with these more or less feeble or parsimonious performances, two pictures—which, if not high in attainment, are at least, the one strong, and the other generous. 184. “Peasantry of Esthonia going to Market,” (G. Bochman) is masterly work, by a man practised in his business; but who has been taught it in a bad school. It is a true artistic abstraction of grey and angular natural facts; it indeed omits too much,—for even in Esthonia there must be grass somewhere, or what could the horses eat!—and it omits the best things and keeps the worst; but it is done with method, skill, and a conscientious notion that to be grey and angular is to be right. And it deserves a place in an Academy exhibition.

On the other hand, 263, “Getting Better,” (C. Calthrop) is an intensely laborious, honest, and intentionally difficult study of chiaroseuro in two lights, on varied colour; and in all other respects it is well meant, and generously, according to the painter’s power, completed. I won’t say more of it, because at the height it hangs I can see no more; nor must the reader suppose that what I *have* said implies anything beyond what is stated. All that I certify is, that as a study of chiaroseuro it deserves close attention, much praise, and a better place than it at present occupies.

336. The Mayor of Newcastle. (W. W. Oules.)

An agreeable and vigorous portrait, highly creditable to the painter, and honourable to its subject and its possessors. Mr. Oules has adopted from Mr. Millais what was deserving of imitation; and used the skill he has learned to better ends. All his portraits here are vigorous and interesting.

221. John Stuart Blackie (J. Archer.)

An entirely well-meant, and I should conjecture successful, portrait of a man much deserving portraiture. The background has true meaning, and is satisfactorily complete; very notable, in that character, among the portrait backgrounds of the year. The whole is right and good.

718. The Countess of Pembroke. (E. Clifford.)

Mr. Clifford evidently means well, and is studying in the elder schools; and painting persons who will permit him to do his best in his own way.

There is much of interesting in his work, but he has yet to pass through the Valley of Humiliation before he can reach the Celestial Mountains. He must become perfectly simple, before he can be sublime; above all, he must not hope to be great by effort. This portrait is over-laboured; and, towards the finishing, he has not well seen what he was doing, and has not rightly balanced his front light against that of the sky. But his drawings always deserve careful notice.

317. Miss M. Stuart Wortley. (A. Stuart Wortley.)

The rightest and most dignified female portrait here,—as Lady Coleridge's drawing of Mr. Newman, 1069, is the most subtle among those of the members of learned professions; (though Mr. Laurence's two beautiful drawings, 1054, 1062, only fall short of it by exhibiting too frankly the practised skill of their execution). 1052 is also excellent; and, on the whole,—thinking over these, and other more irregular and skirmishing, but always well-meant, volunteer work, sprinkled about the rooms,—I think the amateurs had better have an Academy of their own next year, in which indulgently, when they had room to spare, they might admit the promising effort of an artist.

I have scarcely been able to glance round at the portrait sculpture;—and am always iniquitously influenced, in judging of marble, by my humour for praise or dispraise of the model, rather than artist. Guarding myself, as well as I may, from

such faultful bias, I yet venture to name 1342 as an exemplary piece of chiselling; carefully and tenderly composed in every touch. If the hair on the forehead were completely finished, this would be a nearly perfect bust. I cannot understand why the sculptor should have completed the little tress that falls on the cheek so carefully; and yet left so many unmodified contours in the more important masses.

1301. Thomas Carlyle. (J. E. Boehm.)

For this noble piece of portraiture I cannot trust myself to express my personal gratitude; nor does either the time I can give to these notes, or their limited intention, permit me—if even otherwise I could think it permissible—to speak at all of the high and harmonious measure in which it seems to me to express the mind and features of my dear Master.

This only it is within the compass of my present purpose to affirm,—that here is a piece of vital and essential sculpture; the result of sincere skill spent carefully on an object worthy its care: motive and method alike right; no pains spared; and none wasted. And any spectator of sensitiveness will find that, broadly speaking, all the sculpture round seems dead and heavy in comparison, after he has looked long at this.

There must always be, indeed, some difference in the immediate effect on our minds between the picturesque treatment proper in portrait sculpture, and that belonging, by its grace of reserve, to classical design. But it is generally a note of weakness in an Englishman when he thinks he can conceive like a Greek: so that the plurality of modern Hellenic Academy sculpture consists merely of imperfect anatomical models peeped at through bath-towels; and is in the essence of it quite as dull as it appears to be. Let us go back to less dignified work.

196. School Revisited. (G. D. Leslie, A.)

I came upon this picture early, in my first walk through the rooms, and was so delighted with it that it made me like everything else I saw, that morning; it is altogether exquisite in rendering some of the sweet qualities of English girlhood;

and, on the whole, the most easy and graceful composition in the rooms. I had written first, 'masterly' composition; but no composition is quite masterly which modifies or subdues any of the natural facts so as to force certain relations between them. Mr. Leslie at present subdues all greens, refuses all but local darks, and scarcely permits himself, even in flesh, colour enough for life. Young ladies at a happy country boarding-school, like this, would be as bright as by the sea-side; and there is no reason why a knowledge-gatherer, well cared for, should be less rosy than a samphire-gatherer.

Rich colour may be in good taste, as well as the poorest; and the quaintness, politeness, and grace of Leslie might yet glow with the strength and freshness of Hook. It may perhaps be more difficult than I suppose to get the delicate lines and gradations on which the expression of these girls mainly depends, in deeper colour. But, at all events, the whole should be more in harmony, and more consistently precious. English girls are, perhaps, not all of them, St. Dorothys; but at least they are good enough to deserve to have their rose-leaves painted about them thoroughly.

The little thing on the extreme left, with the hoop, is as pleasant a shadow of nature as can be conceived in this kind: and I have no words to say how pretty she is.

But Mr. Leslie is in the very crisis of his artist life. His earlier pictures were finer in colour—and colour is the soul of painting. If he could resolve to paint thoroughly, and give the colours of Nature as they are, he might be a really great painter, and almost hold, to Bonifazio, the position that Reynolds held to Titian. But if he subdues his colour for the sake of black ribands, white dresses, or faintly idealized faces, he will become merely an Academic leaf of the 'Magazin des Modes.'

For the present, however, this picture, and the clay portrait of Carlyle, are, as far as my review reaches, the only two works of essential value in the Exhibition of this year, —that is to say, the only works of quietly capable art, representing what deserved representation.

English girls, by an English painter. Whether you call them Madonnas, or saints—or what not,—it is the law of art-life; your own people, as they live, are the only ones you can understand. Only living Venice, done by Venetian,—living Greece by Greek—living Scotland, perhaps, which has much loved Germany, by living Germany which has much revered Scotland: such expansion of law may be granted; nay, the strangeness of a foreign country, making an artist's sight of it shrewd and selective, may produce a sweet secondary form of beautiful art; your Spanish Lewis—your French Prout—your Italian Wilson—and their like,—second-rate nevertheless, always. Not Lewis, but only Velasquez, can paint a perfect Spaniard; not Wilson, nor Turner, but only Carpaccio, can paint an Italian landscape; and, too fatally, the effort is destructive to the painters, beyond all resistance; and Lewis loses his animal power among the arabesques of Cairo; Turner, his Yorkshire honesty at Rome; and Holman Hunt—painting the Light of the World in an English orchard—paints the gaslight of Bond Street in the Holy Land.

English maids, I repeat, by an English painter:—that is all that an English Academy can produce of loveliest. There's another beautiful little one, by Mr. Leighton, with a purple drapery thrown over her, that she may be called Fatima, (215, and 345), who would have been quite infinitely daintier in a print frock, and called Patty. And I fear there are no more, to speak of, by artists,* this year; the two vivid sketches, 222, 262, being virtually put out of court by their coarse work. (Look close at the painting of the neck, in the one, and of the left hand, in the other.) Of English men, there is the Mayor, and the Chemist; a vigorous squire or two, and the group of grand old soldiers at Greenwich—a most notable, true, pathetic study; but scarcely artistic enough to be reckoned as of much more value than a good illustrative woodcut. Mr. Watts' portraits are all conscientious and subtle, and of great present interest, yet not realistic enough to last. Exclu-

* But see note on 317, p. 19.

sively I return to my Carlyle and the schoolgirls, as, the one, sure to abide against the beating of the time stream; and the other, possibly floating on it, discernible as a flower in foam.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THERE ought to be a separate room in our Academy for the exhibition of the magnificent work in scientific drawing and engraving, done, at present, almost without public notice, for the illustrations of great European works on Palæontology, Zoology, and Botany. The feeling, on the part of our artists, that an idle landscape sketch, or a clever caricature, may be admitted into their rooms as “artistic”; and that work which the entire energy of early life must be given to learn, and of late life to execute—is to be excluded, merely because it is thoroughly true and useful,—is I hope likely to yield, some day, to the scientific enthusiasm which has prevailed often where it should have been resisted, and may surely therefore conquer, in time, where it has honourable claims.

There is nothing of the kind, however, to be seen here, hitherto: but I may direct attention under this head, rather than that of landscape, to the exquisite skill of delineation with which Mr. Cooke has finished the group of palm trees in his wonderful study of *Sunset at Denderah*. (443.) The sacrifice of colour in shadow for the sake of brilliancy in light, essentially a principle of Holland as opposed to Venice, is in great degree redeemed in this picture by the extreme care with which the relations of light are observed on the terms conceded: but surely, from so low sunset, the eastern slopes of the mountains on the left could not have been reached by so many rays?

To this division of our subject also must be referred Mr. Brett’s “*Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands*” (497), but with less praise, for since the days when I first endeavoured to direct the attention of a careless public to his conscientious painting of the *Stonebreaker* and *Woodcutter* he

has gained nothing—rather, I fear, lost, in subtlety of execution, and necessitates the decline of his future power by persistently covering too large canvas. There is no occasion that a geological study should also be a geological map; and even his earlier picture, which I am honoured in possessing, of the Val d'Aosta, would have been more precious to me if it had been only of half the Val d'Aosta.

The extreme distance here, however, beyond the promontory, is without any question the best bit of sea and atmosphere in the rooms. The paint on the water surface in the bay is too loaded; but laid with extreme science in alternations of colour.

At a still lower level, though deserving some position in the Natural History class for its essential, though rude, and apparently motiveless, veracity, must be placed "The Fringe of the Moor." (74.)

But why one should paint the fringe of the moor, rather than the breadth of it, merely for the privilege of carrying an ugly wooden fence all across the foreground, I must leave modern sentimentalists and naturalists to explain. Vestiges of the painter's former power of seeing true colour remain in the iridescent distance, but now only disgrace the gentle hillsides with their coarseness of harlequinade; and the daubed sky—daubed without patience even to give unity of direction to the bristle marks—seems to have been wrought in obtrusive directness of insult to every master, principle and feeling, revered, or experienced, in the schools of noble art, from its nativity to this hour.

And, closing the equivocal group of works in which Naturalism prevails unjustly over art, I am obliged to rank Mr. Leighton's interesting study of man in his Oriental function of scarecrow, (symmetrically antithetic to his British one of game-preserved) 398. It is, I do not doubt, anatomically correct; and, with the addition of the corn, the poppies, and the moon, becomes semi-artistic; so that I feel much compunction in depressing it into the Natural History class; and the more, because it partly forfeits its claim even to such position,

by obscuring in twilight its really valuable delineation of the body, and disturbing our minds, in the process of scientific investigation, by sensational effects of afterglow, and lunar effulgence, which are disadvantageous, not to the scientific observer only, but to less learned spectators: for when simple and superstitious persons like myself, greatly susceptible to the influence of low stage lamps and pink side-lights, first catch sight of the striding figure from the other side of the room, and take it, perhaps, for the angel with his right foot on the sea and his left foot on the earth, swearing there shall be Time no longer; or for Achilles alighting from one of his lance-cast-long leaps on the shore of Scamander; and find, on near approach, that all this grand straddling, and turning down of the gas, mean, practically, only a lad shying stones at sparrows, we are but too likely to pass on petulantly, without taking note of what is really interesting in this Eastern custom and skill;—skill which I would recommend with all my heart to the imitation of the British game-preserved aforesaid, when the glorious end of Preservation is to be accomplished in Battue. Good slinging would involve more healthy and graceful muscular action than even the finest shooting; and might, if we fully followed the Eastern example, be most usefully practised in other periods of the year, and districts of England, than those now consecrated to the sports of our aristocracy. I cannot imagine a more edifying spectacle than a British landlord in the middle of his farmer's cornfield, occupied in this entirely patriotic method of Protection.

The remainder of the pictures which I have to notice as belonging to the domain of Natural History, are of indubitable, though unpretending, merit: they represent indeed pure Zoology in its highest function of Animal Biography, which scientific persons will one day find requires much more learned investigation of its laws than the Thanatography which is at present their exclusive occupation and entertainment.

414. A Fascinating Tail. (H. H. Couldery.)

Quite the most skilful piece of minute and Dureresque

painting in the exhibition—(it cannot be rightly seen without a lens);—and in its sympathy with kitten nature, down to the most appalling depths thereof, and its tact and sensitiveness to the finest gradations of kittenly meditation and motion,—unsurpassable. It seems hard to require of a painter who has toiled so much, that, for this very reason, he should toil the more. But “The Little Epicure” (169) cannot be considered a picture till the cabbage leaves are as perfect as the fish.

1234. The First Taste. (S. Carter.)

Altogether enjoyable to me; and I am prepared to maintain (as a true lover of dogs, young and old), against all my heroic and tragically-minded friends, that this picture is exemplary in its choice of a moment of supreme puppy felicity as properest time for puppy portraiture. And I thankfully—and with some shame for my generally too great distrust of modern sentiment—acknowledge, before it, that there is a real element of fine benevolence towards animals, in us, advanced quite infinitely, and into another world of feeling, from the days of Snyders and Rubens. “The Little Wanderers” (1173), by this same painter, are a most pathetic and touching group of children in the wood. You may see, if you will take your opera-glass to it, that the robin is even promising to cover them with leaves, if indeed things are to end, as seems too probable. And compare, by the way, the still more meek and tender human destitution, “To be Left till Called for,” 83, which I am ashamed of myself for forgetting, as one of the pretty things that first encouraged me to write these notes. “Nobody’s Dog” may console us with his more cynical view of his position in the wide world; and finally, Miss Acland’s Platonic puppy, (737) shows us how events of the most unexpected, and even astounding, character, may be regarded, by a dog of sense, with entire moral tranquillity, and consequently with undisturbed powers of reflection and penetration.

How strange that I cannot add to my too short list of animal studies—any, however unimportant, of Birds! (I do not count as deserving notice at all, dramatic effects of vulture,

raven, etc.) Not a nest—not a plume! English society now caring only for kingfishers' skins on its hat, and plovers' eggs on its plate.

LANDSCAPE.

THE distinction between Natural Historic painting of scenery and true Landscape, is that the one represents objects as a Government Surveyor does, for the sake of a good account of the things themselves, without emotion, or definite purpose of expression. Landscape painting shows the relation between nature and man; and, in fine work, a particular tone of thought in the painter's mind respecting what he represents.

I endeavoured, thirty years ago, in 'Modern Painters,' to explain this difference briefly, by saying that, in Natural History Painting, the artist was only the spectator's horse; but, in Landscape painting, his friend.

The worst of such friendliness, however, is that a conceited painter may at last leave Nature out of the question altogether, and talk of himself only; and then there is nothing for it but to go back to the Government Surveyor. Mr. Brett, in his coast scene above noticed, gives us things, without thoughts; and the fuliginous moralists above noticed, thoughts—such as they are—without things: by all means let us rather have the geographical synopsis.

415. Hoppers on the Road. (W. Linnell.)

This is a landscape, however; and, if it were more lightly painted, we might be very happy with it. Mr. Linnell cares no more than his father for brush-dexterity; but he does no worse now, in that part of the business, than every one else. And what a relief it is, for any wholesome human sight, after sickening itself among the blank horrors of dirt, ditch-water, and malaria, which the imitators of the French schools have begrimed our various exhibition walls with, to find once more a bit of blue in the sky, and a glow of brown in the coppice,

and to see that Hoppers in Kent can enjoy their scarlet and purple—like empresses and emperors!

1199. Summer Days for Me. (A. W. Hunt.)

I am at some pause in expressing my pleasure in the realization of this beautiful scene, because I have personal interest in it, my own favourite summer walk being through this very field. As, however, I was far away at Assisi when the artist painted it, and had nothing whatever to do with either the choice or treatment of his subject, it is not indecorous for me to praise a work in which I am able so securely to attest a fidelity of portraiture, happily persisted in without losing the grace of imagination.

It is the only picture of the year which I saw in the studio; and that by chance; for it is one of my fixed laws not to look at pictures before they take their fair trial in the Academy. But I ventured to find fault with the sky. The sky was courteously changed to please me; but I am encroaching enough to want it changed more. "Summer days are" *not* "for me" unless the sky is blue in them, and especially unless it looks—what simple mortals too often make it in reality,—a great way off. I want this sky to look bluer at the top, and farther away at the bottom. The brook on the right is one of the very few pieces of stream which, this year, have been studied for their beauty, not their rage.

256. Wise Saws. (J. C. Hook, R.A.)

I suspect that many, even of the painter's admirers, pass this pretty sketch without noticing the humour with which he has expressed the gradations of feminine curiosity, scientific attention, and conscientious sense of responsibility, in the faces of the troop of cows who approach to investigate the nature of the noisy phenomenon upon the palings. It is a charming summer sketch, but scarcely worth sending to the Academy; and time was wasted by the good painter in carrying so far, what he felt his skill would be misapplied in carrying farther.

I am sure that Mr. Hook cannot lately have been reading his *Richard II.*: but, whether the line quoted for his motto chanced idly to occur to his memory, or was suggested to him by some acquaintance, he will, I trust, find a more decorous, as he easily may a more amusing, motto for his pretty cattle piece, before it becomes known in the picture market as the parody of one of the most pathetic utterances in all Shakespearian tragedy.

123. On the River Mole. (Birket Foster.)

In doubt whether the spectator, without assistance, would see all the metaphysical distinctions between the cows in Mr. Hook's landscape, I need a more keen-sighted spectator's assistance to tell me, in Mr. Foster's, whether those animals on the opposite bank of the Mole are cows at all. If so, the trunks of the trees in the hedge beyond are about twenty yards in girth. What do our good water-colour painters mean by wasting their time in things like this, (and I could name one or two who have done worse,) for the sake of getting their names into the Academy catalogue?

69, 81. The Horse-dealer. Crossing the Moor.

I have not looked long enough at these to justify me in saying more of them than that they should not be here on the line. That much I *must* say; and emphatically.

265. (I venture to supply a title, the painter seeming to have been at a loss.) A Wild Rose, remarkable in being left on its stalk, demonstrates to the poet Campbell that there has been a garden in this locality.

Little thought I, when I wrote the first line of 'Modern Painters,' that a day would come when I should have to say of a modern picture what I must say of this. When I began my book, Wilkie was yet living; and though spoiled by his Spanish ambition, the master's hand was yet unpalsied, nor had lost its skill of practice in its pride. Turner was in his main colour-strength, and the dark room of the Academy had,

every year, its four or five painted windows, bright as the jewel casements of Aladdin's palace, and soft as a kingfisher's wings. Mulready was at the crowning summit of his laborious skill; and the "Burchell and Sophia in the Hayfield," and the "Choosing of the Wedding Dress," remain in my mind as standards of English effort in rivalry with the best masters of Holland. Constable's clumsy hand was honest, and his flickering sunshine fair. Stanfield, sea-bred, knew what a ship was, and loved it; knew what rocks and waves were, and wrought out their strength and sway with steadiest will. David Roberts, though utterly destitute of imagination, and incapable of colour, was at least a practised draughtsman in his own field of architectural decoration; loved his Burgos or Seville cathedral fronts as a woman loves lace; and drew the details of Egyptian hieroglyph with dutiful patience, not to show his own skill, but to keep witness of the antiquity he had the wisdom to reverence; while, not a hundred yards from the Academy portico, in the room of the old water-colour, Lewis was doing work which surpassed, in execution, everything extant since Carpaccio; and Copley-Fielding, Robson, Cox, and Prout were every one of them, according to their strength, doing true things with loving minds.

The like of these last-named men, in simplicity and tenderness of natural feeling, expressing itself with disciplined (though often narrow) skill, does not, so far as I can see, now exist in the ranks of art-labourers; and even of men doing their absolute best according to their knowledge, it would be difficult to find many among the most renowned exhibitors of London and Paris;—while here, full on the line, with highest Academic name, and hailed by explosive applause from the whole nation, here is—I cannot use strength of words enough to tell you what it is, unless you will first ascertain for yourselves what it is *not*.

Get what good you can of it, or anything else in the rooms to-day; but to-morrow, or when next you mean to come to the Academy, go first for half an hour into the National Gallery, and look closely and thoroughly at the painting of the soldier's

helmet, and crimson plume in John Bellini's Peter Martyr; at the horse-bridle in the large, nameless Venetian picture of the Madonna and kneeling Knight; at the herbage in the foreground of Mantegna's Madonna; and at Titian's columbines and vine in the Bacchus and Ariadne. All these are examples of true painter's work in minor detail; unsurpassable, but not, by patience and modesty, inimitable. There was once a day when the painter of this (*soi-disant*) landscape promised to do work as good. If, coming straight from that to this, you like this best, be properly thankful for the blessings of modern science and art, and for all the good guidance of Kensington and Messrs. Agnew. But if you think that the four-petalled rose, the sprinkle of hips looking like ill-drawn heather, the sundial looking like an ill-drawn fountain, the dirty birch-tree, and the rest—whatever it is meant for—of the inarticulate brown scrabble, are not likely to efface in the eyes of future generations the fame of Venice and Etruria, you have always the heroic consolation given you in the exclamation of the 'Spectator'—"If we must choose between a Titian and a Lancashire cotton mill—give us the cotton mill."

Literally, here you have your cotton mill employed in its own special Art-produce. Here you have, what was once the bone and sinew of a great painter, ground and carded down into black-podded broom-twigs. That is what has come to pass upon him; that, *his* finding on his 'ruinous walk' over the diabolic Tom Tidler's ground of Manchester and Salford. Threshed under the mammon flail into threads and dust, and shoddy-fodder for fools; making manifest yet, with what ragged remnant of painter's life is in him, the results of mechanical English labour on English land. Not here the garden of the sluggard, green with frank weeds; not here the garden of the Deserted Village, overgrown with ungathered balm; not here the noble seerecy of a virgin country, where the falcon floats and the wild goat plays;—but here the withering pleasure of a fallen race, who have sold their hearths for money, and their glory for a morsel of bread.

231. The Quarries of Holmeground. (J. S. Raven.)

The painter has real feeling of the sublimity of hill forms, and has made the most of his Langdale pikes. But it is very wonderful that in all this Academy, so far as I have yet seen, there is not a single patient study of a mossy rock. Now the beauty of foreground stone is to be mossy, as the beauty of a beast is to be furry; and a quarried rock is to a natural one what a skinned leopard is to a live one. Even if, as a simple painter, and no huntsman, one liked one's leopard or tiger better dead than alive, at least let us have him dead in his integrity; or—if so much as that cannot be,—for pictorial purpose it is better to have, as in No. 697, the skin without the tiger, than, as here, the tiger without the skin. (No. 697, by the way, should have been named in the Natural History class, for a good study as far as it reaches, and there may be more substantial drawing in it than I can see at the height where it is hung.)

Another sorrowful character in the mountain-painting of this year, is the almost total absence of any attempt to render calm and full sunshine. 564 and 368 are, I think, the only exceptions, though scarcely worth noticing except as such; unless the latter, for the extreme and singular beauty of the natural scene it represents. The "Mountain Twilight," 759, W. C. Eddington, is evidently a pure and careful study of evening air among noble hills. What an incomparably ridiculous mob this London mob is!—to let some square leagues of room lie about its metropolis in waste brick-field, and occupy immeasurable space of wall with advertisements of pills and pictures of newly-opened shops; and lift a lovely little drawing like this simply—out of its way.

237. Richmond Hill. (Vicat Cole, A.)

The passages on the left, under the trees, of distant and subdued light, in their well-studied perfection, are about the most masterly things in landscape work in this exhibition; but has the painter never in his life seen the view from Richmond Hill on a clear day? Such a thing is still possible; and when

it happens, is the time to paint that distance, or at least, (for the passages on the left imply mist), when the indistinctness of it may be in golden mist, not gas fume. The last line quoted from Thomson seems to have been written prophetically, to describe the England of our own day. But Thomson was never thinking of real smoke when he wrote it. He was as far from imagining that English landscape would ever be stifled in floating filth, as that the seasons should stop rolling, or April not know itself from November. He means merely the warm mist of an extreme horizon; and has at least given us something to look at before we come to it. What has Mr. Vicat Cole done with all those hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires, which he leads us to expect?

I think I never saw a large picture so much injured by a little fault, as this is by the white wake of the farthest boat on the river. As a fact, it is impossible;—as a white line, it cuts all to pieces.

651. The Head of a Highland Glen. (F. C. Newcome.)

The best study of torrent, including distant and near water, that I find in the rooms: 1075 has been most carefully and admirably studied from nature by Mr. Raven: only what is the use of trying to draw water with charcoal? and what makes nearly all the painters this year choose to paint their streams in a rage, and foul with flood, instead of in their beauty, and constant beneficence? Our manufacturers have still left, in some parts of England and Scotland, streams of what may be advertised in the bills of Natural Scenery as ‘real water’; and I myself know several so free from pollution that one can sit near them with perfect safety, even when they are not in flood.

The rest of this mountain scene by Mr. Newcome is also carefully studied, and very right and good.

756. The Llugwy at Capel Curig. (I. J. Curnock.)

I find this to be the most attentive and refined landscape of all here;—too subdued in its tone for my own pleasure, but

skilful and affectionate in a high degree; and one of the few exceptions to my general statement above made; for here is a calm stream patiently studied. The distant woods and hills are all very tender and beautiful.

636 is also a singularly careful and unassumingly true drawing;—but are the town and rail not disquieted enough,—that we should get no rest in a village?

POLICY.

WE finally inquire what our British artists have to say to us on the subject of good Government, and its necessary results;—what triumph they express in the British Constitution and its present achievements.

In old times, all great artistic nations were pictorially talkative, chiefly, next to religion, on the subject of Government. Venice, Florence, and Siena did little else than expound, in figures and mythic types, the nature of civic dignity, statesmanly duty, and senatorial or soldierly honour; and record, year by year, the events conducive to their fame.

I have not exhaustively overlooked the Academy; but, except Miss Thomson's study of a battle fought just "sixty years since,"—I find no English record of any important military or naval achievement; and the only exhibition of the mode in which Britannia at present rules the waves, is Mr. Cooke's "Devastation" being reviewed;—somewhat sable and lugubrious as a national spectacle, dubious as a national triumph, and to myself, neither in colour nor sentiment enjoyable, as the pictures of Victories and Temeraires one used to see in days of simpler warfare. And of political achievement there seems still less consciousness or regard in the British artist; so that future generations will ask in vain for any aid to their imagination of the introduction of Dr. Kenealy to the Speaker, or any other recent triumph of the British Constitution.

The verdict of existing British Art on existing British Policy is, therefore, if I understand it rightly, that we have

none ;—but, in the battle of life, have arrived at declaration of an universal *Sauve qui peut* ;—or explicitly, to all men, Do as you like, and get what you can. Something other than this may however be gathered, it seems to me, from the two records given us of the war,—so unwise, and yet so loyal,—of sixty years ago.

613. *La Charge des Cuirassiers Français à Waterloo.* (Philippoteau.)

This carefully studied and most skilful battle piece is but too likely to be overlooked in the confused rush to Miss Thomson's more attractive composition. And of all in the Academy, this is the picture which an Englishman, of right feeling, would least wish to overlook. I remember no so impartial and faithful representation of an historical battle. I know no war-painting by the artists of any great race, however modest, in which the object has not hitherto been definitely—self-laudation. But here is a piece of true war-history, of which it is not possible to say, by observance of any traceable bias, whether a Frenchman or Englishman painted it. Such a picture is more honourable to France than the taking of the Malakoff.

I never approached a picture with more iniquitous prejudice against it, than I did Miss Thomson's ; partly because I have always said that no woman could paint ; and secondly because I thought what the public made such a fuss about, *must* be good for nothing.

But it is Amazon's work, this ; no doubt of it, and the first fine pre-Raphaelite* picture of battle we have had ;—profoundly interesting ; and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty. Of course, all that need be said of it, on this side, must have been said twenty times over in the journals ; and it

* Miss Thomson may perhaps not in the least know herself for a sister of the school. But the entire power of her picture, as of her own mind, depends first on her resolution to paint things as they really are, or were ; and not as they might be poetically fancied to be. See above, the note on 218, p. 4.

remains only for me to make my tardy genuflexion, on the trampled corn, before this Pallas of Pall Mall;—and to murmur my poor words of warning to her, that she remember, in her day of triumph, how it came to pass that Atalanta was stayed and Camilla slain.

Camilla-like the work is—chiefly in its refinement, a quality I had not in the least expected, for the cleverest women almost always show their weakness in endeavours to be dashing. But actually, here, what I suppose few people would think of looking at, the sky, is the most tenderly painted, and with the truest outlines of cloud, of all in the exhibition;—and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below—is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of colour and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death.

I place these two paintings under the head of 'Policy,' because it seems to me that, especially before the Quatrebras, one might wisely consider with Mr. Carlyle, and with oneself, what was the 'net upshot' and meaning of our modern form of the industry of war. Why should these wild and well meaning young Irish lads have been brought, at great expense, all the way to Four Arms, merely to knock equally wild and well meaning young French lads out of their saddles into their graves; and take delight in doing so? and why should the English and French squires at the head of their regiments, have, practically, no other object in life than deceiving these poor boys, and an infinite mob besides of such others, to their destruction?

Think of it. Suppose this picture, as well as the one I was so happy in praising of Mr. Collinson's, had been called—as it, also, quite properly might have been—"Sunday Afternoon," (only dating June 18th, 1815.") Suppose the two had been hung side by side. And, to complete our materials for meditation, suppose Mr. Nicol's "The Sabbath Day" (1159)—which I observed the 'Daily Telegraph' called an exquisitely

comic picture, but which I imagine Mr. Nicol meant for a serious one,—representing the conscientious Scottish mountain-matron setting out for the place where she may receive her cake of spiritual oatmeal, baken on the coals of Presbyterian zeal;—suppose, I say, this ideal of Scottish Sabbath occupation placed beside M. Philippoteau's admirable painting of the Highland regiment at evening missionary service, in that sweet and fruitful foreign land; while Miss Thomson enables us also, thus meditating in our fields at eventide, to consider, if not the Lilies, at least the Poppies of them; and to understand how in *this* manner of friction of ears of corn—by his bent knees instead of his fingers—the modern Christian shows that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?

‘Well—and if this were so done,—should we not feel that the peace of the cottage, and the honour of the mountain-side, were guarded and won for them by that mighty Evening Service, with the thunder of its funeral march rolled deep among the purple clouds?’

No! my soldier friends; no: do not think it. They were, and are, guarded and won by silent virtues of the hearth and the rock, which must endure until the time when the prayer we pray in our every Sabbath Litany, to be delivered from battle, murder, and sudden death,—shall have been offered with sincere hearts, fervently; and so found its way at last to the audience of Heaven.

NOTE TO PICTURE 518.

“The rarity and grandeur of his character being that he was a Greek in ideas and a Roman in action; who really did, and abstained, strictly to ideal, in a time when everybody else was sadly fallen from his ideal.

“In 353 he is made Cæsar (Constantius having no sons, and he being last of his race); and from that to Constantius' death in 361 he has to fight the Franks and Alemanni. During the last few years of this time I find he lived mostly at Paris—that he fortified the ancient Lutetia (l'Ile de la Cité), built the Thermæ Juliani, the remains of which (Thermes de Julien) are still visible in the Rue de la Harpe, between Palais de Clugny and Ecole de Medecine. Also, in a scarcity of corn from inroads of the Germans, he got a great supply of corn from England (calculated at 120,000 quarters *at once*)—and fed people all along the Rhine from Bingen to Cologne. He says (Epist. ii.) he was a Christian up to his twentieth year, 351: and he said nothing about his change (in public) till 361. Then he felt himself the successor of M. Aurelius, and seems to have gone to work in his determined, clear-sighted way. But the Pagans seem to have been surprised at his faith as much as the Christians at his apostacy.”—REV. R. ST. J. TYRWHITT.

NOTES BY MR. RUSKIN

ON

SAMUEL PROUT

AND

WILLIAM HUNT,

ILLUSTRATED BY

A LOAN COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS

EXHIBITED AT

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES,

148 NEW BOND STREET.

1879-80.

NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

NOTE.

I HAVE to thank the kind friends who have contributed drawings. I regret that very many of them have had to be returned, simply because I had already to my hand examples which sufficiently illustrated the lessons I wished to teach in putting together these notes.

J. RUSKIN.

PREFACE.

It has been only in compliance with the often and earnestly urged request of my friend Mr. Marcus Huish, that I have thrown the following notes together, on the works of two artists belonging to a time with which nearly all associations are now ended in the mind of general society; and of which my own memories, it seemed to me, could give little pleasure, (even if I succeeded in rendering them intelligible,) to a public indulged with far more curious arts, and eager for otherwise poignant interests than those which seemed admirable,—though not pretending to greatness, and were felt to be delightful,—though not provoking enthusiasm, in the quiet and little diverted lives of the English middle classes, ‘sixty years since.’

It is especially to be remembered that drawings of this simple character were made for these same middle classes, exclusively: and even for the second order of the middle classes, more accurately expressed by the term ‘bourgeoisie.’ The great people always bought Canaletto, not Prout, and Van Huysum, not Hunt. There was indeed no quality in the bright little water-colours, which could look other than pert in ghostly corridors, and petty in halls of state; but they gave an unquestionable tone of liberalmindedness to a suburban villa, and were the cheerfullest possible decorations for a moderate-sized breakfast-parlour, opening on a nicely mown lawn. Their liveliness even rose, on occasion, to the charity of beautifying the narrow chambers of those whom business or fixed habit still retained in the obscurity of London itself; and I remember with peculiar respect the pride of a benevolent physician, who never would exchange his neighbourhood to

the poor of St. Giles's for the lucrative lustre of a West End Square, in wreathing his tiny little front-drawing-room with Hunt's loveliest apple-blossom, and taking the patients for whom he had prescribed fresh air, the next instant on a little visit to the country.

Nor was this adaptation to the tastes and circumstances of the London citizen, a constrained or obsequious compliance on the part of the kindly artists. They were themselves, in mind, as in habits of life, completely a part of the characteristic metropolitan population whom an occasional visit to the Continent always thrilled with surprise on finding themselves again among persons who familiarly spoke French; and whose summer holidays, though more customary, amused them nevertheless with the adventure, and beguiled them with the pastoral charm, of an uninterrupted picnic. Mr. Prout lived at Brixton, just at the rural extremity of Cold Harbour Lane, where the spire of Brixton church, the principal architectural ornament of the neighbourhood, could not but greatly exalt, by comparison, the impressions received from that of Strasburg Cathedral, or the Hôtel de Ville of Bruxelles; and Mr. Hunt, though often in the spring and summer luxuriating in country lodgings, was only properly at home in the Hampstead road,* and never painted a cluster of nuts without some expression, visible enough by the manner of their presentation, of the pleasure it was to him to see them in the shell, instead of in a bag at the greengrocer's.

The lightly rippled level of this civic life lay, as will be easily imagined, far beneath the distractions, while it maintained itself meekly, yet severely, independent of the advantages, held out by the social system of what is most reverently called 'Town.' Neither the disposition, the health, nor the means of either artist admitted of their spending their evenings, in general, elsewhere than by their own firesides; nor could a spring levée of English peeresses and foreign ambassadors be invited by the modest painter whose only studio was his little

* See his own inscription, with LONDON in capitals, under No.

back-parlour, commanding a partial view of the scullery steps and the water-butt. The fluctuations of moral and æsthetic sentiment in the public mind were of small moment to the humble colourist, who depended only on the consistency of its views on the subject of early strawberries : and the thrilling subjects presented by the events or politics of the day, were equally indifferent to the designer who invited interest to nothing later than the architecture of the 15th century. Even the treasures of scientific instruction, and marvels of physical discovery, were without material influence on the tranquillity of the two native painters' uneducated skill. Prout drew every lovely street in Europe without troubling himself to learn a single rule of perspective ; while Hunt painted mossy banks for five-and-twenty years, without ever caring to know a *Sphagnum* from a *Poly-pody*, and embossed or embowered his birds' eggs to a perfection, which Greek connoisseurs would have assured us the mother had unsuspectingly sate on,—without enlarging his range of ornithological experience beyond the rarities of tomtit and hedge-sparrow.

This uncomplaining resignation of patronage, and unblushing blindness to instruction, were allied, in both painters, with a steady consistency in technical practice, which, from the first, and to the last, precluded both from all hope of promotion to the honours, as it withheld them from the peril of entanglement in the rivalries, connected with the system of exhibition in the Royal Academy. Mr. Prout's method of work was entirely founded on the quite elementary qualities of white paper and black Cumberland lead ; and expressly terminated within the narrow range of prismatic effects producible by a brown or blue outline, with a wash of ochre or cobalt. Mr. Hunt's early drawings depended for their peculiar charm on the most open and simple management of transparent colour ; and his later ones, for their highest attainments, on the flexibility of a pigment which yielded to the slightest touch and softest motion of a hand always more sensitive than firm. The skill which unceasing practice, within limits thus modestly unrelaxed, and with facilities of instrument thus openly con-

fessed, enabled each draughtsman in his special path to attain, was exerted with a vividness of instinct somewhat resembling that of animals, only in the slightest degree conscious of praise-worthiness, but animated by a healthy complacency, as little anxious for external sympathy as the self-content of a bee in the translucent symmetry of its cell, or of a chaffinch in the silver tracery of her nest,—and uniting, through the course of their uneventful and active lives, the frankness of the bird with the industry of the insect.

In all these points of view the drawings to which I venture, not without hesitation, to call the passing attention of the public, can claim regard only as examples of genius both narrowed and depressed; yet healthy enough to become more elastic under depression; and scintillant enough to be made more vivid by contraction. But there are other respects in which these seemingly unimportant works challenge graver study; and illustrate phases of our own national mind,—I might perhaps say, even of national civilisation,—which coincide with many curious changes in social feelings; and may lead to results not easily calculable in social happiness.

If the reader has any familiarity with the galleries of painting in the great cities of Europe, he cannot but retain a clear, though somewhat monotonously calm, impression of the character of those polished flower-pieces, or still-life pieces, which occupy subordinate corners in their smaller rooms; and invite to moments of repose, or frivolity, the attention and imagination which have been wearied in admiring the attitudes of heroism, and sympathising with the sentiments of piety. Recalling to his memory the brightest examples of these, which his experience can supply, he will find that all the older ones agree,—if flower-pieces—in a certain courtliness and formality of arrangement, implying that the highest honours which flowers can attain are in being wreathed into grace of garlands, or assembled in variegation of bouquets, for the decoration of beauty, or flattery of noblesse. If fruit or still-life pieces, they agree no less distinctly in directness of reference to the supreme hour when the destiny of dignified fruit is to be ac-

completed in a royal dessert; and the furred and feathered life of hill and forest may bear witness to the Wisdom of Providence by its extinction for the kitchen dresser.

Irrespectively of these ornamental virtues, and culinary utilities, the painter never seems to perceive any conditions of beauty in the things themselves, which would make them worth regard for their own sake: nor, even in these appointed functions, are they ever supposed to be worth painting, unless the pleasures they procure be distinguished as those of the most exalted society. No artists of the old school would ever think of constructing a subject out of the herbs of a cottage garden, or viands of a rural feast. Whatever interest was then taken in the life of the lower orders involved always some reference to their rudenesses or vices; and rarely exhibits itself in any other expression than that of contempt for their employments, and reproach to their recreation.

In all such particulars the feelings shown in the works of Hunt, and of the school with which he was associated, directly reverse those of the preceding age. So far from being garlanded into any polite symmetry, his primroses fresh from the bank, and hawthorns white from the hedge, confess at once their artless origin in the village lane,—have evidently been gathered only at the choice, and thrown down at the caprice, of the farmer's children, and cheerfully disclaim all hope of ever contributing to the splendours or felicities of the great. The bloom with which he bedews the grape,—the frosted gold with which he frets the pine,—are spent chiefly to show what a visible grace there is in the fruits of the earth, which we may sometimes feel that it is rude to touch, and swinish to taste; and the tendernesses of hand and thought that soothe the rose-grey breast of the fallen dove, and weave the couch of moss for its quiet wings, propose no congratulation to the spectator on the future flavour of the bird in a pie.

It is a matter of extreme difficulty, but of no less interest, to distinguish, in this order of painting, what part of it has its origin in a plebeian—not to say vulgar—simplicity, which education would have invested with a severer charm; and what

part is grounded on a real sense of natural beauty, more pure and tender than could be discerned amid the luxury of courts, or stooped to by the pride of nobles.

For an especial instance, the drawing of the interior, No. 174, may be taken as a final example of the confidence which the painter felt in his power of giving some kind of interest to the most homely objects, and rendering the transitions of ordinary light and shade impressive, though he had nothing more sacred to illuminate than a lettuce, and nothing more terrible to hide than a reaping-hook. The dim light from the flint-glass window, and the general disposition and scale of the objects it falls on, remind me sometimes, however unreasonably, of the little oratory into which the deeply-worn steps ascend from the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick. But I know perfectly well, and partly acknowledge the rightness of his judgment, though I cannot analyse it, that Hunt would no more have painted that knightly interior instead of this, with helmets lying about instead of saucepans, and glowing heraldries staying the light instead of that sea-green lattice, than he would have gone for a walk round his farm in a court dress.

‘Plebeian—not to say vulgar’—choice; but I fear that even ‘vulgar,’ with full emphasis, must be said sometimes in the end. Not that a pipkin of cream in Devonshire is to be thought of less reverently than a vase of oil or canister of bread in Attica; but that the English dairy-maid in her way can hold her own with the Attic Canephora, and the peasant children of all countries where leaves are green and waters clear, possess a grace of their own no less divine than that of branch and wave. And it is to be sorrowfully confessed that the good old peach and apple painter was curiously insensible to this brighter human beauty, and though he could scarcely pass a cottage door around his Berkshire home without seeing groups of which Correggio would have made Cupids, and Luini cherubs, turned away from them all, to watch the rough plough-boy at his dinner, or enliven a study of his parlour-maid at her glass (158), with the elegance of a red and green pincushion.

And yet, for all this, the subtle sense of beauty above referred to, was always in his mind, and may be proved, and partly illustrated, by notice of two very minute, but very constant, differences between his groups of still life, and those of the Dutch painters. In every flower-piece of pretension, by the masters of that old school, two accessory points of decoration are never absent. The first of these is the dew-drop, or rain-drop—it may be two or three drops, of either size, on one of the smoothest petals of the central flower. This is always, and quite openly, done to show how well the painter can do it,—not in the least with any enjoyment of wetness in the flower. The Dutchman never got a wet flower to paint from. He had his exquisite and exemplary poppy or tulip brought in from the market as he had occasion, and put on its dew-drops for it as a lady's dressing-maid puts on her diamonds, merely for state. But Hunt saw the flowers in his little garden really bright in the baptismal dawn, or drenched with the rain of noontide, and knew that no mortal could paint any real likeness of that heaven-shed light;—and never once attempted it;—you will find nothing in any of his pictures merely put on that you may try to wipe it off.

But there was a further *tour-de-force* demanded of the Dutch workman, without which all his happiest preceding achievements would have been unacknowledged. Not only a dew-drop, but, in some depth of bell, or cranny of leaf, a bee, or a fly, was needful for the complete satisfaction of the connoisseur. In the articulation of the fly's legs, or neurography of the bee's wings, the Genius of painting was supposed to signify her accepted disciples; and their work went forth to the European world, thenceforward, without question, as worthy of its age and country. But, without recognising in myself, or desiring to encourage in my scholars, any unreasonable dislike or dread of the lower orders of living creatures, I trust that the reader will feel with me that none of Mr. Hunt's peaches or plums would be made daintier by the detection on them of even the most cunningly latent wasp, or cautiously rampant caterpillar; and will accept, without so much opposi-

tion as it met with forty years ago, my then first promulgated, but steadily since repeated assertion, that the 'modern painter' had in these matters less vanity than the ancient one, and better taste.

Another interesting evidence of Hunt's feeling for beauty is to be found in the unequal distribution of his pains to different parts of his subject. This is indeed, one of the peculiar characteristics of our modern manner, and in the abstract, not a laudable one. All the old masters, without exception, complete their pictures from corner to corner with a strictly driven level of deliberation; and whether it be a fold of drapery, a blade of grass, or a wreath of cloud, on which they are subordinately occupied, the pencil moves at the same tranquil pace, and the qualities of the object are rendered with the same fixed attention. In this habitual virtue, the dull and the brilliant, the weak and the mighty, concur without exception; holding it for their first point of honour to be thorough craftsmen; and to carry on the solicitude of their skill throughout the piece, as an armourer would hammer a corslet, or a housewife knit a stocking, leaving no edge untempered, and no thread unfastened. Modern petulance and incompetence lead, on the contrary, to the flaunting of dexterity in one place, and the pretence of ease in another;—complete some portions of the subject with hypocritical affection, and abandon others in ostentatious contempt. In some few cases, the manner arises from a true eagerness of imagination, or kindly and natural desire for sympathy in particular likings; but in the plurality of instances, the habit allies itself with mistaken principles of art, and protects impatience and want of skill under the shield of philosophy.

Few modern pieces of oil-painting are more accomplished or deliberate than those of Meissonier: and in the example placed on the table in the centre of the room, his subject was one which he certainly would not have treated, consciously, with prosaic indignity of manner, or injurious economy of toil. Yet the inequality of workmanship has depressed what might have been a most sublime picture almost to the level of

a scenic effect. The dress of the Emperor and housings of his steed are wrought with the master's utmost care: but the landscape is nearly unintelligible, and the ground a mere conventional diaper of feeble green and grey.

It is difficult to describe the height to which the picture would have risen above its present power, if a ruined French village had been represented with Flemish precision amidst the autumnal twilight of the woods; and the ground over which the wearied horse bears his dreaming rider, made lovely with its native wild-flowers.

In all such instances, the hold which a true sense of beauty has over the painter's mind may be at once ascertained by observing the nature of the objects to which his pains have been devoted. No master with a fine instinct for colour would spend his time with deliberate preference on the straps and buckles of modern horse-furniture, rather than on the surrounding landscape or foreground flowers, though in a subject like this he would have felt it right to finish both, to the spectator's content, if not to his amazement. And among the numerous rustic scenes by Hunt which adorn these walls, though all are painted with force and spirit, none are recommended to our curiosity by an elaborate finish given to ungraceful objects. His final powers are only employed on motives like the dead doves in Nos. 139 and 145, accompanied by incidents more or less beautiful and seemly.

I must even further guard my last sentence, by the admission that the means by which his utmost intentions of finish are accomplished, can never, in the most accurate sense, be termed 'elaborate.' When the thing to be represented is minute, the touches which express it are necessarily minute also; they cannot be bold on the edge of a nutshell, nor free within the sphere of a bird's nest; but they are always frank and clear, to a degree which may seem not only imperfect, but even harsh or offensive, to eyes trained in more tender or more formal schools. This broken execution by detached and sharply defined touches became indeed, in process of years, a manner in which the painter somewhat too visibly indulged, or prided

himself; but it had its origin and authority in the care with which he followed the varieties of colour in the shadow, no less than in the lights, of even the smallest objects. It is easy to obtain smoothness and unity of gradation when working with a single tint, but if all accidents of local colour and all differences of hue between direct and reflected light are to be rendered with absolute purity, some breaking of the texture becomes inevitable. In many cases, also, of the most desirable colours, no pigments mixed on the palette, but only interlaced touches of pure tints on the paper, will attain the required effect. The indefinable primrose colour, for instance, of the glazed porringer in the foreground of No. 174 could not possibly have been given with a mixed tint. The breaking of grey through gold by which it has been reached is one of the prettiest pieces of work to be seen in these rooms; it exhibits the utmost skill of the artist, and is an adequate justification of his usual manner.

Among the earliest statements of principles of art made in the Stones of Venice, one of those chiefly fortunate in obtaining credit with my readers was the course of argument urging frankness in the confession of the special means by which any artistic result has been obtained, and of the limitations which these appointed instruments, and the laws proper to the use of them, set to its scope. Thus the threads in tapestry, the tesserae in mosaic, the joints of the stones in masonry, and the movements of the pencil in painting, are shown without hesitation by the greatest masters in those arts, and often enforced and accented by the most ingenious: while endeavours to conceal them,—as to make needlework look like pencilling, or efface, in painting, the rugged freedom or joyful lightness of its handiwork into the deceptive image of a natural surface, are, without any exception, signs of declining intelligence, and benumbed or misguided feelings.

I therefore esteem Hunt's work all the more exemplary in acknowledging without disguise the restrictions imposed on the use of water-colour as a medium for vigorously realistic effects: and I have placed pieces of it in my Oxford school as stand-

ards of imitative (as distinguished from decorative) colour, in the rightness and usefulness of which I have every day more confirmed trust. I am aware of no other pieces of art, in modern days, at once so sincere and so accomplished: only let it be noted that I use the term 'sincere' in this case, not as imputing culpable fallacy to pictures of more imaginative power, but only as implying the unbiassed directness of aim at the realization of very simple facts, which is often impossible to the passions, or inconsistent with the plans, of greater designers.

In more cautiously guarded terms of praise, and with far less general proposal of their peculiar qualities for imitation, I have yet, both in my earlier books, and in recent lectures at Oxford, spoken of the pencil sketches of Prout with a reverence and enthusiasm which it is my chief personal object in the present exhibition to justify, or at least to explain; so that future readers may not be offended, as I have known some former ones to be, by expressions which seemed to them incompatible with the general tenor of my teaching.

It is quite true that my feelings towards this painter are much founded on, or at least coloured by, early associations; but I have never found the memories of my childhood beguile me into any undue admiration of the architecture in Billiter Street or Brunswick Square; and I believe the characters which first delighted me in the drawings of this—in his path unrivalled—artist, deserve the best attention and illustration of which in my advanced years I am capable.

The little drawing, No. 95, bought, I believe, by my grandfather, hung in the corner of our little dining parlour at Herne Hill as early as I can remember; and had a most fateful and continual power over my childish mind. Men are made what they finally become, only by the external accidents which are in harmony with their inner nature. I was not made a student of Gothic merely because this little drawing of Prout's was the first I knew; but the hereditary love of antiquity, and thirst for country life, which were as natural to me as a little jackdaw's taste for steeples, or dabchick's for reeds, were di-

rected and tempered in a very definite way by the qualities of this single and simple drawing.

In the first place, it taught me generally to like ruggedness; and the conditions of joint in moulding, and fitting of stones in walls which were most weather-worn, and like the grey dykes of a Cumberland hill-side. This predilection—passion, I might more truly call it—holds me yet so strongly, that I can never quite justly conceive the satisfaction of the original builders, even of the most delicate edifice, in seeing its comely stones well set together. Giotto's tower, and the subtly Cyclopean walls of early Verona, have indeed chastised the prejudice out of me, so far as regards work in marble enriched with mosaic and pure sculpture; but I had almost rather see Furness or Fountains Abbey strewn in grass-grown heaps by their brook-sides, than in the first glow and close setting of their fresh-hewn sandstone. Whatever is rationally justifiable in this feeling, so far as it is dependent on just reverence for the signs of antiquity, and may therefore be trusted to, as existing generally in the minds of persons of thoughtful temperament, was enough explained, long ago, in the passages of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, which, the book not being now generally accessible, I reprint in Appendix I; but openness of joints and roughness of masonry are not exclusively signs of age or decay in buildings: and I did not at that time enough insist on the propriety, and even the grace, of such forms of literal 'rustication' * as are compelled by coarseness of materials, and plainness of builders, when proper regard is had to economy, and just honour rendered to provincial custom and local handicraft. These are now so little considered that the chief difficulties I have had in the minute architectural efforts possible at Brantwood have been to persuade my Coniston builder into satisfaction with Coniston slate; and retention of Coniston manners in dressing—or rather, leaving undressed—

* All the forms of massive foundation, of which the aspect, in buildings of pretension, has been described by this word, took their origin from the palaces in Florence, whose foundations were laid with unchiselled blocks of the grey gritstone of Fiesole, and looked like a piece of its crags.

its primitively fractured edges. If I ever left him alone for a day, some corner stone was sure to be sent for from Bath or Portland, and the ledges I had left to invite stonecrop and swallows, trimmed away in the advanced style of the railway station at Carnforth.

There is more however to be noted in this little old-fashioned painting, than mere delight in weedy caves and mortarless walls. Pre-eminently its repose in such placid subjects of thought as the cottage, and its neighbouring wood, contain for an easily-pleased observer, without the least recommendation of them by graceful incident, or plausible story. If we can be content with sunshine on our old brown roof, and the sober green of a commonplace English wood, protected by a still more commonplace tarred paling, and allowing the fancy therefore not to expatiate even so far as the hope of a walk in it—it is well;—and if not,—poor Prout has no more to offer us, and will not even concede the hope that one of those diagonally-dressed children may be the least pretty, or provoke us, by the gleam of a riband, or quaintness of a toy, into asking so much as what the itinerant pedlar has in his basket.

I was waiting for a train the other day at Dover, and in an old-fashioned print-shop on the hill up to the Priory station, saw a piece of as old-fashioned picture-making, elaborately engraved, and of curious interest to me, at the moment, with reference to my present essay. It belonged to the dull British school which was founded on conscientious following of the miniature methods and crowded incidents of Dutch painting; and always dutifully proposed to give the spectator as much entertainment as could be collected into the given space of canvas. There was an ideal village street to begin with, the first cottage gable at the corner having more painting (and very good and pretty painting) spent on the mere thatch of it, than there is in the entire Prout drawing under our notice. Beyond the laborious gable came some delicately-branched trees; and then the village street, in and out, half-a-mile long, with shops, and signs, and what not; and then the orthodox church-steeple, and then more trees, and then a sky with rolling white

clouds after Wouvermans;—but all this, though the collected quantity of it would have made half-a-dozen country villages, if well pulled out, was only the beginning of the subject. Gable, street, church, rookery, and sky, were all, in the painter's mind, too thin and spare entertainment. So out of the gable-window looked a frightened old woman—out of the cottage-door rushed an angry old man; over the garden palings tumbled two evil-minded boys,—after the evil-minded boys rushed an indignantly-minded dog; and in the centre of the foreground, cynosure of the composition, were, a couple of fighting-cocks,—one fallen, the other crowing for conquest;—highly finished, both, from wattle to spur. And the absolute pictorial value of the whole,—church and sky—village and startled inhabitants—vagabond boys—vindictive dog—and victorious bird, (the title of the picture being 'the Moment of Victory')—the intrinsic value of the whole, I say, being—not the twentieth part of a Hunt's five-minute sketch of one cock's feather.

And yet it was all prettily painted,—as I said; and possessed every conceivable quality that can be taught in a school, or bought for money: and the artist who did it had probably in private life, a fair average quantity of sense and feeling, but had left both out of his picture, in order to imitate what he had been taught was fine, and produce what he expected would pay.

Take another instance, more curious, and nearer to matters in hand. The little photograph, No. 117 was made in 1858 (by my own setting of the camera), in the courtyard of one of the prettiest yet remaining fragments of 15th century domestic buildings in Abbeville. The natural vineleaves consent in grace and glow with the life of the old wood carving; and though the modern white porcelain image ill replaces the revolution-deposed Madonna, and only pedestals of saints, and canopies, are left on the propping beams of the gateway; and though the cask, and cooper's tools, and gardener's spade and ladder are little in accord with what was once stately in the gate, and graceful in the winding stair,—the declining shadows

of the past mingle with the hardship of the present day in no unkindly sadness; and the little angle of courtyard, if tenderly painted in the depression of its fate, has enough still to occupy as much of our best thought as may be modestly claimed for his picture by any master not of the highest order.

But these motives of wise and gentle feeling would not appeal to the public mind in competitive exhibition. Such efforts as are made by our own landscapists to keep record of any fast vanishing scenes of the kind, are scarcely with good-will accepted even in our minor art galleries: and leave to share in the lustre of the Parisian 'Salon de 1873' could only be hoped for by the author of the composition from which the photograph, No. 118, is taken, on condition of his giving pungency to the feeble savour of architectural study by a condiment of love, assassination, and despair.

It will not, I trust, be supposed that in anything I have said, or may presently further say, I have the smallest intention of diminishing the praise of nobly dramatic or pathetic pictures. The best years of my life have been spent in the endeavour to illustrate the neglected greatest of these, in Venice, Milan, and Rome: while my last and most deliberate writings have lost much of their influence with the public by disagreeably insisting that the duty of a great painter was rather to improve them, than amuse. But it remains always a sure elementary principle that interest in the story of pictures does not in the least signify a relative interest in the art of painting, or in the continual beauty and calm virtue of nature: and that the wholesomest manner in which the intelligence of young people can be developed (I may say, even, the intelligence of modest old people cultivated), in matters of this kind, is by inducing them accurately to understand what painting is as mere painting, and music as mere music, before they are led into further question of the uses of either, in policy, morals, or religion.

And I cannot but recollect with feelings of considerable refreshment, in these days of the deep, the lofty, and the mysterious, what a simple company of connoisseurs we were, who

crowded into happy meeting, on the first Mondays in Mays of long ago, in the bright large room of the old Water-colour Society; and discussed, with holiday gaiety, the unimposing merits of the favourites, from whose pencils we knew precisely what to expect, and by whom we were never either disappointed or surprised. Copley Fielding used to paint fishing-boats for us, in a fresh breeze, 'Off Dover,' 'Off Ramsgate,' 'Off the Needles,'—off everywhere on the south coast where any body had been last autumn; but we were always kept pleasantly in sight of land, and never saw so much as a gun fired in distress. Mr. Robson would occasionally paint a Bard, on a heathery crag in Wales; or—it might be—a Lady of the Lake on a similar piece of Scottish foreground,—'Benvenue in the distance.' A little fighting, in the time of Charles the First, was permitted to Mr. Cattermole; and Mr. Cristall would sometimes invite virtuous sympathy to attend the meeting of two lovers at a Wishing gate or a Holy well. But the furthest flights even of these poetical members of the Society were seldom beyond the confines of the British Islands; the vague dominions of the air, and vasty ones of the deep, were held to be practically unvoyageable by our un-Dædal pinions, and on the safe level of our native soil, the sturdy statistics of Mr. De Wint, and blunt pastorals of Mr. Cox, restrained within the limits of probability and sobriety, alike the fancy of the idle, and the ambition of the vain.

It became, however, by common and tacit consent Mr. Prout's privilege, and it remained his privilege exclusively, to introduce foreign elements of romance and amazement into this—perhaps slightly fenny—atmosphere, of English common sense. In contrast with our Midland locks and barges, his 'On the Grand Canal, Venice,' was an Arabian enchantment; among the mildly elegiac country churchyards of Llangollen or Stoke Pogis, his 'Sepulchral Monuments at Verona' were Shakespearian tragedy; and to us who had just come into the room out of Finsbury or Mincing Lane, his 'Street in Nuremburg' was a German fairy tale. But we none of us recognised, then, (and I know not how far any of us recognise yet), that these

feelings of ours were dependent on the mediation of a genius as earnest as it was humble, doing work not in its essence romantic at all; but, on the contrary, the only quite useful, faithful, and evermore serviceable work that the Society—by hand of any of its members—had ever done, or could ever, in that phase of its existence, do: containing, moreover, a statement of certain social facts only to be gathered, and image of certain pathetic beauties only to be seen, at that particular moment in the history of (what we are pleased to call) civilisation.

‘As earnest’ I repeat,—‘as it was humble.’ The drawings actually shown on the Exhibition walls gave no sufficient clue to Prout’s real character, and no intimation whatever of his pauseless industry. He differed, in these unguessed methods of toil, wholly from the other members of the Society. De Wint’s morning and afternoon sketches from nature, with a few solidifying touches, were at once ready for their frames. Fielding’s misty downs and dancing seas were softened into their distances of azure, and swept into their hollows of foam, at his ease, in his study, with conventional ability, and lightly burdened memory. Hunt’s models lay on the little table at his side all day; or stood as long as he liked by the barn-door, for a penny. But Prout’s had to be far sought, and with difficulty detailed and secured: the figures gliding on the causeway or mingling in the market-place, stayed not his leisure; and his drawings prepared for the Water-colour room were usually no more than mechanical abstracts, made absolutely for support of his household, from the really vivid sketches which, with the whole instinct and joy of his nature, he made all through the cities of ancient Christendom, without an instant of flagging energy, and without a thought of money payment. They became to him afterwards a precious library, of which he never parted with a single volume as long as he lived. But it was the necessary consequence of the devotion of his main strength to the obtaining of these studies, that at his death they remained a principal part of the provision left for his family, and were therefore necessarily scat-

tered. I cannot conceive any object more directly tending to the best interests of our students both in art and history, than the reassembling a chosen series of them for the nation, as opportunity may be given.

Let me, however, before entering on any special notice of those which Mr. Huish has been able at this time, (and I myself by the good help of the painter's son, Mr. Gillespie Prout), to obtain for exhibition, state in all clearness the terms under which they should be judged, and may be enjoyed. For just as we ought not to match a wood-block of Bewick's against a fresco by Correggio, we must not compare a pencil outline of Prout's with any such ideals of finished street effect as Flemish painting once produced. Prout is not a colourist, nor in any extended or complete sense of the word, a painter. He is essentially a draughtsman with the lead pencil, as Durer was essentially a draughtsman with the burin, and Bewick on the wood-block. And the chief art-virtue of the pieces here exhibited is the intellectual abstraction which represents many features of things with few lines.

Take the little view in Amiens, No. 7, showing the west front of the cathedral in the distance. That front is enriched with complex ranks of arcade and pinnacle, which it would take days to outline perfectly, and which, seen at the distance assumed in this drawing, gather into a mystery which no fineness of hand could imitatively follow. But all this has been abstracted into a few steady lines, with an intelligence of choice and precision of notation which build the cathedral as if it stood there, and in such accurate likeness that it could be recognised at a glance from every other mass of Gothic in Europe.

That drawing dependent on abstraction of this kind, in which forms are expressed rather as a mineralogist would draw a crystal than with any investing mystery of shade or effect, cannot be carried beyond the point assigned, nor convey any sense of extreme beauty or majesty, when these really exist in its subject, must be conceded at once, and in full. But there is a great deal of scenery in this Europe of ours, not lovely; and a great deal of habitation in this Europe of ours

not sublime, yet both extremely worthy of being recorded in a briefly crystalline manner. And with scenes only, and dwellings only, of this ruder nature, Prout is concerned.

Take for instance the general facts respecting the valley of the Somme, collected in this little sketch of Amiens. That river, and the Oise, with other neighbouring minor streams, flow through a chalk district intersected by very ancient valleys, filled mostly with peat up to sea-level, but carrying off a large portion of the rainfall over the whole surface of the upper plains, which, open and arable, retain scarcely any moisture in morasses, pools, or deep grass. The rivers, therefore, though with little fall, run always fast and brimful, divided into many serviceable branches and runlets; while the older villages and cities on their banks are built of timber and brick, or in the poorer cottages, timber and clay; but their churches of an adhesive and durable chalk rock, yielding itself with the utmost ease to dexterities of deep incision, and relieving, at first with lace-like whiteness, and always with a pleasant pearly grey, the shadows so obtained. No sensual arts or wealthy influences have ever defiled or distorted the quiet temper of the northern French race, and in this busy little water-street of Amiens (you see that Prout has carefully indicated its rapid current—a navigable and baptismal brook, past step and door—water that one can float with and wash with, not a viscous vomit of black poison, like an English river) you have clearly pictured to you a state of peasant life assembled in the fellowship of a city, yet with as little pride as if still in the glades of Arden, and united chiefly for the sake of mere neighbourliness; and the sense of benediction and guardianship in the everywhere visible pinnacles of the temple built by their Fathers, nor yet forsaken by their Fathers' God.

All this can be enough told in a few rightly laid pencil lines, and more, it is needless to tell of so lowly provincial life.

Needless, at least, for the general public. For the closer student of architecture, finer drawing may be needed; but even for such keener requirement Prout will not, for a time, fail us.

Five-and-twenty miles down the Somme lies the little ramparted town of Abbeville; rampart only of the Grand Monarque's time, but the walls of might long ago, in the days of Crécy; and few French provincial bourgs had then more numerous or beautiful monasteries,—hospitals,—chapels,—and churches. Of the central St. Wulfran, never completed, there remain only the colossal nave, the ruined transept walls, and the lordly towers and porches of the west front. The drawing No. 5, quite one of the best examples of Prout's central time in the room, most faithfully represents this western pile of tracery and fretwork, with the filial richness of the timber houses that once stood round it.

None of the beautiful ones here seen are now left; and one day, perhaps, even France herself will be grateful to the wandering Londoner, who drew them as they once were, and copied, without quite understanding, every sign and word on them.

And as one of the few remaining true records of fifteenth-century France,—such as her vestiges remained after all the wreck of revolution and recoil of war had passed over them, this pencil drawing, slight as it seems, may well take rank beside any pen-sketch by Holbein in Augsburg, or Gentil Bellini in Venice. As a piece of composition and general treatment it might be reasoned on for days; for the cunning choices of omission, the delicate little dexterities of adjustment,—the accents without vulgarity, and reticences without affectation,—the exactly enough everywhere, to secure an impression of reality, and the instant pause at the moment when another touch would have been tiresome,—are, in the soberest truth, more wonderful than most of the disciplined compositions of the greater masters, for no scruple checks *them* for an instant in changing or introducing what they chose; but Prout gives literal, and all but servile, portrait, only managing somehow to get the chequers of woodwork to carry down the richness of the towers into the houses; then to get the broad white wall of the nearer houses to contrast with both, and then sets the transept turret to peep over the roof just enough to etherialize

its practicality, and the black figure to come in front of it to give lustre to its whiteness; and so on throughout, down to the last and minutest touches:—the incomprehensiblest classical sonata is not more artificial—the sparklingest painted window not more vivid, and the sharpest photograph not half so natural.

In sequence of this drawing, I may point out seven others of like value, equally estimable and unreplaceable, both in matters of Art, and—I use the word, as will be seen presently, in its full force—of History,—namely

No. 9. EVREUX.

No. 10. STRASBURG.

No. 19. ANTWERP.

No. 47. DOMO D'OSSOLA.

No. 48. COMO.

No. 65. BOLOGNA.

No. 71. THE COLISEUM.

I choose these eight drawings (counting the Abbeville), four belonging to North France and Germany, four to Italy, of which the Northern ones do indeed utterly represent the spirit of the architecture chosen; but the Southern subjects are much more restricted in expression, for Prout was quite unable to draw the buildings of the highest Italian school: yet he has given the vital look of Italy in his day more truly than any other landscapist, be he who he may; and not excepting even Turner, for *his* ideal is always distinctly Turnerian, and not the mere blunt and sorrowful fact.

You might perhaps, and very easily, think at first that these Prout subjects were as much 'Proutized' (Copley Fielding first used that word to me) as Turner's were Turnerized. They are not so, by any manner of means, or rather, they are so by manner and means only, not by sight or heart. Turner saw things as Shelley or Keats did; and with perfectly comprehensive power, gave all that such eyes can summon, to gild, or veil, the fatalities of material truth. But Prout saw only what all the world sees, what is substantially and demonstra-

bly there; and drew that reality, in his much arrested and humble manner indeed, but with perfectly apostolic faithfulness. He reflected the scene like some rough old Etruscan mirror—jagged, broken, blurred, if you will, but *It*, the thing itself still; while Turner gives *it*, and himself too, and ever so much of fairyland besides. His Florence or Nemi compels me to think, as a scholar, or (for so much of one as may be in me) a poet; but Prout's harbour of old Como is utterly and positively the very harbour I landed in when I was a boy of fourteen, after a day's rowing from Cadenabbia, and it makes me young again, and hot, and happy, to look at it. And that Bologna! Well, the tower *does* lean a little too far over, certainly; but what blessedness to be actually there, and to think we shall be in Venice to-morrow!

But note that the first condition of all these really great drawings (as indeed for all kinds of other good,) is unaffectedness. If ever Prout strains a nerve, or begins to think what other people will say or feel;—nay, if he ever allows his own real faculty of chiaroscuro to pronounce itself consciously, he falls into fourth and fifth rate work directly; and the entire force of him can be found only where it has been called into cheerful exertion by subjects moderately, yet throughout delightful to him; which present no difficulties to be conquered, no discords to be reconciled, and have just enough of clarion in them to rouse him to his paces, without provoking him to prance or capriole.

I should thus rank the drawing of Como (48) as quite of the first class, and in the front rank of that class. Unattractive at first, its interest will increase every moment that you stay by it, and every little piece of it is a separate picture, all the better in itself for its subjection to the whole.

You may at first think the glassless windows too black. But nothing can be too black for an open window in a sunny Italian wall, at so short a distance. You may think the hills too light, but nothing can be too light for olive hills in midday summer. 'They would have come dark against the sky?' Yes, certainly; but we don't pretend to draw Italian skies,—

only the ruined port of Como, which is verily here before us—(alas! at Como no more, having long since been filled up, levelled, and gravelled, and made an 'esplanade' for modern Italy to spit over in its idle afternoons.) But take the lens to the old group of houses:—they will become as interesting as a missal illumination if you only look carefully enough to see how Prout varied those twenty-seven black holes, so that literally not one of them shall be like another. The grand old Comasque builder of the twelfth century arches below (the whole school of Lombardic masonry being originally Comasque) varied them to his hand enough in height and width—but he invents a new tiny picture in chiaroscuro to put under every arch, and then knits all together with the central boats;—literally knits, for you see the mast of one of them catches up the cross-stick—stitch we might call it—that the clothes hung on between the balconies; and then the little figures on the left catch up the pillars like meshes in basket-work, and then the white awning of the boat on the left repeats the mass of wall, taking the stiffness out of it, while the reflections of arches, with the other figures, and the near black freights, carry all the best of it, broken and rippling, to the bitter shore.

But the drawing of the Coliseum at Rome, No. 71, has still higher claim to our consideration; in it were reserved, and in all points, rarer powers of expressing magnitude and solitude. It is so majestic in manner that it would quite have borne being set beside the photograph of Turner's drawing at Farnley; had it been fair to match mere outline against a finished composition. For Prout was, and he remains, the only one of our artists who entirely shared Turner's sense of magnitude, as the sign of past human effort, or of natural force; and I must be so far tedious as to explain this metaphysical point at some length. Of all forms of artistic susceptibility, reverent perception of true * magnitude is the rarest. No general conclusion

* Reckless accumulation of *false* magnitude—as by John Martin, is merely a vulgar weakness of brain, allied to nightmare; so also the colossal works of decadent states in sculpture and architecture, which are always insolent; not reverent.

has become more clear to my experience than this—strange as it may seem at first statement, that a painter's mind, *typically*, recognises no charm in physical vastness: and will, if it must choose between two evils, by preference work on a reduced, rather than an enlarged, scale; and for subject, paint miniature rather than mass. Human form is always given by the great masters either of the natural size, or somewhat less,—(unless under fixed conditions of distance which require perspective enlargement) and no sort or shadow of pleasure is ever taken by the strongest designers in bulk of matter. Veronese never paints shafts of pillars more than two feet in diameter, or thereabouts, and only from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Titian's beech trunks in the Peter Martyr were not a foot across at the thickest, while his mountains are merely blue spaces of graceful shape, and are never accurately enough drawn to give even a suggestion of scale. And in the entire range of Venetian marine painting there is not one large wave.

Among our own recent landscape painters, while occasionally great feeling is shown for space, or mystery, there is none for essential magnitude. Stanfield was just as happy in drawing the East cliff at Hastings as the Rock of Ischia; and painted the little sandy jut of crag far better than the coned volcano. Fielding asked for no more stupendous summits than those of Saddleback or Wrynose—and never attempted the grandeur even of Yorkshire scars, finding their articulated geology troublesome. Sometimes David Roberts made a praiseworthy effort to explain the size of a pillar at Thebes, or a tower in the Alhambra; but only in cases where the character of largeness had been forced upon his attention, as the quality to be observed by himself, and recommended to the observation of others. He never felt, or would have tried to make anyone else feel—the weight of an ordinary boulder stone, or the hollow of an old chestnut stem, or the height of a gathering thunder-cloud. In the real apprehension of measurable magnitude, magnitude in things clearly seen—stones, trees, clouds, or towers—Turner and Prout stand—they two—absolutely side by side—otherwise companionless.

Measurable magnitude, observe :—and therefore wonderful. If you can't see the difference between the domes of the National Gallery and of St. Paul's :—much more if you can't see the difference between Shanklin Chine and the Via Mala, (and most people can't !)—you will never care either for Turner or Prout ;—nor can you care rightly for them unless you have an intellectual pleasure in construction, and know and feel that it is more difficult to build a tower securely four hundred feet high, than forty—and that the pillar of cloud above the crater of Etna, standing two thousand feet forth from the lips of it, means a natural force greater than the puff of a railway boiler. The quiet and calm feeling of reverence for this kind of power, and the accurate habit of rendering it,—(see notes on the Sketches of Strasburg, No. 10, and Drachenfels, No. 28) are always connected, so far as I have observed, with some parallel justice in the estimate of spiritual order and power in human life and its laws :—nor is there any faculty of my own mind—among those to which I owe whatever useful results it may have reached—of which I am so gratefully conscious.

There is one further point—and if my preface has hitherto been too garrulous, it must be grave in notice of this at the close,—in which Turner, Bewick, Hunt, and Prout, all four agree—that they can draw the poor, but not the rich. They acknowledge with affection, whether for principal or accessory subjects of their art, the British farmer, the British sailor,* the British marketwoman, and the British workman. They agree

* Including, of course, the British soldier ; but for Turner, a ship of the Line was pictorially better material than a field battery ; else he would just as gladly have painted Albuera as Trafalgar. I am intensely anxious, by the way, to find out where a small picture of his greatest time may now be dwelling,—a stranded English frigate engaging the batteries on the French coast at sunset (she got off at the flood-tide in the morning) ; I want to get it, if possible, for the St. George's Museum at Sheffield. For the rest, I think the British gentleman may partly see his way to the answer of the above question if he will faithfully consider with himself how it comes to pass that, always fearless in the field, he is cowardly in the House,—and always generous in the field,—is yet meanly cunning, and—too often—malignant, in the House.

unanimously in ignoring the British gentleman. Let the British gentleman lay it to heart; and ask himself why.

The general answer is long, and manifold. But, with respect to the separate work of Prout, there is a very precious piece of instruction in it, respecting national prosperity and policy, which may be gathered with a few glances.

You see how all his best pieces depend on figures either crowded in market-places, or pausing (lounging, it may be) in quiet streets,—you will not find in the entire series of subjects here assembled from his hand—a single figure in a hurry! He ignores, you see—not only the British Gentleman;—but every necessary condition, nowadays, of British Business!

Look again, and see if you can find a single figure exerting all its strength. A couple of men rolling a single cask, perhaps; here and there a woman with rather a large bundle on her head—any more athletic display than these, you seek in vain.

He ignores even the British Boat-race—and British muscular divinity, and British Muscular Art.

His figures are all as quiet as the Cathedral of Chartres! ‘Because he could not make them move’—think you? Nay, not so. Some of them—(that figure on the sands in the Calais, for instance), you can scarcely think are standing still—but they all move quietly. The real reason is that *he* understood—and *we* do not, the meaning of the word—‘quiet.’

He understood it, personally, and for himself: practically and for others. Take this one fact—of his quiet dealings with men, and think over it. In his early days he had established a useful and steady connection with the country dealers,—that is to say, with the leading printsellers in the county towns and principal watering-places. He supplied them with pretty drawings of understood size and price, which were nearly always in tranquil demand by the better class of customers. The understood size was about 10 inches by 14 or 15, and the fixed price, six guineas. The dealer charged from seven to ten, according to the pleasantness of the drawing. I bought the ‘Venice,’ for instance, No. 55, from Mr. Hewitt of Leamington—for eight guineas.

The modern fashionable interest in—what we suppose to be art—had just begun to show itself a few years before Prout's death; and he was frequently advised to raise his prices. But he never raised them a shilling to his old customers.* They were supplied with all the drawings they wanted, at six guineas each—to the end. A very peaceful method of dealing, and under the true ancient laws ordained by Athena of the Agora, and St. James of the Rialto.

Athena, observe, of the Agora, or Market *Place*. And St. James of the Deep Stream, or Market *River*. The Angels of Honest Sale and Honest Portorage; such honest portorage being the true grandeur of the Grand Canal, and of all other canals, rivers, sounds, and seas that ever moved in wavering morris under the night. And the eternally electric light of the embankment of that Rialto stream was shed upon it by the Cross:—know you that for certain, you dwellers by high embanked and steamer-burdened Thames.

And learn from your poor wandering painter this lesson—for sum of the best he had to give you, (it is the Alpha of the Laws of true human life)—that no city is prosperous in the sight of heaven, unless the peasant sells in its market—adding this lesson of Gentile Bellini's for the Omega, that no city is ever righteous in the Sight of Heaven—unless the Noble walks in its street.

* Nor greatly to his new ones. The drawings made for the Water-colour room were usually more elaborate, and, justly, a little higher in price, but my father bought the Lisieux, No. 13, off its walls, for eighteen guineas.

CATALOGUE.

I.—PROUT.

THE reader will find, ending this pamphlet, a continuous index to the whole collection of drawings, with references to the pages in which special notice has been taken of them. So that in this descriptive text, I allow myself to pause in explanatory, or wander in discursive, statement, just as may seem to me most helpful to the student, or most likely to interest the general visitor.

I begin with the series of pencil drawings by Prout, which were my principal object in promoting this exhibition. Of these I have chosen seventy, all of high quality, and arranged so as to illustrate the outgoing course of an old-fashioned Continental tour, beginning at Calais, and ending at Rome. Following the order of these with attention, an intellectual observer may learn many things—not to his hurt.

Their dates, it will be noticed, are never given by the artist himself—except in the day; never the year—nor is there anything in the progress of Prout's skill, or in his changes of manner, the account of which need detain us long. From earliest boyhood to the day of his death, he drew firmly, and never scrabbled or blurred. Not a single line or dot is ever laid without positive intention,* and the care needful to fulfil that intention. This is already a consummate virtue. But the magnificent certainty and ease, united, which it enabled him to obtain, are only seen to the full in drawings of his mid-

* See the exception proving the rule, in a single line, in No. 12, there noted.

dle time. Not in decrepitude, but in mistaken effort, for which, to my sorrow, I was partly myself answerable, he endeavoured in later journeys to make his sketches more accurate in detail of tracery and sculpture: and they lost in feeling what they gained in technical exactness and elaboration. Of these later drawings only three are included in this series, 4, 8, and 17; their peculiar character will however be at once discernible.

His incipient work was distinguished by two specialties—the use of a grey washed tint with the pencil, a practice entirely abandoned in his great time, (though he will always make notes of *colour* frankly); and the insisting on minor pieces of broken texture, in small stones, bricks, grass, or any little picturesque incidents, with loss of largeness and repose. The little study of the apse of Worms Cathedral (32), a most careful early drawing, shows these faults characteristically; the Prague (23) is as definite an example of his great central manner, and even Turner's outline is not more faultless, though more complete. For the rest, Turner himself shared in the earlier weakness of more sharply dotted and sprinkled black touches, and practised, coteremporaneously, the wash of grey tint with the pencil. The chief use of the method to the young student is in its compelling him to divide his masses clearly; and I used it much myself in early sketches, such as that of the Aventine, No. 104*a*, for mere cleanliness and comfort in security of shadow—rather than the always rubbing and vanishing blacklead. But it is an entirely restricted method, and must be abandoned in all advanced study, and the pencil used alone both for shade and line, until the finer gradations of shadow are understood. *Then* colour may be used with the pencil for notation, and every power at once is in the workman's hands. The two first studies in our series are perfect instances of this conclusive method.*

There were more reasons, and better ones, than the students

* For further notes on the methods of shape proper to the great masters, the reader may consult the third and fourth numbers of my *Leçons de Féséole*.

of to-day would suppose, for his not adopting it oftener. The subjects in Cornwall and Derbyshire by which his mind was first formed, were most of them wholly discouraging in colour, if not gloomy or offensive. Grey blocks of whinstone, black timbers, and broken walls of clay, needed no iridescent illustration: the heath and stonecrop were beyond his skill; and, had he painted them with the staunchest efforts, would not have been translatable into the coarse lithographs for Ackermann's drawing-books, the publication of which was at that time a principal source of income to him. His richer Continental subjects of later times were often quite as independent of colour, and in nearly every case taken under circumstances rendering its imitation impossible. He might be permitted by indulgent police to stop a thoroughfare for an hour or two with a crowd of admirers, but by no means to settle himself in a comfortable tent upon the pavement for a couple of months, or set up a gipsy encampment of pots and easel in the middle of the market-place. Also, his constitution, as delicate as it was sanguine, admitted indeed of his sitting without harm for half-an-hour in a shady lane, or basking for part of the forenoon in a sunny piazza, but would have broken down at once under the continuous strain necessary to paint a picture in the open air. And under these conditions the wonder is only how he did so much that was attentive and true, and that even his most conventional water-colors are so refined in light and shade that even the slightest become almost majestic when engraved.

1. CALAIS.

Sketch on the spot, of the best time and highest quality,—the clouds put in as they stood,—the brig as she lay,—the figures where they measure the space of sand, and give the look of busy desolateness, which poor Calais—crown jewel of England—had fallen to in our day—Prout's and mine. You see the size of the steam-packet of the period; you may trust Prout's measure of its magnitude, as aforesaid. So also of belfry, lighthouse, and

church,—very dear all to the old painter, as to me. I gave my own drawing of the lighthouse and belfry, No. 104, to the author of *Rab and his Friends*, who may perhaps lend it me for comparison.* My drawing of the church spire is lost to me, but somewhere about in the world, I hope, and perhaps may be yet got hold of, and kept with this drawing, for memory of old Calais, and illustration of what was meant by the opening passage of the fourth volume of *Modern Painters*. (Appendix II.)

Take the lens† to the gate of the tower (above the steamer) and see how, in such a little bit, the architecture is truly told. Compare Hogarth's Gate of Calais.

2. CALAIS OLD PIER.

Turner's great subject. But Turner's being earlier taken, while the English packet was still only a fast-sailing cutter,—(steam unthought of!) A perfect gem of masterful study, and quiet feeling of the facts of eternal sea and shore.

The solemnly rendered mystery of the deep and far sea; the sway of the great waves entering over the bar at the harbour's mouth; the ebbing away of the sand at the angle of the pier; the heaping of it in hills against its nearer side,‡ and the way in which all is made huge, bleak, and wild by the deeper tone of the dark sail and figure, are all efforts of the highest art faculty, which we cannot too much honour and thank.

3. STUDIES OF FRENCH AND NETHERLAND FIGURES AND DILIGENCES.

Exemplary in the manner of abstract, and perfect in

* It was exhibited last year, but if it comes from Scotland, will be shown again for proof of Prout's fidelity in distant form.

† For proper study of any good work in painting or drawing the student should always have in his hand a magnifying-glass of moderate power, from two to three inches in diameter.

‡ Compare the sentence respecting this same place, Appendix II., 'surfy sand, and hillocked shore.'

figure drawing, for *his* purposes. They are poor persons, you see—all of them. Not quite equal to Miss Kate Greenaway's in grace, nor to Mrs. Allingham's in face; (they, therefore, you observe, have mostly their backs to us). But both Miss Kate and Mrs. Allingham might do better duty to their day, and better honour to their art, if they would paint, as verily, some of these poor country people in far-away places, rather than the high-bred prettinesses or fond imaginations, which are the best they have given us yet for antidote to the misery of London.

4. ABBEVILLE. CHURCH OF ST. WULFRAN.

Seen from the west, over old houses (since destroyed).
Of the artist's best time and manner. See Preface, page 20.

5. ABBEVILLE. CHURCH OF ST. WULFRAN,—THE NORTH-WEST-
ERN TOWER, WITH OLD HOUSES.

Elaborate. Of the late time, but not in the highest degree good. The chiaroscuro of the pinnacles evidently caught on the spot, but not carried through the drawing rightly, and the whole much mannered. Precious, however, for all that.

6. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PORCHES OF ST. WULFRAN, ABBEVILLE.

7. AMIENS.

One of the best of the best time. See Preface, page 18, and compare the extract from *Modern Painters*, given in Appendix III.

8. CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE IN ST. JAQUES, DIEPPE.

One of the best studies of the last period. See further notes on it under the number 17.

9. EVREUX.

Perfect sketch of the best time, and most notable for the exquisite grace of proportion in its wooden belfry.

No architect, however accurate in his measurements—no artist, however sensitive in his admiration—ever gave the proportion and grace of Gothic spires and towers with the loving fidelity that Prout did. This is much to say; and therefore I say it again deliberately;—there are no existing true records of the real effect of Gothic towers and spires—except only Prout's. And now I must be tedious awhile, and explain what I mean in saying this,—being much,—and show it to be true. Observe first—everything in grace of form depends on truth of scale. You don't show how graceful a thing is, till you show how large it is; for all grace means ultimately the use of strength in the right way, moral and physical, against a given force. A swan, no bigger than a butterfly, would not be graceful—its grace is in its proportion to the waves, and power over them. A butterfly as large as a swan would not be graceful—its beauty is in being so small that the winds play with it, but do not vex it. A hollow traceried spire fifteen feet high would be effeminate and frivolous, for it would be stronger solid—a hollow traceried spire five hundred feet high, is beautiful; for it is safer so, and the burden of the builder's toil spared. All wisdom—economy—beauty, and holiness, are one; harmonious throughout—in all places, times, and things: understand any one of their orders, and do it—it will lead you to another—to all others, in time.

Now, therefore, think why this spire of Evreux is graceful. If it were only silver filigree over a salt-cellar, it would still be pretty, (for it is beautifully varied and arranged). But not 'graceful' (or full of grace). The reason is that it is built, not with silver, but with aspen logs, and because there has been brought a strange refinement and melody, as of chiming in tune, and virtue of uprightness—and precision of pointedness, into the aspen logs, which nobody could ever have believed it *was* in a log to receive. And it is graceful also, because it is evidently playful and bright in temper. There are no labour-

ing logs visible—no propping, or thrusting, or bearing logs—no mass of enduring and afflicted timber—only imaginative timber, aspiring just high enough for praise, now for ambition. Twice as high as it ever could have stood in a tree—by honour of men done to it; but not so high as to strain its strength, and make it weak among the winds, or perilous to the people.

10. STRASBURG—THE CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

I have put this drawing—quite one of the noblest in all the series—out of its geographical place, and beside the Evreux, that you may compare the qualities of grace in wooden and stone buildings; and follow out our begun reasoning further.

Examine first how the height is told. Conscientiously, to begin with. He had not room enough on his paper (perhaps), and put the top at the side rather than blunt or diminish the least bit. I say ‘perhaps,’ because, with most people, that would have been the way of it: but my own private opinion is, that *he* never meant to have room on his paper for it—that he felt instinctively that it was grander to have it going up nobody knew where—only that he could not draw it so for the public, and must have the top handy to put on afterwards.

Conscientiously, first, the height is told; next, artfully. He chooses his place just where you can see the principal porch at the end of the street—takes care, by every artifice of perspective and a little exaggeration of aerial tone, to make you feel how far off it is; then carries it up into the clearer air. Of course, if you don’t notice the distant porch, or are not in the habit of measuring the size of one part of a thing by another, you will not feel it here—but neither would you have felt it there, at Strasburg itself.

Next, for composition. If you ever read my last year’s notes on Turner, you must remember how often I had to dwell on his way of conquering any objectionable character in his main subject by putting more of the same char-

acter in something else, where it was *not* objectionable. Now it happens to be one of the chief faults of Strasburg Spire (and it has many, for all the reputation of it), to be far too much constituted of meagre upright lines (see the angle staircases, and process of their receding at the top, and the vertical shafts across the window at its base). Prout instantly felt, as he drew the tower, that, left to itself it would be too ironlike and stiff. He does not disguise this character in the least, but conquers it utterly by insisting with all his might on the flutings of the pilasters of the near well. 'How ill drawn these!' you say. Yes, but he hates these, in themselves, and does not care how badly he draws them, so only that by their ugly help he can save the Cathedral. Which they completely do: taking all the stiffness out of it, and leaving it majestic. Next—he uses contrast to foil its beauty, as he has used repetition to mask its faults. In the Abbeville, No. 4, he had a beautiful bit of rustic white wall to set off his towers with. Here, in Strasburg, half modernised, alas! even in his time, he finds nothing better than the great ugly white house behind the lamp. In old times, remember, a series of gables like that of the last house would have gone all down the street. (Compare the effect in Antwerp, No. 19, all contemporary.) Prout will not do any 'restoration'—he knows better: but he could easily have disguised this white house with cast shadows across the street and some blinds and carpets at the windows. But the white, vulgar mass shall not be so hidden, and the richness of all the old work shall gain fulness out of the modern emptiness, and modesty out of the modern impudence.

Pre-eminently the gain is to the dear old gabled house on the right, which is the real subject of the drawing, being a true Strasburg dwelling-house of the great times. But before speaking more of this I must ask you to look at the next subject.

12. LISIEUX, OLD STREET IN.

This, though it contains so much work, is a hurried and fatigued drawing—fatigued itself in a sense, as having more touches put on it than were good for it; and the sign of fatigue in the master, or perhaps rather of passing illness, for he seems never to have been tired in the ordinary way. The unusually confused and inarticulate figures, the more or less wriggled and ill-drawn draperies, and the unfinished foundation of the house on the right, where actually there is a line crossing another unintentionally! are all most singular with him; and I fancy he must have come on this subject at the end of a sickly-minded day, and yet felt that he must do all he could for it, and then broken down.

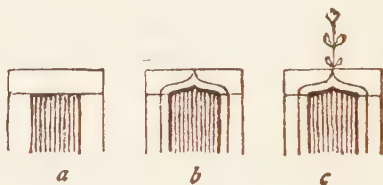
He has resolved to do it justice, at least in the drawing No. , one of the best in the room; but there are characters in the subject itself which, without his quite knowing why, cramped him, and kept several of his finer powers from coming into play.

Note first, essentially, he is a draughtsman of stone, not wood, and a tree-trunk is always wholly beyond his faculty; so that, when everything is wooden, as here, he has to translate his stony manner for it all through, and is as if speaking a foreign language. In the finished drawing, one scarcely knows whether the near doorway is stone or wood.

And there was one character, I repeat, in this subject that specially strained this weak part of him. When a wooden house is in properly wooden style—he can always do it, as at Abbeville and Strasburg. But this street at Lisieux is a wooden street in stone style. I feel even tempted to write fine scientific modern English about it, and say it is objectively lignologie and subjectively petrologie. The crossing beams of the wall-courses, and king-posts of the gables in dormer windows are indeed properly expressive of timber structure; but all the sculpture is imitative of the forms developed in the stone traceries of

the same period—seen perfectly in the elaborate drawing, No. 8.

Those traceries were themselves reciprocally corrupted, as we shall see presently, by the woodwork practised all round them; but both the Burgundian and Norman later Gothic was corrupted by its own luxurious laziness, before it took any infection from the forest. Instead of building a real pointed arch—they merely put a cross lintel with a nick in it * (*a*), then softened the nick-edges and ran a line



of moulding round it (*b*), and then ran up a flourish above to show what a clever thing they had done, (*c*),—and there you are. But there is much more curious interest in this form of wooden imitative architecture than any mere matter of structural propriety.

Please compare the Lisieux houses in No. 11, with the house on the right at Strasburg in No. 10. You see there are no pinnacles nor crockets imitated there. All is sternly square—upright timber and cross timber—cut into what ornamental current mouldings the workman knew.

And yet you see the Cathedral at the side is eminently gabled and pinnacular! Run your eye from the square window of the second story of the house (third from ground), along to the cathedral gabled tracery. Could any two styles be more adverse? While on the contrary, the Lisieux street is merely a 'changing the willow wreaths to stone,'—in imitation of the chapel of St. Jaques? It is

* Without the nick, mind you, it would have been a grand building—pure Greek or pure Tuscan, and capable of boundless good. It is the Nicolaitane nick that's the devil.

true, the Lisieux street is contemporary with St. Jaques, and the Strasburg house a century or so later than the Cathedral; but that is not the reason of the opposition. Had they been either pure French or pure German the two would have declined together and have died together. But in France of the fifteenth century, church, noblesse, and people, were one body, and the people in Lisieux loved and delighted in their clergy and nobles, as the Venetians did,—

‘Pontifices, clerus, populus, dux mente serenus.’

But Strasbourg is on the edge—nay, on the Pole—of all divisions. Virtually, from west to east, between Dijon and Berne; virtually, from north to south, between Cologne and Basle; virtually, if you have eyes the Diet of Worms is in it; the Council of Constance is in it; the Battle of Sempach is there, and the rout of Granson.

That is a Swiss cottage, with all ecclesiastical and feudal powers flaming up into the sky at the side of it, and the iron lances and lines of them are as lace round the ‘Commerce de Jean Diehl.’ ‘Commerce,’ a grand word, which we suppose ourselves here to understand, an entirely vile one, if misunderstood. Human commerce, a business for men and angels; but inhuman, for apes and spectres. We must look at a few more street-scenes in order to find out which sort Jean Diehl’s belongs to.

14. BAYEUX.

A small sketch, but first-rate, and with half a mile of street in it. Pure and plain woodwork this, with prop and buttress of stumpy stone—healthy all, and sound; note especially the strong look of foundation, as opposed to the modern style of house-front in most commercial quarters,—five stories of brick wall standing on the edge of a pane of plate-glass.

15. TOURS.

The saints presiding over an old-clothes shop, apparently;—but it may be the fashionable drapers of the quarter. I merely give it as an example of the developed form of bracket, the end of the cross timber becoming a niche, and the prop, a saint—not without meaning. Much more strength than is really wanted allowed in the backing, so that these corrugated saints do not by their recessed niches really weaken the structure. Compare photograph, No. 117.

16. ROUEN. THE BUTTER-TOWER.

Built with the octroi on butter—not a right way,—be it spoken, in passing. All taxes on food of any sort, or drink of any sort, are wrong, whether to build a pious tower, or support an impious government.

A tired sketch,—the house on the left, one of the most beautiful in France, hurried and ill done.

17. ROUEN. STAIRCASE IN ST. MACLOU.

Almost unique in the elaboration of the texture in marble pillar, and effect of distant light, showing what he was capable of in this kind: compare St. Jaques, No. 8, where he gets flickering sunlight through painted glass. There, the effect is pathetic and expressive; but both texture and effect of light were mistakes, in St. Maclou; it does not in the least matter to the staircase whether the pillar is smooth, or the window bright. In earlier times, he would have merely indicated the forms of both, and given his time to gather groups of figures following the circular sweep of the staircase.

18. GHENT.

Having run south now as far as I care, we will turn back, please, to go through the Netherlands into Germany. Pretty nearly *all* the Netherlands are in this and the following drawing. Boats, beside houses; the boats heavily

practical; the houses heavily fanciful; but both accurate and perfect in their way; work of a great, though fawitted, people. The Ghent scene is the very cream of Prout,—all that he could best do in his happiest times—his Cornish and Hastings boat-study standing him in thorough stead *here*, though it will fail him at Venice, as we shall sadly see.

19. ANTWERP.

Altogether magnificent: the noble street-scene, requiring no effort to exalt, no artifice to conceal a single feature in it. Pure fact,—the stately houses and the simple market, and the divine tower. You would like advertisements all along the house-fronts, instead, wouldn't you? and notices of sale—at a ruinous sacrifice—in the shop-windows, wouldn't you? and a tramway up the street, and a railway under it, and a gasometer at the end of it, instead of a cathedral—now wouldn't you?

21. BRUNSWICK.

Dainty still; a most lovely drawing. I didn't find anything so good in the town myself, but was not there until 1859, when, I suppose, all the best of it had been knocked down. The Stadthaus (see lithograph, No. 93) is unique in the support of its traceries on light transverse arches, but this innovation, like nearly all German specialities in Gothic, is grotesque, and affected without being ingenious.

22. DRESDEN.

An exquisite drawing; and most curious in the entire conquest and calming down of Prout's usual broken touch into Renaissance smoothness. It is the best existing representation of the old town, and readers of Friedrich may care to know what it was like.

23. PRAGUE.—ENTRANCE OVER THE BRIDGE.

A drawing already noticed, of the highest quality. The lithograph, No. 91, of the other side of the tower on

the right, enables us to walk back the other way; it is quite one of the best drawings in the book.

24. PRAGUE.—THE STADTHAUS.

Both lovely, and essentially Proutesque, as a drawing. Architecturally, one of the prettiest possible examples of fourteenth century Gothic. The town was all, more or less, like that, once—the houses beyond have, I suppose, been built even since the siege.

25. BAMBERG.

I include this drawing in our series, first for its lovely crowd of figures; and secondly, to show that Prout never attempts to make anything picturesque that naturally isn't. Domo d'Ossola and Bologna (47 and 64) are picturesque—in the drawings, because they are so in reality—and heavy Bamberg remains as dull as it pleases to be. This strict honesty of Prout's has never been rightly understood, because he didn't often draw dull things, and gleaned the picturesque ones out of every hole and corner; so that everybody used to think it was he who had made them picturesque. But, as aforesaid, he is really as true as a mirror.

26. NUREMBERG, CHURCH OF ST. , AT.

Of the best time, and certainly the fullest expression ever given of the character of the church. But the composition puzzled him, the house corner on left coming in too abruptly, and the sketch falls short of his best qualities; he gets fatigued with the richness in excess over so large a mass, and feels that nothing of foreground will carry it out in harmony.

28. THE DRACHENFELS.

When I said that Turner and Prout stood by themselves in power of rendering magnitude, I don't mean on the same level, of course, but in perfect sympathy; and

Turner himself would have looked with more than admiration—with real respect—at this quiet little study. I have never seen any other picture or drawing which gave so intensely the main truths of the breadth and prolonged distances of the great river, and the scale and standing of the rock, as compared with the buildings, and woods at its feet.

The ‘standing’ of the rock, I say especially; for it is in great part by the perfect sculpture and build of its buttresses—(the ‘articulation’ which, I have just said, Fielding shunned as too troublesome) that the effect, or rather information, of magnitude is given.

And next to this rock drawing, the clear houses and trees, and exquisite little boat—examined well—complete the story of mountain power by their intense reality. Take the lens to them—there is no true enjoyment to be had without attention, either from pictures, or the truth itself.

29. ISLANDS ON THE RHINE.

First, the power of the Dragon rock—then of the noble river. It seems to have been an especially interesting scene this, to good painters. One of the most elaborate pieces of drawing ever executed by Turner was from this spot.

30. THE PFALZ.

Hurried a little, and too black in distance—but I include it in the series for a most interesting bit of composition in it. The building, from this point of view, had a disagreeable look of a church-tower surrounded by pepper-boxes. He brings it into a mass, and makes a fortress of it, by the shadow on the mountain to the right of the tower, almost as dark as a bit of roof.

32. WORMS.

An early drawing—the only one included in this series—is to be compared with the careful water-colour, No. 31.

35. ULM.

A beautiful drawing of one of the most interesting street fountains in Germany. It is given in this sketch, as usual, with entire care and feeling of its proportion. The water-colour drawing, No. 36, shows the little interest he took in copying for the Exhibition, knowing that the British mind was not to be impressed by proportion, and only cared for getting things into their frames. The lithograph, No. 90, is, on the contrary, one of his most careful works, and quite true to the place, when I saw it in 1835. I suppose it is all pulled down, and made an 'esplanade' of by this time. (See *Seven Lamps*, p. 182, in Appendix I.)

37 and 33. SWISS AND GERMAN COSTUMES.

I never can understand how these groups are ever designed,—or caught, and how they are built up, one by one. No painter who can do it ever tells us how.

39. CHILLON.

The only drawing I ever saw which gave the real relation of the castle to the size of the mountains behind it.

40. THE DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

I must leave the reader now to make what he may of this and the following drawings as far as 47:—all of them, to people who know the old look of the places, will be interesting; but I have no time to enlarge on them.

41. MONTREUX.

42. WATERFALL UNDER THE DENT DU MIDI, IN THE RHONE VALLEY.

43. VILLAGE OF MARTIGNY.

46. BRIEG.

47. DOMO D' OSSOLA.

One of the most exemplary in the room, for intense

fidelity to the place, and lovely composition of living groups. Note the value of the upright figure in the balcony on the left, in breaking up and enriching the mass, and joining it with the rest.

48. Como.

Enough dwelt on in the preface.

49. THE MONUMENT OF CAN SIGNORIO DELLA SCALA: AT VERONA.

Note that the low sarcophagus on the left, of much finer time than the richer tomb, has on its side a bas-relief representing the Madonna enthroned between two angels, a third angel presents to her the dead knight's soul, kneeling.

50. The large drawing of the subject, No. 50, has lost all these particulars. Was it all Prout's fault, shall we say? Was there anyone, in his time, of English travellers, who would have thanked him for a madonna and a dead old Scaliger, done ever so clearly?

56. VENICE. DUCAL PALACE FROM THE WEST.

57. VENICE. DUCAL PALACE FROM THE EAST.

58. ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, NORMANDY.

I have put No. 58 in this eccentric manner, after the Ducal Palace, that the reader may feel, for good and all, Prout's intense appreciation of local character,—his gaiety with the gay, and his strength with the strong. Cornish-bred, his own heart is indeed in the rocks, and towers, and sands of the fraternal Norman shore,—and it fails him in Venice, where the conditions alike of her masquing and her majesty were utterly strange to him. Still, the sense of light, and motion, and splendour above the Riva dei Schiavoni; and of gloom, and iron-fastness, and poverty, midst the silent sands of Avranches, are rendered by

the mirror of him, as if you had but turned its face from sun to shade.

The St. Michael's is an entirely grand drawing. The St. Raphael's—for that is indeed the other name of the Ducal Palace *—on this side, has many faults; but is yet, out and out, the best Ducal Palace that has yet been done. It is not an architectural drawing,—does not in the least pretend to be. No one had ever drawn the traceries of the Ducal Palace till I did myself. Canaletto, in his way, is just as false as Prout,—Turner no better. Not one of them painted anything but their general impressions; and not a soul in England knew that there was a system in Venetian architecture at all, until I made the measured (to half and quarter inches) elevation of it (No. 105), and gave the analysis of its tracery mouldings and their development, from those of the Franciscans at the Frari (*Stones of Venice*, vol. ii.). This study of Prout's, then, I repeat, does not pretend to architectural accuracy; and it has even one very considerable fault. Prout's mind had been so formed among buildings solid at the base, and aerial at the top, that he not only could not enjoy, he could not even *see*, the national audacity of the great builder of the Ducal Palace, in supporting its wall on, virtually, two rows of marble piles; and, at the further end, just where the shafts at the angle let the winds blow through them as frankly as the timbers of Calais pier,† he blackens them

* The angel Michael is the angle statue on the south-west (seen in No. 56), with the inscription, 'With my sword I guard the good, and cleanse the evil.' The angel Raphael holds in his hands the nations' prayer to him, 'Raphael, the dreadful ('reverende'), make thou the deep quiet, we beseech thee.'

† The real and marvellous structure of the angle is admirably shown in the photograph, No. 106*a*, though the quantity of light penetrating the shafts is a little exaggerated in effect by uniting with the light sides of the shafts. Taking the lens to the photograph, you will see this line is destroyed by the modern gas-lamp stuck across the Italian sculpture, and you may admire at leisure the other improvements made by the art of the nineteenth century on the effect of the piazzetta. The combina.

all up inside, as if the backing wall were solid and the arches were only niches.

For all that, there never was anything so true to the general splendour and life of the palace done before, nor ever will be again.*

There are two points—technical both and spiritual both—which the reader must note in this drawing.

The first, how thankful Prout is for the clusters of doves along the upper line of the cornice. ‘They might as well be jackdaws,’ you think? Well, as aforesaid, Prout is not a colourist, else he would have made his boats black and his doves grey; but then he would have been Carpaccio, and not Prout. This is really all you can expect him to do for a dove, with his poor Cumberland plumbago;—and, after all, the glory of the creatures is not in being pigeons, but in being Venetians. Swallow or sparrow, daw or dove, sea-gull by Achilles’ isle or chough by Cornish cliff,—that they are living with us by shore and altar, under cottage eaves and around palace council chambers, that is their glory,—and, if we knew it, our peace.

tion of the fore and mizen masts of the huge steamer whose hull, with its boat, blocks out the whole lagoon; and of the upright *near* gas-lamp, with the pillar of St. Mark:—the introduction of the steamer’s painted funnel to form a foundation for the tower of San Giorgio—the bathing establishment anchored beyond the pillars, just where the Bucentaur used to lie close to the quay to receive the Doge; and, finally, the bills pasted on the sheds at the base of St. Mark’s column, advising us of improving works of a liberal tone, such as the ‘*Storia della Natura*,’ and the ‘*Misteri della Inquisizione di Spagna*.’ In this same Loggia of Sansovino’s, against which these sheds are built, the ‘*Misteri*’ of the Government Lottery are also revealed weekly to the popular mind.

* And in the great drawing (No. 60) lent by Lord Coleridge the upper storey is singularly and gracefully accurate in the pinnacled Gothic of its central window, and in the various elevations and magnitudes of the rest. The two upper windows in the shade at the nearest angle are the oldest portion of the Palace visible, and Prout has carefully noted their different curve. The bright and busy figures are true to old times only, for the building is now being restored, and no man with a heart will ever draw the patched skeleton of it more.

The other point is more definitely technical, yet has its lesson in other directions also. I have already again and again insisted on Prout's way of taking up his stitches, and carrying one part of his work into another. Look back to what is said of the Como in preface. He is no more content with his Ducal Palace till he has got it well into fugue with its crowd than he was with these old houses by the harbour. He won't break the corner of its arcade, but just flutes, as it were, a single pillar with the mast of a boat, and then carries the mast down—stopping the arch-mouldings for it, observe, as he draws them, so deliberate is he, and, getting well down so to his figures, rivets the rent of the canal across with the standing one, just under Michael Steno's central window, and then carries all away to the right, with the sitting figures and levelled sails in harmony with the courses of the palace, and to the left, with the boats. Hide one of these foundational forms with your hand, and see how the palace goes to pieces! There are many compositions in the room more felicitous; but there is no other in which the opposite influence to the 'little rift within the lute'—the stich in time that saves nine—is so delicately and so intensely illustrated as by the service of this single boat-spar to every shaft of the whole Ducal palace.

With respect to these Venice drawings there are two metaphysical problems—in my own mind, of extreme insolubility—and on which I therefore do not enlarge, namely, why Prout, practical among all manner of Cornish and Kentish boats, could not for the life of him draw a gondola; and the second, why, not being able to draw a gondola, he yet never gave the grand Adriatic fishing-boat, with its coloured sail, instead. These, and other relative questions still more abstruse—as, for instance, why he could draw the domes of Dresden rightly, and yet made the Madonna della Salute look like the National Gallery or Bethlehem Hospital—I must for the present leave for the reader's own debate, and only at speed give

some account of the points to be illustrated by the supplementary drawings.

People often ask me—and people who have been long at Venice too—of the subject No. 55, *where* those square pillars are, and what they are. The corner of the Piazzetta from which this view is taken was once the sweetest of all sacred niches in that great marble withdrawing-room of the Piazzetta of St. Mark's. My old sketch, No. 107, shows approximately the colour of the marble walls and pavement of it, and the way the white flowers of the Greek pillars—purest Byzantine—shone through the dark spots of lichen. The Daguerreotype, No. 114, taken under my own direction, gives the light and shade of them, chosen just where the western sunlight catches the edge of the cross at the base of the nearer one; and my study, No. 108, shows more fully the character of the Byzantine chiselling—entirely freehand, flinging the marble acanthus-leaves here and there as they would actually grow. It is *through* work of this kind that the divine Greek power of the days of Hesiod came down to animate the mosaic workers in St. Mark's in the eleventh century.

They worked under a Greek princess, of whom the reader will find some legend (though yet I have not been able to do more than begin her story) in the second number of *St. Mark's Rest*.* In the third I have given some account of the entire series of mosaics which were completed by her husband under the influence of his Greek queen (true *queen*, mind you, at that time, the Duke of Venice then wearing the king's diadem, not the republican cap); and I besought my readers at Venice and elsewhere to help me to get some faithful record of these

* My readers continually complain that they can't get ~~any~~ presently issuing books. There is not a bookseller in London, however, who is not perfectly well aware that the said books are always to be had by a post-card sent to my publisher, Mr. G. Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent, to whom subscriptions for the object stated in the text are to be sent, (or the books may be had of the Fine Art Society).

mosaics before they perished by modern restoration. I have never made a more earnest appeal for anything—and indeed I believe, had it been for a personal gift—another Splügen drawing, or the like—I should have got it by this time easily enough. But there are always twenty people who will do what they feel to be kind, for one who will take my advice about an important public object. And—if they only knew it—the one real kindness they *can* show to me is in listening to me—understanding, in the first place, that I know my business better at sixty than I did at five-and-twenty; and in the second, that my happiness, such as yet remains to me, does not at all consist in the things about me in my own parlour, but in the thought that the principles I have taught are being acted upon, and the great buildings and great scenes I have tried to describe saved, so far as may yet be possible, from destruction and desecration. At this very hour, the committees of Venetian builders are meeting to plot the total destruction, and re-erection according to their own notions, and for their own emolument, of the entire west front of St. Mark's—that which Barbarossa knelt under, and before which Dandolo took his vow for Palestine! And in the meantime the Christian populace of all Europe is quarrelling about their little parish reredoses and wax-candles! *

And so it comes to pass, that the floor of St. Mark's is already destroyed, together with the north and south sides; only the west front and roof mosaics are yet left, and these are instantly threatened. I have got an absolutely faithful and able artist, trained by Mr. Burne Jones, to undertake the copying of the whole series of mosaics yet

* It may perhaps not be quite too late to contradict a report that appeared in some Irish paper, that I had been lately in Dublin, giving some opinion or other about reredoses. I have not been in Ireland these ten years—never shall be in Ireland more—and care no more about any modern churches or church furniture than about the drop-scene at Drury Lane—not so much indeed, if the truth were all told.

uninjured. He is doing this for love and mere journeyman's wages—how carefully and thoroughly the three examples in this room (114, 115, 116) will enough show; but he has been six months at work alone, unable to employ assistants, and all that I have yet got for him by the eagerest appeals I could make at Venice and here is—some hundred and seventy pounds, and half of that from a single personal friend!*

I will have a little circular drawn up, stating these and other relative facts clearly, before the close of the present exhibition. Before its opening, I can allow myself now little more than the mere explanation of what it contains.

And now I really haven't time to talk any more, and yet I've ever so much to say, if I could, of the following drawings at Arqua and Nuremberg, 77 and 70. I must at least say at once why these, like Venice and St. Michael's Mount, go side by side.

In the first place, I believe that the so-called Petrarch's house at Arqua (67) can only be built on the site of the real one—it can't be of Petrarch's time; but the tomb is true, and just looking from that, to the building of Dürer's house (70)—which is assuredly authentic—and of Rubens's, No. 81, what a quantity of the lives of the men we are told by these three slight sketches! One of the things I hope to do at Sheffield is to get a connected and systematic series of drawings of the houses and the tombs of great men. The tombs, of course, generally tell more of their successors than of themselves; but the two together will be historical more than many volumes. Their houses, I say; yes, and the things they saw from their houses—quite the chief point with many of the best men and women. Casa Guidi windows, often of much more import than Casa Guidi; and in this house of Albert's, its own cross-timbers are little matter, but those Nuremberg walls around it are everything.

* £ s. d., by report from Mr. Allen, of 12th November.

73. KELSO.

I now gather together as I best may, the supplementary drawings which have come in since I arranged my series, and one or two others which did not properly belong to it. This one of Kelso is chiefly valuable as showing his mode of elementary study with washes of two tints—one warm, the other a little cooler. The system was afterwards expanded into his colour practice.

74. ENTRANCE TO NORTH TRANSEPT OF ROUEN.

Unfinished, and extremely interesting, as showing his *method* of rubbing in the tint with the stump or his finger, before adding the pencil lines.

75. STUDY OF DUTCH BOATS.

These boat sketches might be multiplied countlessly—and I would fain have given many and talked much of them, but have neither room nor time. Note in this the careful warping of the mast by the strain of the heavy sail.

76. NEUDERSDORF. }

77. GUTENFELS. }

Two lovely Rhine realities; when the river was something better than a steam-tramway.

78. AN OLD RHINE BRIDGE, AT RHEINFELDEN.

A favourite Turner subject, and drawn and engraved with great care in *Modern Painters*. As a Prout, it is inferior—small in manner and forced, but as usual, wholly true to the place.

79. MUNICH.

Notable chiefly for the effort made to draw the attention away from the ugly arcade under the houses by the crowd of near figures. Compare the insistence on beautiful arcades in the Como and Domo d'Ossola.

80. YPRÈS.

Wholly lovely, and to be classed with the Abbeville and

Evreux as one of the most precious records of former domestic architecture.

81. RUBENS' HOUSE, ANTWERP.

The kind of domestic architecture that destroyed all reverence for what preceded it, and brought us down to—what we are.

Note the beginning of modern anatomies and sciences and pseudo classicalisms in the monstrous skulls of beasts.

82. CAEN. }

83. FALAISE. }

Two of the most careful and finished pieces of his later work, but rather architectural studies than pictures, and alas! the architecture of the worst school. So little can the taste be really formed without study of sculpture as the queen of edifying law. See notes on Supplementary Sketches.

86. PORTICO DI OTTAVIA, ROME.

All the life and death of Rome is in this quite invaluable drawing: but I have no time to talk of the life and death of Rome, and perhaps the enlightened modern student would only care for a view of the new tobacco manufactory under the Palatine.

87. WELL AT STRASBURG.

We don't want wells neither, in these days of wisdom, having Thirlmere turned on for us, or Loch Katrine, at our pleasure. But—from the days of Jacob's well till—thirty years ago, such things were pleasant in human eyes.

88. WELL AT STRASBURG.

I close our Prout pencilling with seven examples of his superb work on stone; all by his own hand, and as literally and thoroughly his, touch for touch, as the pencil sketches themselves, and even more wonderful in their easy mastery of the more difficult material.

What a disgrace it is to modern landscape painters that this book of Prout's, '*Sketches in Flanders and Germany*,' should remain, to this day, the *only work* of true artistic value produced, that is to say, by the artist's own hand, purchasable by the public of Europe, in illustration of their national architecture!

89. WELL AT NUREMBERG.

This study is one of the most beautiful, but also, one of the most imaginative that ever Prout made—highly exceptional and curious.

The speciality of Nuremberg is, that its walls are of stone, but its windows—especially those in the roof, for craning up merchandise—are of wood. All the projecting windows and all the dormers in this square are of wood. But Prout could not stand the inconsistency, and deliberately petrifies all the wood. Very naughty of him! I have nothing to say in extenuation of this offence; and, alas! secondly, the houses have, in reality, only three stories, and he has put a fourth on, out of his inner consciousness!

I never knew him do such a thing before or since; but the end of it is, that this drawing of Nuremberg is immensely more Nuremberg than the town itself, and a quite glorious piece of mediæval character.

90. ULM.

91. PRAGUE.—TOWER OF THE GATE.

92. PRAGUE.—STADTHAUS.—The realisation of sketch No.

93. BRUNSWICK.—RATHHAUS.

94. COBLENTZ.

I have always held this lithograph to show all Prout's qualities in supreme perfection, and proudly finish our series of pencil and chalk work with it.

We now come to a large series of early colour studies, promising better things than ever came of them; and then the examples of Prout, for which we are simply to blame the public taste he had to meet, and not him. There were no pre-Raphaelites in those days. On the walls at the Scala Palace, in that sketch of Verona, No. 49, Prout has written, conscientiously, 'brick;' but do you think if he had painted it of brick, anybody would have bought the drawing? Since those days, all the work of Walker, of Boyce, of Alfred Hunt, of Albert Goodwin, of John Brett (the whole school of them, mind you, founded first on the strong pre-Raphaelite veracities which were all but shrieked down at the first seeing of them, and which I had to stand up alone for, against a whole national clamour of critical vituperation), all that affectionate and laborious painting from nature has familiarised you, now, with birds, and ivy, and blossoms, and berries, and mosses, and rushes, and ripples, and trickles, and wrinkles, and twinkles; and, of course, poor old Prout's conventional blue wash won't look its best afterwards. Be thankful to *them*, (and somewhat also—I say it not in pride, but as a part of the facts—to *Modern Painters* and me) and indulgent to the old workman, who did the best he could for his customers, and the most he could for his money.

95. THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.—See preface.

96. LAUNCESTON.

Had this drawing been brought to me as an early Turner, I should have looked twice, and thrice, at it before saying no. If Prout had only had just ever so little more pride, and some interest in British history, he would have been a painter, indeed! and no mean pencil draughtsman. But he just missed it—and a miss is as bad as a mile, or a million of miles; and I say nothing more of the series of water-colours here, except only that many a good lesson may be learned from them in chiaroscuro, and in flat tinting, by modest students.

SUPPLEMENTARY DRAWINGS.

There are—or ought to be, if I get them together in time—eleven of my own, namely :—

104. CALAIS.

104*a*. THE AVENTINE.

105. DUCAL PALACE AND BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

106. DUCAL PALACE, FOLIAGE OF SOUTH-WEST ANGLE.

107. PILLAR OF THE PIAZZETTA.

108. CHIAROSCURO STUDY OF THE SAME PILLAR.

109. THE CASA D'ORO.

110. WINDOW ON THE GRAND CANAL.

111. ABBEVILLE CROCKET.

112. OAK-LEAF.

113. MOSS AND OXALIS.

I meant when first this exhibition was planned, to have made it completely illustrative of the French flamboyant architecture, which Prout had chiefly studied ; but I have been too much interrupted by other duties ; and I can only now point out, once more,—after thirty years of reiterating this vital fact to architects in vain,—that until they are themselves absolute masters of sculptural surface, founded on natural forms, they do not know the meaning of any good work, in any school.

Sculptural *surface*, observe:—they fancy they have chosen an ornament when they have got its outline; but in sculpture the *surface* is everything; the outline follows, and is compelled by it. Thus, in the piece of Ducal Palace sculpture, No. 106, the entire value of it depends on the chiaroscuro of its surfaces; and it would be as absurd to think of sketching it without shade, as a piece of rippled lagoon. And in every minutest finial and crocket of that French flamboyant, the surfaces are studied to a perfection, not less subtle, though relieved by more violent shade. The fast study, No. 111, shows the action of the curved stems and flow of surfaces in one of the crockets of Abbeville. See photograph No. 6, and the study of oak-leaves, No. 112, will show how the natural forms of vegetation lend themselves to every need of such attentive design. I have painted this bit of leafage in two stages, showing—if anyone cares to know it—the way Hunt used his body colour; laying it first with extreme care in form and gradation, but in pure white; and then glazing over it,—never disturbing it, or mixing it in the slightest degree with his clear colour. And it is only by this management of opaque colour that architectural detail can be drawn at speed, with any useful result. See the bit of honeysuckle ornament, for instance, at the top of the pillar in No. 108, and fancy the time it would have taken to express the bossy roundness of it in any other way. All disputes about the use of body colour, begin and end in the ‘to be or not to be’ of accurate form.

Then there are three drawings of St. Mark’s mosaics by Mr. Rooke:

114. FLORAL DECORATION.

115. MADONNA AND DAVID.

116. THE PROPHETS.

Then some variously illustrated photographs, &c.

117. ABBEVILLE.

118. PICTURE OF ABBEVILLE.

106a. VENICE, THE PIAZZETTA.

11. LITHOGRAPH OF MODERN STRASBURG.

119. (?) IMPROVEMENTS IN MODERN LONDON.

Then in the glass case, there is a little bit of real Venetian sixteenth century silk-work—put there to show precisely what Shakespeare meant by ‘Valance of Venice gold in needlework,’ (*Taming of the Shrew*), and secondly, to show the use of minute points of colour—no less than of form in decoration carried on; and finally, there is the Meissonier, above referred to, Napoleon, in 1814, on the Chaussée of Vitry, just after the battle of Arcis-sur-Aube.

‘The French horsemen, though inferior to none in the world for audacity and prowess, were overmatched by their opponents and driven back to the bridge of Arcis. Napoleon, who was on the other side, instantly rode forward to the entrance of the bridge, already all but choked up with fugitives, and drawing his sword, exclaimed, “Let me see which of you will pass before me!” These words arrested the flight, and the division Friant traversing the streets of Arcis in double-quick time passed the bridge, formed on either side of its other extremity, and by their heavy fire drove back the allied horse.

* * * * *

‘Napoleon was repeatedly in imminent danger, nearly all his staff were killed or wounded. “Fear nothing,” said he, to the generals who urged him to retire: “the bullet is not yet cast which is to kill me.” He seemed to court rather than fear death, his air was resolute but sombre, and as long as the battle raged, by the light of the burning houses behind and the flash of the enemies’ guns in front, he continued to face the hostile batteries.

* * * * *

‘On leaving Arcis, instead of taking the road to Chalons or to Paris, he moved on the chaussée of Vitry, direct towards the Rhine. His letter to the Empress Marie Louise was in these terms:—

“My love, I have been for some days constantly on horseback; on the 20th I took Arcis-sur-Aube. The enemy attacked me there at eight in the evening. I beat him the same evening. I took two guns and retook two. The next day the enemy’s army put itself in array to protect the march of its columns on Bar-sur-Aube, and I resolved to approach the Marne and its environs. This evening I shall be at St. Dizier. Farewell, my love. Embrace my son.”’ (See *Alison*, vol. x., pp. 396 to 406).

It would be difficult to find a more perfect example of the French realistic school than this picture. It is, of course, conventional, and founded on photographic effect—the white horse in reality would have looked like a ghost in the twilight, and not one of the details of the housings been in the least visible—had these been so, much more should the details of the landscape have been. But in its kind it is without rivalship, and I purpose that it shall remain in St. George’s schools—for a monument of War-sorrow, where War has been unjust.

II.—HUNT.

142. THE BUTTERFLY.

Before saying anything more of the Hunt series, I want my readers once more clearly to understand what I have brought it here for; namely, to show them what real painting is, as such, wholly without inquiry concerning its sentiment or story. The Prouts are here for an exactly opposite reason—not at all to show you what mere pencilling is, as such—but what it can pencil for us of European scenery and history. Whereas this butterfly is here, not at all to teach you anything you didn't know about butterflies; nor the peach and grapes to teach you anything you didn't know about those familiar fruits; nor even that boy in his father's boots to teach you anything you didn't know before about boys and boots. They are here merely to show you what is meant by Painting, as distinguished from daubing, from plastering, from rough casting, from chromo-tinting, from tray-varnishing, from paper-staining, and in general from the sort of things that people in general do when you put a brush into their hands, and a pot within reach of them.

Now that little brown-red butterfly (which Mr. Gurney is so fortunate in possessing) is a piece of real painting; and it is as good as Titian or anybody else ever did. And if you can enjoy it you can enjoy Titian and all other good painters; and if you can't see anything in *it*, you can't see anything in *them*, and it is all affectation and pretense to say that you care about them.

And with this butterfly, in the drawing I put first, please look at the mug and loaf in the one I have put last,

of the Hunt series, No. 171. The whole art of painting is in that mug—as the fisherman's genius was in the bottle. If you can feel how beautiful it is, how etherial, how heathery and heavenly, as well as to the uttermost, muggy : you have an eye for colour, and can enjoy heather, heaven, and everything else below and above. If not you must enjoy what you can, contentedly, but it won't be painting ; and in mugs, it will be more the beer than the crockery ; and on the moors, rather grouse than heather.

Going back to No. 142, you will perhaps ask me why the poppy is so poor and the butterfly so rich ? Mainly because the poppy withered and the butterfly was pinned and permanent. But there are other reasons, of which more presently.

144. HERRING AND PILCHARD.

Supreme painting again, and done with his best pains ; for these two subjects, and

146. DEAD CHICKEN

Were done by the old man, in all kindness and care, at my own request, for me to give as types of work to country schools of Art. Yet no kindness or care could altogether enable him to work rightly under the direction of another mind ; and the project was ultimately given up by me, the chicken finished as it is, having been one of my chief disappointments. And here anon, let me enter into some general account of the tenor of his drawings. They may be broadly divided into the following classes, into one or other of which every work of importance from his hand will distinctly fall.

CLASS 1.

Drawings illustrative of rural life in its vivacity and purity, without the slightest endeavour at idealisation, and still less with any wish either to caricature, or deplore its imperfections. All the drawings belonging to this class

are, virtually, faultless, and most of them very beautiful. It is, I am glad to say, thoroughly represented in this room, which contains several examples of the highest quality, namely, 121, 168, 171, 172, 173, 175.

Besides two pieces of still life (169 and the interior, No. 174), properly belonging to the group

CLASS 2.

Country life, with endeavour to add interest to it by passing sentiment.

The drawings belonging to this class are almost always over-finished, and liable to many faults. There are three in this collection—120, 165, 166.

CLASS 3.

Country life, with some expression of its degradation, either by gluttony, cowardice, or rudeness.

The drawings of this class are usually very clever and apt to be very popular; but they are on the whole dishonourable to the artist. There are five examples here, namely, 157, 158, 161, 163, 164.

CLASS 4.

Flower-pieces. Fruit is often included in these; but they form a quite separate class, being necessarily less finished drawings—the flowers sooner changing their form. Including the fungi among these, there are eight fine ones in the room, 148, 150, 149, 154, 152, 147, 151, 156.

CLASS 5.

Fruit-pieces, on which a great part of the artist's reputation very securely rests. Five first-rate ones are here, and several of interesting, though inferior, quality.

CLASS 6.

Dead animals. Alas! if he could but have painted living ones, instead of those perpetual bunches of grapes. But it could not be. To a weakly, sensitive, nervous tem-

perament, the perpetual changes of position, and perpetual suggestions of new beauty in an animal, are entirely ruinous: in ten minutes they put one in a fever. Only the very greatest portrait-painters—Sir Joshua and Velasquez—can draw animals rightly.

I begin with this last class and re-ascend to the highest.

138. DEAD HARE AND GAME.

A most notable drawing of early practice, quite wonderful in textures of fur and in work of shadows, but tentative, and in many points failing.

141. DEAD DOVE. (A.)

A pure water-colour drawing, before his style was perfectly formed. Full of interest, but too conventional and slight in back-ground.

139. DEAD DOVE. (B.)

Finished work of central time.

145. DEAD DOVE. (C.)

Replica, I suppose, of B, with completer back-ground, and of highest quality. I must be pardoned for saying so of my own drawing; but of course, after long and affectionate relations with the painter, it would be strange if I had not some of his best works.

143. PINE, MELON, AND GRAPES.

We were obliged to put this drawing low down, for, in spite of its dark background, it killed everything we put near it. To my mind, it is the most majestic piece of work in the room. The grapes are of the Rubens Vintage, and the shadows have the darkness of Tintoret. It is wholly free from any pettiness of manner, and evidences spring and succulence of foliage; it is as if the strength of nature were in it, rather than of human hand. I never saw it until now, and have learned from it more than after my fifty years of labour I thought anything but a Venetian picture could have taught me.

132. 'LOVE WHAT YOU STUDY, STUDY WHAT YOU LOVE.'

All modern painters in a nutshell of a sentence, and the painted nutshell perfect.—See Preface.

130. GRAPES.

Consummate. Can't be better anywhere.

131. MR. SIBETH'S QUINCES.

All that's best in this kind.

125. BULLACES.

Very fine, but conventional in back-ground.

129. GRAPES.

Perfect work, but wasted. Why he did so many grapes, and scarcely ever sloes, or finely russet apples, or *growing* strawberries, always mystified me.

126. PLUMS.

Finest work, but a little dull. My own favourites of his plums were such variegated ones as 133 and 135; but I somehow never got any. This drawing, however, was the one of which Hunt said to me innocently—seeing it again after some ten years—'It's very nice; isn't it?'

128. PLUMS.

The bit of oak-leaf here is very wonderful, and interesting as an example, and what Hunt meant by saying to me once, 'I like to see things "Fudged" out.' It is to be remembered, however, that this was his own special liking; and it must not be followed by the general student. The finest forms of anything cannot be 'fudged' out, but must be drawn, if possible, with the first line, at least with the last one, for ever.

149. DR. DRAGE'S FUNGI.

A perfect gem; 'Venetian red' in its best earthly splendour; it could only be more bright in clouds.

147. MR. FRY'S HAWTHORN.

A little overworked, but very glorious. Soft and scented, I think, if you only wait a little, and make-believe very much.

155. (Mine.) HAWTHORN AND BIRDS' NESTS.

The hawthorn this time a little *underworked*, but very good : and nests as good as can be.

148. LILAC. (MR. SIBETH'S.)

Fine, but curiously redundant. The upper branch by itself, or the lower with only the laburnum, or both together without the third, would have been beautiful ; but two's company, and three's none.

150. VASE WITH ROSE AND BASKET WITH FRUIT. }

151. FLOWERS AND FRUIT. }

Two resplendent ones ; everything that he could do best in this kind—absolutely right in colour, absolutely in light and shade, and without any rivalry in past or present art.

162. THE GAMEKEEPER.

Early study. Please observe that Hunt learned his business, not in spots but in lines. Compare the entirely magnificent sketch of the river-side, No. 124, which is as powerful in lines as Rembrandt, and the St. Martin's Church, No. 123, which is like a bit of Hogarth.

157. THE INVALID.

Full of humour ; but there is no place for humour in true painting. So also the Wasp, No. 163. If I could have the currant-pie without the boy, I should be content.

161. GIPSIES.

Very powerful ; historic in its kind.

166. PRAYING BOY. (MR. QUILTER'S.)

Over-finished, as its companion, No. 165, an endeavour

at doing what he did not understand. So also the large study of himself, No. 176, with the Mulatto, No. 122, and Wanderer, No. 120. His mode of work was entirely unfitted for full life-size.

121. MR. QUILTER'S STABLE-BOY.

MR. ORROCK'S SHY SITTER, AND THE BLESSING.

On the contrary, he is here again in his utmost strength—and in qualities of essential painting—unconquerable. In the pure faculty of painter's art—in what Correggio, and Tintoret, and Velasquez, and Rubens, and Rembrandt, meant by *painting*—that single bunch of old horse-collars is worth all Meissonier's horse-bridles—boots, breeches, epaulettes and stars, together.

The other drawings of the highest class need no commentary. There is not much in the two little candle-lights, Nos. 168, 175, but all that is, of the finest, and the three drawings with which I close our series, 'The Shy Sitter,' No. 172, 'The Fisherman's Boy,' No. 173, and 'The Blessing,' No. 171, things that the old painter was himself unspeakably blessed in having power to do. The strength of all lovely human life is in them; and England herself lives only, at this hour, in so much as, from all that is sunk in the luxury—sick in the penury—and polluted in the sin of her great cities, Heaven has yet hidden for her, old men and children such as these, by their fifties in her fields and on her shores, and fed them with Bread and Water.

APPENDIX I.

EVERY human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker ; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone ; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, ' See ! this our fathers did for us.' For, indeed, the greatest glory of a building is not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity. It is in their lasting witness against men, in their quiet contrast with the transitional character of all things, in the strength which, through the lapse of seasons and times, and the decline and birth of dynasties, and the changing of the face of the earth, and of the limits of the sea, maintains its sculptured shapeliness for a time insuperable, connects forgotten and following ages with each other, and half constitutes the identity, as it concentrates the sympathy, of nations ; it is in that golden stain of time, that we are to look for the real light, and colour, and preciousness of architecture ; and it is not until a building has assumed this character, till it has been intrusted with the fame, and hallowed by the deeds of men, till its walls have been witnesses of suffering, and its pillars rise out of the shadows of death, that its existence, more lasting as it is than that of the natural objects of the world around it, can be gifted with even so much as these possess, of language and of life.—*The Seven Lumps of Architecture*, pp. 172, 173.

But so far as it can be rendered consistent with the inherent character, the picturesque or extraneous sublimity of architecture has just this of nobler function in it than that of any other object whatsoever, that it is an exponent of age, of that in which, as has been said, the greatest glory of the building consists ; and, therefore, the external signs of this glory, having power and purpose greater than any belonging to their mere sensible beauty, may be considered as taking rank among pure and essential characters ; so essential to my mind, that I think a building cannot be considered as in its prime until four or five centuries have passed over it ; and that the entire

choice and arrangement of its details should have reference to their appearance after that period, so that none should be admitted which would suffer material injury either by the weather-staining, or the mechanical degradation which the lapse of such a period would necessitate.

It is not my purpose to enter into any of the questions which the application of this principle involves. They are of too great interest and complexity to be even touched upon within my present limits, but this is broadly to be noticed, that those styles of architecture which are picturesque in the sense above explained with respect to sculpture, that is to say, whose decoration depends on the arrangement of points of shade rather than on purity of outline, do not suffer, but commonly gain in richness of effect when their details are partly worn away ; hence such styles, pre-eminently that of French Gothic, should always be adopted when the materials to be employed are liable to degradation, as brick, sandstone, or soft limestone ; and styles in any degree dependent on purity of line, as the Italian Gothic, must be practised altogether in hard and undecomposing materials, granite, serpentine, or crystalline marbles. There can be no doubt that the nature of the accessible materials influenced the formation of both styles ; and it should still more authoritatively determine our choice of either.—*Ibid.* pp. 179, 180.

APPENDIX II.

THE essence of picturesque character has been already defined to be a sublimity not inherent in the nature of the thing, but caused by something external to it ; as the ruggedness of a cottage roof possesses something of a mountain aspect, not belonging to the cottage as such. And this sublimity may be either in mere external ruggedness, and other visible character, or it may lie deeper, in an expression of sorrow and old age, attributes which are both sublime ; not a dominant expression, but one mingled with such familiar and common characters as prevent the object from becoming perfectly pathetic in its sorrow, or perfectly venerable in its age.

For instance, I cannot find words to express the intense pleasure I have always in first finding myself, after some prolonged stay in England, at the foot of the old tower of Calais church. The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it ; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay ; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea grasses ; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling ; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare brown rock ; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it, putting forth no claim, having no beauty nor desirableness, pride, nor grace ; yet neither asking for pity ; not, as ruins are, useless and piteous, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days ; but useful still, going through its own daily work,—as some

old fisherman beaten grey by storm, yet drawing his daily nets : so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it ; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents ; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hillocked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this for patience and praise.

I cannot tell the half of the strange pleasures and thoughts that come about me at the sight of that old tower ; for, in some sort, it is the epitome of all that makes the Continent of Europe interesting, as opposed to new countries ; and, above all, it completely expresses that agedness in the midst of active life which binds the old and the new into harmony. We, in England, have our new street, our new inn, our green shaven lawn, and our piece of ruin emergent from it,—a mere *specimen* of the middle ages put on a bit of velvet carpet to be shown, which, but for its size, might as well be on a museum shelf at once, under cover. But, on the Continent, the links are unbroken between the past and present, and in such use as they can serve for, the grey-headed wrecks are suffered to stay with men ; while, in unbroken line, the generations of spared buildings are seen succeeding each in its place. And thus in its largeness, in its permitted evidence of slow decline, in its poverty, in its absence of all pretence, of all show and care for outside aspect, that Calais tower has an infinite of symbolism in it, all the more striking because usually seen in contrast with English scenes expressive of feelings the exact reverse of these.—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pp. 2, 3.

APPENDIX III.

AND, in some sort, the hunter of the picturesque is better than many other pleasure-seekers ; inasmuch as he is simple-minded and capable of unostentatious and economical delights, which if not very helpful to other people, are at all events utterly uninjurious, even to the victims or subjects of his picturesque fancies ; while to many others his work is entertaining and useful. And, more than all this, even that delight which he *seems* to take in misery is not altogether unvirtuous. Through all his enjoyment there runs a certain undercurrent of tragical passion,—a real vein of human sympathy ;—it lies at the root of all those strange morbid hauntings of his ; a sad excitement, such as other people feel at a tragedy, only less in degree, just enough, indeed, to give a deeper tone to his pleasure, and to make him choose for his subject the broken stones of a cottage wall rather than of a roadside bank, the picturesque beauty of form in each being supposed precisely the same : and, together with this slight tragical feeling, there is also a humble and romantic sympathy, a vague desire, in his own mind, to live in cottages rather than in palaces ; a joy in humble things, a

contentment and delight in makeshifts, a secret persuasion (in many respects a true one) that there is in these ruined cottages a happiness often quite as great as in kings' palaces, and a virtue and nearness to God infinitely greater and holier than can commonly be found in any other kind of place ; so that the misery in which he exults is not, as he sees it, misery, but nobleness,—‘poor and sick in body, and beloved by the Gods.’ And thus, being nowise sure that these things can be mended at all, and very sure that he knows not how to mend them, and also that the strange pleasure he feels in them *must* have some good reason in the nature of things, he yields to his destiny, enjoys his dark canal without scruple, and mourns over every improvement in the town, and every movement made by its sanitary commissioners, as a miser would over a planned robbery of his chest ; in all this being not only innocent, but even respectable and admirable, compared with the kind of person who has *no* pleasure in sights of this kind, but only in fair façades, trim gardens, and park palings, and who would thrust all poverty and misery out of his way, collecting it into back alleys, or sweeping it finally out of the world, so that the street might give wider play for his chariot-wheels, and the breeze less offence to his nobility.—*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. pp. 11, 12.

APPENDIX IV.

I do not doubt that you are greatly startled at my saying that greater pleasure is to be received from inferior Art than from the finest. But what do you suppose makes all men look back to the time of childhood with so much regret, (if their childhood has been, in any moderate degree, healthy or peaceful)? That rich charm, which the least possession had for us, was in consequence of the poorness of our treasures. That miraculous aspect of the nature around us was because we had seen little and knew less. Every increased possession loads us with new weariness ; every piece of new knowledge diminishes the faculty of admiration ; and Death is at last appointed to take us from a scene in which, if we were to stay longer, no gift could satisfy us, and no miracle surprise. . . .

In your educational series is a lithograph drawing, by Prout, of an old house in Strasbourg. The carvings of its woodwork are in a style altogether provincial, yet of which the origin is very distant. The delicate Renaissance architecture of Italy was affected, even in its finest periods, by a tendency to throw out convex masses at the bases of its pillars ; the wood-carvers of the 16th century adopted this bulged form as their first element of ornamentation, and these windows of Strasbourg are only imitations by the German peasantry of what, in its finest type, you must seek as far away as the Duomo of Bergamo.

But the burgher, or peasant, of Alsace enjoyed his rude imitation, adapted, as it was, boldly and frankly to the size of his house and the grain of the

larch logs of which he built, infinitely more than the refined Italian enjoyed the floral luxuriance of his marble : and all the treasures of a great exhibition could not have given him the tenth part of the exultation with which he saw the gable of his roof completed over its jutting fret-work ; and wrote among the rude intricacies of its sculpture, in flourished black letter, that ‘ He and his wife had built their house with God’s help, and prayed Him to let them live long in it,—they, and their children.’

But it is not only the rustic method of architecture which I wish you to note in this plate ; it is the rustic method of drawing also. The manner in which these blunt timber carvings are drawn by Prout is just as provincial as the carvings themselves. Born in a far-away district in England, and learning to draw, unhelped, with fishing-boats for his models ; making his way instinctively until he had command of his pencil enough to secure a small income by lithographic drawing ; and finding picturesque character in buildings from which all the finest lines of their carving had been effaced by time ;—possessing also an instinct in the expression of such subjects so peculiar as to win for him a satisfying popularity, and, far better, to enable him to derive perpetual pleasure in the seclusion of country hamlets, and the quiet streets of deserted cities,—Prout had never any motive to acquaint himself with the refinements, or contend with the difficulties, of a more accomplished art. So far from this, his manner of work was, by its very imperfection, in the most perfect sympathy with the subjects he enjoyed. The broad chalk touches in which he has represented to us this house at Strasbourg are entirely sufficient to give true idea of its effect. To have drawn its ornaments with the subtlety of Leonardesque delineation would only have exposed their faults and mocked their rusticity. The drawing would have become painful to you from the sense of the time which it had taken to represent what was not worth the labour, and to direct your attention to what could only, if closely examined, be a matter of offence. But here you have a simple and provincial draughtsman happily and adequately expressing a simple and provincial architecture ; nor could builder or painter have become wiser, but to their loss.—*Works of John Ruskin*, vol. iv., Eagle’s Nest, pp. 76, 77, 78, 79, 80.

CATALOGUE OF DRAWINGS.

PROUT LIST.

	<i>Contributed by</i>
1 Calais Town	Mr. S. G. Prout
2 Calais Old Pier. . . .	"
3 Figure Studies	"
4 Abbeville. West Front of S. Wulfran	Mr. Ruskin
5 Abbeville. North-west Tower of S. Wulfran	"
6 Abbeville. Photo	"
7 Amiens	Mr. S. G. Prout
8 Dieppe. Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre	Mr. Ruskin
9 Evreux	"
10 Strasburg	"
11 Strasburg. Litho. . . .	"
12 Lisieux	"
13 Lisieux. Water-colour Drawing	Mr. J. C. Ottway
14 Bayeux	Mr. Ruskin
15 Tours, Shop at	"
16 Rouen. The Tour de Beurre .	"
17 Rouen. Staircase, Maelon .	"
18 Ghent	"
19 Antwerp	"
20 Augsburg	Col. T. H. Sale
21 Brunswick	Mr. James Knowles
22 Dresden	Mr. Ruskin
23 Prague. The Bridge . . .	"

Contributed by

24	Prague. Stadt Haus	. . .	Mr. John Simon
25	Bramburg	. . .	Mr. S. G. Prout
26	Nuremberg	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
27	Lahnstein	. . .	Mr. W. H. Urwick
28	The Drachenfels	. . .	Mr. S. G. Prout
29	Islands of the Rhine	. . .	"
30	The Pfalz	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
31	Worms	. . .	Mr. G. W. Reid, F.S.A.
32	Worms. Pencil	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
33	Four Studies of Peasants at Ratisbonne	. . .	"
34	An Old Water-mill	. . .	Mr. Alfred Hunt
35	Ulm	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
36	Ulm. Water-colour Drawing	. . .	Mr. C. S. Whitmore.
37	Swiss Costumes	. . .	Mr. S. G. Prout
38	Old Hulk	. . .	Fine Art Society
39	Chillon	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
40	Chillon. The Dungeon	. . .	"
41	Montreux	. . .	Mr. S. G. Prout
42	Martigny. The Waterfall	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
43	Martigny. Village	. . .	Mr. S. G. Prout
44	A Castle	. . .	Mr. A. Hunt
45	Mayence	. . .	Mr. C. S. Whitmore
46	Brieg	. . .	Mr. S. G. Prout
47	Domo d'Ossola	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
48	Como	. . .	"
49	Verona	. . .	"
50	Verona. Water-colour Drawing	. . .	Mr. J. C. Ottway
51	Verona. Three Pencil Draw- ings	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
52	Ghent	. . .	Mr. W. J. Stuart
53	Sunrise	. . .	Mr. W. Scrivener
54	Swiss Village	. . .	Mr. Ruskin
55	Place of St. Mark's, Venice	. . .	"
56	Venice. Ducal Palace from the West	. . .	.

Contributed by

57	Venice. Ducal Palace from the East	Mr. Ruskin
58	S. Michael's Mount, Normandy	"
59	The Grand Canal, Venice. Near the Rialto	"
60	The Doge's Palace, Venice	The Right Hon. Lord Coleridge
61	Verona	Mr. J. Rhodes
62	Sunset	Mr. J. C. Scrivener
63	The Grand Canal, Venice	Mr. Ruskin
64	The Bridge of Sighs	"
65	Bologna. San Jacopo	"
66	Bologna. The Tower of Gaù-senda	"
67	Arqua. Petrarch's House	Mr. S. G. Prout
68	Arqua. Petrarch's Tomb	"
69	Vauxhall	Mr. H. Moore
70	Nuremberg. Dürer's House	Mr. Ruskin
71	Rome. Coliseum	"
72	Rome. Fountain of Egeria	"
73	Kelso	Mr. J. W. Gibbs
74	Rouen	Mr. Ruskin
75	Study of Dutch Boats	Mr. Ruskin
76	Neudersdorf	"
77	Gutenfels	"
78	An Old Rhine Bridge at Rheinsfelden	"
79	Munich	"
80	Ypres	"
81	Rubens' House, Antwerp	"
82	Caen	"
83	Falaise	"
84	Old Gateway at Monmouth	Mr. A. F. Payne
85	Old Hulk	Mr. Keeling
86	Portico di Ottavia, Rome	Mr. Duncan
87	Well at Strasburg	Mr. Robinson

				<i>Contributed by</i>
88	Well at Strasburg	.	.	Mr. Ruskin
89	Well at Nuremberg	.	.	"
90	Ulm	.	.	"
91	Prague. Tower of the Gate	.	.	"
92	Prague. Stadthaus	.	.	"
93	Brunswick. Rathhaus	.	.	"
94	Coblenz	.	.	"
95	English Cottage	.	.	"
96	Launceston	.	.	Mr. W. Eastlake
97	Wreck of an East Indiaman	.	.	Hon. H. Strutt
98	Frankfort	.	.	Mr. A. T. Hollingsworth
99	Marine View	.	.	Mr. Safe
100	Verona	.	.	Mr. J. J. Wigzell
101	Interior of St. Julien at Tours	.	.	Mr. S. Castle
102	A Bridge	.	.	Mr. A. F. Payne
103	View of a Church	.	.	Rev. J. Townsend

HUNT LIST.

120	The Wanderer	.	.	Mr. Jas. Orrock
121	The Eavesdropper	.	.	Mr. W. Quilter
122	Head of a Mulatto-Girl	.	.	Mr. F. Wigan
123	St. Martin's Church	.	.	Mr. Ellis
124	Somerset House	.	.	Mr. J. C. Robinson
125	Bullaces	.	.	Mr. Jas. Orrock
126	Plums	.	.	Mr. Ruskin
127	Black Grapes and Strawberries	.	.	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
128	Magnum Bonum Plums	.	.	"
129	Black and White Grapes.	.	.	"
130	Grapes	.	.	Mr. W. J. Galloway
131	Quinces	.	.	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
132	'Love what you study, study what you love'	.	.	Mr. Geo. Gurney
133	Plums and Blackberries	.	.	Mr. Jas. Orrock

		<i>Contributed by</i>
134	Black Grapes and Peach	Mr. Ruskin
135	Fruit	Mr. Alfred Harris
136	Black and White Grapes	Mr. Jas. Orrock
137	Grapes, Casket, and Peaches	Mr. A. W. Lyon
138	Hare (dead)	"
139	A Pigeon	Mr. W. Quilter
140	Acorn	G. Knight
141	A Pigeon	Mr. Ruskin
142	Flowers and Fruit with Butterfly	Mr. Geo. Gurney
143	Pine, Melon, and Grapes	A. T. Hollingsworth
144	Herrings and Red Mullet	Mr. Geo. Gurney
145	A Pigeon	Mr. Ruskin
146	Dead Chicken	"
147	A Bird's Nest, with May-blossom	Mr. Fry
148	Lilac and Bird's Nest	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
149	Fungi	Dr. Drage
150	Vase with Rose, and Basket with Fruit	Mr. Edmund Sibeth
151	Flowers and Fruit	Mr. Jas. Orrock
152	Apple Blossom	Mr. Geo. Gurney
153	Dog-roses and Bird's Nest	Mr. R. D. Farnworth
154	Primrose and Bird's Nest	Mr. Geo. Gurney
155	Birds' Nests and May Blossom	Mr. Ruskin
156	Primrose	Mr. Jas. Orrock
157	The Invalid	Mr. S. J. Thacker
158	Saturday Morning	Mr. J. J. Wigzell
158a	'Study of a Head'	Mr. G. Peck
159	The Pitcher Girl	Mr. Jas. Orrock
159a	Sketch for the drawing of the Fly-catcher	Mr. H. G. Hine
160	Sketch for the drawing of the Cricketer	Mr. Carl Haag
161	The Gipsies	Mr. W. Quilter
162	The Gamekeeper	"

Contributed by

- | | | |
|------|---|---------------------|
| 163 | Boy startled by a Wasp | Mr. John Rhodes |
| 164 | A Young Artist | Mr. George Gurney |
| 165 | Prayer | Dr. Prescott Hewett |
| 166 | Devotion | Mr. W. Quilter |
| 167 | Girl's Head | Mr. W. J. Galloway |
| 168 | Boy with a lighted Candle | Mr. W. Beacall |
| 169 | The Blacksmith's Shop | Mr. W. H. Urwick |
| 170 | By the Wayside | Mr. S. J. Thacker |
| 171 | The Blessing | Mr. Jas Orrock |
| 172 | The Shy Sitter | " |
| 173 | My Father's Boots | Mr. John Rhodes |
| 174 | An Interior | Mr. Ruskin |
| 175 | Boy with Lantern | Mr. J. J. Elliott |
| 176 | Portrait of Hunt (painted by
himself) | Mr. Sutton Palmer |
| 176* | Grapes—Muscatel, Peach, and
Spray of Raspberries | |
| 177 | Portrait of Saml. Prout, by
Wm. Hunt | Mr. Haydon |
| 178 | Portrait of Wm. Hunt, by
himself | Mr. Osler |

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CATALOGUE

OF THE

DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES

BY

J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.,

AT PRESENT EXHIBITED IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

REVISED, AND CAST INTO PROGRESSIVE GROUPS, WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES,

BY

JOHN RUSKIN

HONORARY STUDENT OF CHRISTCHURCH, AND HONORARY FELLOW OF CORPUS CHRISTI
COLLEGE, OXFORD.

NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

PREFACE.

THAT in the largest, and, I suppose, richest city of the world, the most delicate and precious water-colour drawings which its citizens possess should be kept in a cellar, under its National Gallery, in which two-thirds of them are practically invisible, even in the few bright days which London smoke leaves to summer; and in which all are exposed to irreparable injury by damp in winter, is a fact which I must leave the British citizen to explain: stating here only that neither Mr. Burton nor Mr. Eastlake are to be held responsible for such arrangement; but, essentially, the public's scorn of all art which does not amuse it; and, practically, the members of the Royal Academy, whose primary duty it is to see that works by men who have belonged to their body, which may be educationally useful to the nation, should be rightly and sufficiently exhibited.

I have had no heart myself, during recent illness, to finish the catalogue which, for my own poor exoneration from the shame of the matter, I began last year. But in its present form it may be of some use in the coming Christmas holidays, and relieve the kindness of Mr. Oldham from unnecessary burden.

The Trustees of the National Gallery will I trust forgive my assumption that, some day or other, they may enable their keeper to remedy the evils in the existing arrangement; if not by displacing some of the pictures of inferior interest in the great galleries, at least by adding above their marble pillars and vaulted ceilings, such a dry and skylighted garret as any photographic establishment, opening a new branch, would

provide itself with in the slack of the season. Such a room would be all that could be practically desired for the Turner drawings; and modern English indolence, if assisted in the gratification of its languid curiosity by a lift, would not, I trust, feel itself aggrieved by the otherwise salutary change.

INTRODUCTORY CLASSIFICATION.

THE confused succession of the drawings at present placed in the water-colour room of the National Gallery was a consequence of their selection at different periods, by the gradually extended permission of the Trustees, from the mass of the inferior unexhibited sketches in the possession of the nation. I think it best, in this catalogue, to place the whole series in an order which might conveniently become permanent, should the collection be eventually transferred to rooms with sufficient light to see it by: and for the present the student will find no difficulty, nor even a delay of any consequence, in finding the title of any drawing by reference to the terminal index, in which, by the number in the existing arrangement, he is referred to that in the proposed one, followed in the text.

The collection as at present seen consists of four hundred drawings, in wooden sliding frames, contained in portable cabinets; and of about half that number grouped in fixed frames originally intended for exhibition in the schools of Kensington, and in which the drawings were chosen therefore for their instructive and exemplary, more than their merely attractive, qualities. I observed, however, that the number of these partly detracted from their utility; and have now again chosen out of them a consecutive and perfectly magistral group, of which it may safely be recommended that every student of landscape art should copy every one in succession, as he gains the power to do so.

This first or 'Scholar's' group, consists of sixty-five drawings arranged, at present, in thirty frames: but eventually,

each of these drawings should be separately framed, and placed where it can be perfectly seen and easily copied.

The drawings originally exhibited at Kensington, out of which this narrower group is now selected, were for several years the only pencil and water-colour drawings by Turner accessible to the public in the National collection. I therefore included among them many samples of series which were at that time invisible, but to which, since the entire mass of drawings is now collected, it is proper that the drawings which, by their abstraction, would break the unity of subjects, should be restored. I have therefore, in this catalogue, placed in complete order all the important local groups of sketches (in Rome, Naples, Savoy, etc.), and retained in the miscellaneous framed collection only those which could be spared without breaking the sequence of the cabinet drawings. And further, I have excluded from this framed collection some of minor importance, which it seems to me might, not only without loss, but with advantage to the concentrated power of the London examples, be spared, on loan for use in provincial Art schools.

The Kensington series of framed groups, originally numbering 153, has by these two processes of elimination been reduced in the following catalogue to one hundred, of which thirty form the above-described 'Scholar's group,' absolutely faultless and exemplary. The remainder, of various character and excellence (which, though often of far higher reach than that of the Scholar's group, is in those very highest examples not unaffected by the master's peculiar failings), I have in the following catalogue called the 'Student's group'; meaning that it is presented to the thoughtful study of the general public, and of advanced artists; but that it is only with discrimination to be copied, and only with qualification to be praised. Whereas, in the Scholar's group, there is not one example which may not in every touch be copied with benefit, and in every quality, without reserve, admired.

After these two series follow, in this catalogue, the four hundred framed drawings in the cabinets, re-arranged and

completed by the restorations out of the Kensington series, with brief prefatory explanations of the nature of each group. One or two gaps still require filling; but there being some difficulty in choosing examples fit for the exact places, I publish the list as it stands. The present numbers are given in order in the terminal index.

For many reasons I think it best to make this hand-catalogue direct and clear, with little comment on separate drawings. I may possibly afterwards issue a reprint of former criticism of the collection, with some further practical advice to scholars.

PRIMARY SYNOPSIS.

THE following general plan of the new arrangement will facilitate reference in the separate heads of it. The marginal figures indicate the number of frames in each series.

FIRST HUNDRED.

GROUP

I. The Scholar's Group	30
II. The Student's Group	70
	100

SECOND HUNDRED.

III. Scotland. Pencil. (Early)	15
IV. Still Life. Colour. (Mid. Time)	5
V. Switzerland. Colour. (Early)	10
VI. Mountains. Colour. (Late)	50
VII. Venice. Colour. (Late)	20
	100

THIRD HUNDRED.

VIII. Savoy. Pencil. (Early)	25
IX. Vignettes to Rogers' Italy. (Mid. Time)	25
X. Rome. (Mid. Time)	30
XI. Tivoli. (Mid. Time)	5
XII. Naples. (Mid. Time).	15
	100

FOURTH HUNDRED.

GROUP

XIII.	Vignettes to Rogers' Poems. (Late)	.	.	35
XIV.	Rivers of England. (Late)	.	.	15
XV.	Ports of England. (Late)	.	.	5
XVI.	Venice. (Latest)	.	.	25
XVII.	Various. (Latest)	.	.	20
				100

FIFTH HUNDRED.

XVIII.	Finest Colour on Grey. (Late)	.	.	25
XIX.	Finest Colour on Grey. (Latest)	.	.	25
XX.	Studies on Grey for Rivers of France. (Late)			15
XXI.	The Seine	.	.	35
				100

GROUP I.

(*First Hundred.*)

THE SCHOLAR'S GROUP.

It consists of sixty-five drawings in thirty frames, originally chosen and arranged for exhibition at Kensington, together with upwards of a hundred more, (as explained in the preface,) out of which this narrower series, doubly and trebly sifted, is now recommended to the learner, for constant examination, and progressive practice; the most elementary examples being first given. Their proper arrangement would be on a screen in perfect light, on a level with the eye—the three largest only above the line of the rest. When several drawings are in the same frame, they are lettered *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., either from left to right, or from above downwards. The numbers on the right hand of the page are those by which they are indicated in the existing arrangement; the letter **K** standing for **K**ensington, to prevent confusion with the numbers of those in cabinets, which were always at the National Gallery.

- | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|-------|
| 1. | <i>a</i> . Tower of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol | . | . | K 3 |
| | <i>b</i> . Transept and Tower, York Cathedral. | | | |
| | <i>c</i> . Tower of Boston, Lincolnshire. | | | |
| 2. | <i>a</i> . Carnarvon Castle | . | . | K 145 |
| | <i>b</i> . Wells Cathedral. | | | |
| 3. | Malmesbury Abbey. Sketch from nature for
the drawing in the English series | . | . | K 4 |
| 4. | <i>a</i> . Study of sailing boat | . | . | K 18 |
| | <i>b</i> . Head of rowing boat. | | | |
| | <i>c</i> . Stern of rowing boat. | | | |

- 5.*a.b.* Sketches of boats in light and shade К 17
c. Diagram of a Dutch boat.
6. Study of spars of merchant brig К 10
7. Study of cottage roof in colour К 13
8. Gate of Carisbrook Castle. Water-coloured drawing, half way completed К 14
9. *a.* Sketch from nature at Ivy Bridge, afterwards realized in the oil picture К 21
b. Sketch of the bed of a stream, on the spot, half finished.
10. *a.* Sketch from nature of the tree on the left in "Crossing the Brook". К 16
b.c. Studies of animals.
d. Sketch from nature at Ivy Bridge, realized in the finished drawing in this collection.
e. Sketch from nature in Val d'Aosta, amplified afterwards into the "Battle of Fort Rock," now placed in the upper rooms of the Gallery К 41
11. Doric columns and entablature К 33
12. Part of the portico of St. Peter's К 11
13. Glass balls, partly filled with water. (Study of reflection and refraction). К 121
14. Four sketches on the Seine, for drawings in the Rivers of France. On grey paper К 70
15. Two studies of marine. On grey К 143
16. Four sketches at Calais. On grey К 71
17. Four sketches on the Seine К 73
a. Marly.
b. Near St. Germain.
c. Chateau of La Belle Gabrielle.
d. Near St. Germain.
18. Two studies of the Arch of Titus, Rome, on white, stained grey, with lights taken out К 120
19. Two outline sketches of Cockermouth Castle К 62
20. Two outline sketches of park scenery К 60
21. Rome from Monte Mario. Finest pure pencil К 101

22.	Rome from Monte Mario. Pencil outline with colour	к 103
23.	Rome. The Coliseum. Colour, unfinished .	к 107
24.	Study of cutter. (Charcoal)	к 45
25.	Study of pilot boat. (Sepia)	к 46
26.	Two pencil studies, Leeds, and Bolton Abbey .	к 6
27.	Four pencil sketches at and near York . .	к 148
28.	Two pencil sketches, at Cologne and on the Rhine	к 147
29.	Four sketches in colour at Petworth . .	к 76
30.	Four sketches in colour on the Loire and Meuse.	к 138

GROUP II.

(*First Hundred.*)

THE STUDENT'S GROUP.

The Student's group is arranged so as to exhibit Turner's methods of work, from his earliest to his latest time of power. All his essential characters as an artist are shown in it; his highest attainments, with his peculiar faults;—faults of inherent nature, that is to say; as distinguished from those which, after the year 1845, were signs merely of disease. No work of his declining time is admitted into this series.

It begins (No. 31) with three examples of the earliest efforts by him existing in the National collection of his drawings. Then follow examples of his methods of study with pencil and pen, from first to last: then, examples of his work similarly progressive, in transparent colour on white paper; and, finally, examples of his use of body colour on grey paper—a method only adopted late in life, as one proper for none but a consummate master.

The entire series is contained in seventy frames, selected, as those of the Scholar's group are, from the collection first

arranged for Kensington; and close the first hundred of the frames here permanently catalogued.

31. Three early sketches at Clifton, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. He went on for several years working thus in pencil and colour; then saw the necessity of working in pencil outline only, and never ceased that method of work to the close of life К 1
32. *a.* Carew Castle. Early pencil outline, after he had determined its method К 144
b. Lancaster, of later date. Both drawings realised in the England series.
33. *a.* Kirkstall Abbey К 5
b. Holy Island Cathedral. Subjects realised in the Liber Studiorum.
34. Sketch from nature of the Liber subject, "Source of the Arveron." К 39
35. Sketch from nature for the drawing at Farnley, "Mont Blanc from the Valley of Chamouni." К 40
36. Foreground studies, laurel, etc. К 51
37. Studies of market ware at Rotterdam К 54
38. Study of sheep К 52
39. Memoranda of coast incidents. К 20
40. Sketches at York К 149
41. Two Egremont subjects К 61
42. Two Bridge subjects К 146
43. Studies from Claude, etc. К 118
44. Twelve leaves from a notebook at Venice (all drawn as richly on the other sides) К 115
45. Four leaves of a notebook on journey to Scotland by sea К 112
46. *a.* Sketches at Andernach К 116
b. Sketches on the Rhine.
c. Sketches on Lago Maggiore.
 The leaves *a b* are out of a notebook containing 270 such.

47.	Sketches at Naples	κ 117
48.	At Dresden	κ 119
49.	Cologne Cathedral, and Rhine subject . . .	κ 147
50.	Sketches in Rouen, with engraving of finished drawing made from one of them	κ 55

These twenty drawings (31—50) are enough to show the method of the artist's usual work from nature. He *never sketched in tinted shade but at home*, in making studies for pictures, or for engravers, as in the series of the *Liber Studiorum*. When he wanted light and shade in painting from nature, he always gave colour also, for it was as easy to him to give the depth of shade he wanted in different tints, as in one; and the result was infinitely more complete and true. The series of water-colour sketches and drawings which next follow, represent, therefore, his progress in colour and chiaroscuro simultaneously; and I have placed under the next following numbers, examples of his water-colour work from the beginning of its effective power, to the end. But these are not, as in the Scholar's group, all equally exemplary. The absolutely safe and right models are already given in the Scholar's group: here, there are instances given of methods questionable—or distinctly dangerous, as well as of the best. Thus Turner drew for several years almost exclusively in neutral tint, as in No. 51: but it is not at all certain that this practice should be enforced as academical; and again, the drawing of Folkestone is an instance of delicacy of work like that of a miniature, applied to a large surface; this is certainly a practice liable to lead to the loss of simplicity and power:—it is one on the whole to be deprecated; and it gravely limited Turner's power of making large and manly drawings, at the time when it was most desirable for public instruction that he should have done so.

The drawings of Edinburgh, and Ivy Bridge, are types of his finest manner, unaffected by this weakness of minute execution. The drawings of Rochester and Dover show his

minutest execution rightly applied, and his consummate skill in composition.

51.	View of Tivoli. Neutral tint (one of multitudes, which had to be done before the great Tivolis could be).	K 9
52.	Ruins of the Savoy Chapel. Neutral tint	K 8
53.	Early study of a cottage.	K 12
54.	The castle of Aosta; in colour, with the pencil study for it below: one of the series out of which Group VIII. (third hundred) was chosen	K 27
55.	Angry Swans.	K 122
56.	Study of pigs and donkeys	K 53
57.	Study of ducks	K 58
58.	Study of storm-clouds; with the plate afterwards engraved from it by Turner himself beneath	K 64
59.	Three studies at sea	K 65
60.	Study of evening and night skies	K 63
61.	Shields. Engraved for Ports of England	K 68
62.	Rochester. Engraved for Rivers of England.	K 69
63.	Dover. Engraved for Ports of England	K 67
64.	Folkestone. Large drawing unfinished.	K 44
65.	Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. Finished drawing	K 35
66.	Ivy Bridge. Finished drawing	K 42
67.	Battle of Fort Rock. Finished drawing.	K 41
68.	The Source of the Arveron. Unfinished, large	K 125
69.	Grenoble. Unfinished, large	K 126
70.	Grenoble. " "	K 127

The two last drawings are among the most exquisite fragments existing of his central manner. They are beginnings of a favourite subject, which he seems to have found beyond his power on this scale, and afterwards finished on a reduced

one. They may properly close the examples of his work in pure water-colour. Two specimens of his sketching in oil—a rare practice with him—follow; and then, a magnificent selection from the body-colour drawings of his best time, which contain the most wonderful things he ever did in his own special manner.

71.	Rocks in Bolton glen	κ 128
72.	Torrent bed. One of the studies made at the date of Ivy Bridge	κ 34
73.	Sunset and Twilight: the last at Petworth .	κ 132
74.	Pen-outline sketches for the Rivers of France.	κ 77
75.	Tancarville, and three other French subjects .	κ 81
76.	Four French subjects	κ 80
77.	Rocks on the Meuse, and three other subjects.	κ 82
78.	Luxembourg, and three other subjects . .	κ 83
79.	Two of Honfleur, two unknown	κ 84
80.	Honfleur, and three other subjects . . .	κ 85
81.	Dijon, and three other subjects	κ 86
82.	Interiors	κ 75
83.	Saumur, Huy, and Dinant	κ 133
84. <i>a</i> ,	Town on Loire; <i>b</i> , Carrara mountains . .	κ 139
85.	Nantes, and Dressing for Tea	κ 135
86.	Harfleur, Caudebec, and two others . .	κ 136
87.	Saumur, and two others	κ 137
88.	Orleans and Nantes	κ 134
89.	Dinant, etc.	κ 78
90.	Havre, etc.	κ 79

Henceforward to the close of the Student's group are placed examples of his quite latest manner: in outline, more or less fatigued and hasty, though full of detail,—in colour, sometimes extravagant—and sometimes gloomy; but every now and then manifesting more than his old power in the treatment of subjects under aerial and translucent effect.

91.	Fribourg, Swiss. Pen outline over pencil .	κ 152
92.	Fribourg, Swiss. Pen outline over pencil .	κ 153

93.	Swiss Fortress and Grenoble	κ 142
94.	Lausanne, and another subject	κ 93
95.	Fluelen and Kussnacht	κ 95
96.	Lake of Annecy, and Landeck	κ 96
97.	Venice	κ 97
98.	Venice	κ 98
99.	Lucerne and Zurich	κ 99
100.	Lake Lucerne. Morning	κ 100 c.

SECOND HUNDRED.

(Cabinet Drawings.)

THE second century of the drawings as rearranged, forms a mixed group, containing both early and late work, which I have thrown together in a cluster, in order to make the arrangement of the following three hundred drawings more consistent.

The first thirty drawings of this hundred are all early ; and of consummate value and interest. The remaining seventy were made at the time of the artist's most accomplished power ; but are for the most part slight, and intended rather to remind *himself* of what he had seen, than to convey any idea of it to others. Although, as I have stated, they are placed in this group because otherwise they would have interfered with the order of more important drawings, it cannot but be interesting to the student to see, in close sequence, the best examples of the artist's earliest and latest methods of sketching.

GROUP III.

(Second Hundred.)

Fifteen pencil drawings of Scottish scenery made on his first tour in Scotland, and completed afterwards in light and shade, on tinted paper touched with white. Several of his

best early coloured drawings were made from these studies, and are now in the great collection at Farnley.

They are all remarkable for what artists call 'breadth' of effect, (carried even to dullness in its serene rejection of all minor elements of the picturesque,—craggy chasms, broken waterfalls, or rustic cottages;) and for the labour given in careful pencil shading, to round the larger masses of mountain, and show the relation of the clouds to them. The mountain forms are always perfect, the clouds carefully modelled; when they cross the mountains they do so solidly, and there is no permission of the interferences of haze or rain. The composition is always scientific in the extreme.

I do not know the localities, nor are they of much consequence. Their order is therefore founded, at present, only on the character of subject; but I have examined this series less carefully than any of the others, and may modify its sequence in later editions of this catalogue. The grand introductory upright one is, I think, of Tummel bridge, and with the one following, 102, shows the interest which the artist felt from earliest to latest days in all rustic architecture of pontifical character.

The four following subjects, 103—106, contain materials used in the Liber composition called "Ben Arthur"; 114 is called at Farnley "Loch Fyne."

The reference numbers in the right hand column are henceforward to the cabinet frames as at present arranged, unless the prefixed K indicate an insertion of one out of the Kensington series.

101.	Scotland.	(Bridges on the Tummel?)	.	.	311
102.	Scotland.	Bridges and village	.	.	313
103.	Scotland.	Argyllshire?	.	.	309
104.	Scotland.	Argyllshire?	.	.	310
105.	Scotland.	Argyllshire?	.	.	307
106.	Scotland.	Study of trees	.	.	K 22a
107.	Scotland.	Study of trees	.	.	K 22b
108.	Scotland.	Study of trees	.	.	306

109.	Scotland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	346
110.	Scotland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	347
111.	Scotland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	348
112.	Scotland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	349
113.	Scotland.	Loch Fyne ?	.	.	.	.	.	.	312
114.	Scotland.	Loch Fyne ?	.	.	.	.	.	.	314
115.	Scotland	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	308

GROUP IV.

(Second Hundred.)

STUDIES OF BIRDS AND FISH.

Placed immediately after the Scottish series in order to show the singularly various methods of the Master's study. These sketches are, however, at least ten years later in date. They are all executed with a view mainly to colour, and, in colour, to its ultimate refinements, as in the grey down of the birds, and the subdued iridescences of the fish.

There is no execution in water-colour comparable to them for combined rapidity, delicacy, and precision—the artists of the world may be challenged to approach them: and I know of only one piece of Turner's own to match them—the Dove at Farnley.

116.	Teal	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	κ 59
117.	Teal	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	375
118.	(Not yet placed)*								
119.	Perch	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	373
120.	Trout and other fish	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	374

* I may possibly afterwards, with the permission of the Trustees, be able to supply this gap with a drawing of a Jay, given me by Mr. W. Kingsley, or with some purchased example,—there being no more than these four in the National collection.

GROUP V.

(Second Hundred.)

COLOURED SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND.

These quite stupendous memoranda were made on his first Swiss journey, 1803, and are at the maximum of his early power. Several of very high quality were made from those on the St. Gothard: a beautiful one at Farnley from 126; and the greatest of the Liber mountain subjects, from 123, 125, and 127.

121.	On the pass of St. Gothard, above Amsteg	324
122.	The old road, pass of St. Gothard	320
123.	The old Devil's Bridge, pass of St. Gothard	321
124.	Bonneville, Savoy	323
125.	The Source of the Arveron, as it was in 1803	319
126.	The Mer-de-glace of Chamouni, looking up- stream	325
127.	The Mer-de-glace of Chamouni, looking down- stream	322
128.	Contamines, Savoy	κ 38

(Two subjects still wanting to this series may, I believe, be furnished out of the reserves in tin cases.)

GROUP VI.

(Second Hundred.)

Fifty sketches on his later Continental journeys, made in pencil outline only on the spot, and coloured from memory. Of the finest quality of pure Turnerian art, which is in sum, as explained in my various university lectures over and over again, the true abstraction of the colour of Nature as a distinct subject of study, with only so much of light and shade as may explain the condition and place of the colour, without

tainting its purity. In the modern French school, all the colour is taken out of Nature, and only the mud left. By Turner, all the mud is taken out of Nature, and only the colour left. Tones of chiaroscuro which depend *upon* colour, are however often given in full depth, as in the Nos. 138, 139, 179, and 180.

131.	The Red Gorge	72
132.	The Allée Blanche	47
133.	The Via Mala	73
134.	Miner's Bridge	80
135.	Altorf	100
136.	Martigny	81
137.	Mont Righi at dawn	96
138.	Mont Righi at sunset	45
139.	Fort l'Ecluse	42
140.	Dent d'Oches, from Lausanne	41
141.	Lausanne	44
142.	Lausanne	50
143.	Lausanne	91
144.	Lausanne	92
145.	Lausanne	95
146.	Vevay	46
147.	Baden (Swiss)	49
148.	Baden (Swiss)	83
149.	Baden (Swiss)	85
150.	Heidelberg	284
151.	Heidelberg	282
152.	Heidelberg	283
153.	Coblentz, Bridge of boats.	279
154.	Coblentz, Bridge of boats.	κ 94 b
155.	Coblentz, Bridge on the Moselle	280
156.	Coblentz, Bridge on the Moselle	κ 94 a
157.	Fortress	48
158.	Fortress	82
159.	River scene	78
160.	River scene	79

161.	Rheinfelden, just above Basle, Swiss		86
162.	Rheinfelden		87
163.	Rheinfelden		88
164.	Rheinfelden		89
165.	Rheinfelden		90
166.	Fortress		77
167.	Lake Lucerne, from Kussnacht		43
168.	Mont Pilate, from Kussnacht		290
169.	Lake Lucerne from Brunnen		κ 100 <i>a</i>
170.	Lake Lucerne from Brunnen		κ 100 <i>b</i>
171.	Zurich		289
172.	Zurich		287
173.	Lucerne		288
174.	Schaffhausen		285
175.	Constance		286
176.	Splugen		75
177.	Bellinzona		94
178.	Fluelen		99
179.	Aart		97
180.	Goldau		98

GROUP VII.

(*Second Hundred.*)

TWENTY SKETCHES IN VENICE,

Characteristic of Turner's entirely final manner, when the languor of age made him careless, or sometimes reluctant in outline, while yet his hand had lost none of its subtlety, nor his eye of its sense for colour. From the last but one (199) he painted the best of his late Academy pictures, now in the upper gallery, and 188 has itself been carried forward nearly to completion.

181.	The Approach to Venice		51
182.	The Ducal Palace and Riva		52

183.	The Riva (dei Schiavoni)	53
184.	The Riva, from the Canal of Chioggia . .	54
185.	Church of Salute, from the Riva . . .	55
186.	The Riva, looking west	56
187.	The Riva, from the outlet of the Canal of the Arsenal	57
188.	The Canal of the Arsenal	58
189.	Bridge over the Canal of the Arsenal . .	59
190.	San Giorgio	60
191.	The Steps of the Salute	61
192.	The Grand Canal, with the Salute . . .	62
193.	The Casa Grimani	63
194.	San Simeon Piccolo	64
195.	Fishing Boat	65
196.	Moonrise	66
197.	The Giudecca, with Church of Redentore .	67
198.	Looking down the Giudecca	68
199.	Looking up the Giudecca	69
200.	Farewell to Venice	70

THIRD HUNDRED.

THE third century of drawings consists entirely of sketches or compositions made in Italy, or illustrative of Italian scenery and history. It opens with a group of pencil sketches made in Savoy and Piedmont in 1803, showing the artist's first impressions of the Italian Alps. Then follow the vignettes made to illustrate Rogers' poem of "Italy," many of which were composed from the preceding pencil sketches; and then follow fifty sketches made on his first visit to southern Italy, divided into three groups, illustrative of Rome, Tivoli, and Naples.

GROUP VIII.

(Third Hundred.)

TWENTY-FIVE SKETCHES IN SAVOY AND PIEDMONT,

With very black, soft pencil, on dark tinted paper, touched with white. Of the highest value and interest. Made, I believe, in 1803; at all events on his first Continental journey: all in complete chiaroscuro, and in his grandest manner. They are absolutely true to the places; no exaggeration is admitted anywhere or in any respect, and the compositions, though in the highest degree learned, and exemplary of constructive principles in design, are obtained simply by selection, not alteration, of forms,—and by the introduction either of clouds, figures, or entirely probable light and shade.

All are rapid and bold; some, slight and impetuous; but they cannot be too constantly studied, or carefully copied, by landscape students, since, whatever their haste, the conception is always entirely realized; and the subject disciplined into a complete picture, balanced and supported from corner to corner, and concluded in all its pictorial elements.

Observe also that although these sketches give some of the painter's first, strongest, and most enduring impressions of mountain scenery, and architecture of classical dignity,—their especial value to the general student is that they are in no respect distinctively *Turnerian*, but could only be known by their greater strength and precision from studies such as Gainsborough or Wilson might have made at the same spots: and they are just as useful to persons incapable of colouring, in giving them the joy of rightly treated shade, as to the advanced colourist in compelling him to reconsider the foundations of effect, which he is too often beguiled into forgetting.

201.	Town of Grenoble	κ 32	<i>a</i>
202.	Grenoble, with Mont Blanc	κ 31	<i>b</i>
203.	Grenoble, with Mont Blanc	5	
204.	Road from Grenoble to Voreppe	κ 30	<i>a</i>

205.	Entrance to the Chartreuse	9
206.	Entrance to the Chartreuse	10
207.	Entrance to the Chartreuse	12
208.	Bridges at the Chartreuse	11
209.	Cascade of the Chartreuse	14
210.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking forward). .	17
211.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking back) . .	18
212.	Gate of the Chartreuse (looking back, farther off)	19
213.	Chain of Alps of the Chartreuse	3
214.	Alps of the Chartreuse (the Liber subject) . К 31 <i>a</i>	
215.	Val d'Isère	К 29 <i>b</i>
216.	Val d'Isère, with Mont Blanc	К 30 <i>b</i>
217.	Martigny	24
218.	Hospice of St. Bernard	К 25 <i>a</i>
219.	Descent to Aosta	22
220.	Town of Aosta	К 25 <i>b</i>
221.	East gate of Aosta (Italy vignette) . .	К 26 <i>a</i>
222.	Triumphal arch of Aosta	К 26 <i>b</i>
223.	Near Aosta	23
224.	Ascent to Courmayeur	К 29 <i>a</i>
225.	Descent to Ivrea	25

GROUP IX.

(Third Hundred.)

The vignettes to Rogers' "Italy" are of Turner's best time, and contain some of his very best work; the more interesting because, with few exceptions, they are quickly, and even slightly, executed. Whether slight, or carried on to completion, they are in the highest degree exemplary to the student of water-colour; one only excepted, the "Venice," which, whether painted during some fit of slight illness, or perhaps hurriedly by candlelight under some unexpected call from the engraver, is utterly different from the rest, and wholly un-

worthy of the painter. This is therefore excluded from the series, and placed among the supplementary studies. The total number of vignettes executed by Turner for Rogers' "Italy" was twenty-five; but one, the "Dead-house of St. Bernard," is irrevocably in America, and the exclusion of the "Venice" leaves the total number in these cases, twenty-three. To complete them to a symmetrical twenty-five I have placed with them, to terminate their series, the two of the later series executed for Rogers' "Poems," which have most in common with the earlier designs of the "Italy."

The twenty-three Italian ones are arranged with little variation from the order in which they are placed as the illustrations of the poems; the reasons for admitted variations will be comprehended without difficulty. The two that are added are bold compositions from materials in Italy; the last was the illustration of Rogers' line, "The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow," beginning a description of sunrise as the type of increasing knowledge and imagination in childhood. But there is no such place known as Tornaro, and the composition, both in the colour of sea and boldness of precipice, resembles only the scenery of the Sicilian Islands.

226.	The Lake of Geneva	210
227.	The Lake of Lucerne (from Tell's Chapel)	213
228.	St. Maurice	205
229.	Martigny	212
230.	Hospice of St. Bernard	211
231.	Aosta	203
232.	Hannibal passing the Alps	204
233.	The Battle of Marengo	207
234.	The Lake of Como	215
235.	Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore	208
236.	Verona. Moonlight	217
237.	Padua. Moonlight. The Canal for Venice	223
238.	Florence	214
239.	Galileo's Villa, Arcetri	221
240.	Composition	202

241.	Rome	216
242.	St. Peter's	218
243.	The Campagna	219
244.	Tivoli, The Temple of the Sibyl	224
245.	Banditti	222
246.	Naples	201
247.	Amalfi	225
248.	Paestum	206
249.	The Garden	220
250.	The Cliffs of Sicily. Sunrise	230

GROUP X.

(*Third Hundred.*)

THIRTY SKETCHES IN PENCIL, SOMETIMES TOUCHED WITH
COLOUR, AT ROME.

This group, with the two following, exemplify the best drawings made by Turner from Nature. All his powers were at this period in perfection; none of his faults had developed themselves; and his energies were taxed to the utmost to seize, both in immediate admiration, and for future service, the loveliest features of some of the most historically interesting scenery in the world.

There is no exaggeration in any of these drawings, nor any conventionalism but that of outline. They are, in all respects, the most true and the most beautiful ever made by the painter; but they differ from the group first given, (VII.) in being essentially Turnerian, representing those qualities of form and colour in which the painter himself most delighted, and which persons of greatly inferior or essentially different faculties need not hope for benefit by attempting to copy. The quantity of detail given in their distances can only be seen, in a natural landscape, by persons possessing the strongest and finest faculties of sight: and the tones of colour

adopted in them can only be felt by persons of the subtlest colour-temperament, and happily-trained colour-disposition. To the average skill, the variously imperfect ocular power, and blunted colour-feeling of most of our town-bred students, the qualities of these drawings are—not merely useless, but, in the best parts of them, literally invisible.

On the other hand, to students of fine faculty and well-trained energy, no drawings in the world are to be named with these fifty, (251—300,) as lessons in landscape drawing:—

251.	Rome from Monte Mario (finest pencil)	. . .	κ 101
252.	Rome from Monte Mario (partly coloured)	. . .	κ 103
253.	Villas on Monte Mario		326
254.	Stone pines on Monte Mario		263
255.	The Castle of St. Angelo		262
256.	The Bridge and Castle of St. Angelo	. . .	κ 102
257.	The Tiber and Castle of St. Angelo	. . .	255
258.	The Tiber and the Capitol		264
259.	The Tiber and the Apennines		268
260.	Study in Rome		266
261.	Foreground in Rome		332
262.	Foreground in Rome, with living acanthus	. . .	κ 111 b
263.	Foreground in Rome		257
264.	St. Peter's, from the West		267
265.	St. Peter's, from the South (pencil)	. . .	259
266.	Coloured sketch of the same subject	. . .	273
267.	St. Peter's and the Vatican		269
268.	The Colonnade of Bernini (beneath)	. . .	256
269.	The Portico of St. Peter's		258
270.	The Arch of Septimius Severus (pencil on grey)	. . .	253
271.	The Basilica of Constantine (colour)	. . .	κ 108
272.	The Coliseum and Basilica of Constantine	. . .	272
273.	The Coliseum and Arch of Constantine	. . .	331
274.	The Coliseum and Arch of Titus		328
275.	The Coliseum—seen near, with flock of goats	. . .	275
276.	The Coliseum (study of daylight colour)	. . .	271

277.	The Coliseum in pale sunset, with new moon .	265
278.	The Palatine	274
279.	The Alban Mount	260
280.	Rome and the Apennines.	327

GROUP XI.

(*Third Hundred.*)

Five sketches from nature at Tivoli; three in pencil, two in colour. Unsurpassable.

281.	The Temple of Vesta (in distance)	302
282.	The Temple of Vesta (near)	252
283.	General view from the valley	303
284.	The same subject in colour	340
285.	The Town with its Cascades, and the Campagna	339

GROUP XII.

(*Third Hundred.*)

Fifteen sketches, at or near Rome and Naples. The three Campagna ones, with the last four of the Neapolitan group, are exemplary of all Turner's methods of water-colour painting at the acme of his sincere power.

286.	Campagna. Warm sunset. Inestimable. .	329
287.	Campagna. Slighter, but as fine. Morning .	330
288.	Campagna. Snowy Apennines in distance .	338
289.		
290.	Nymphæum of Alexander Severus	κ 105
291.	Study for the great picture of the Loggie of Vatican	κ 111 a
292.	Naples, from the South. (Pencil)	333

293.	Queen Joanna's Palace and St. Elmo. (Pencil)	305
294.	Villas at Posilipo. (Pencil)	301
295.	Naples and Vesuvius from the North. (Colour.)	
296.	The Castle of the Egg. Light against dark . . .	304
297.	The Castle of the Egg. Dark against light . . .	334
298.	Vesuvius. Beginning of finished drawing . . .	335
299.	Monte St. Angelo and Capri. Morning . . .	336
300.	Monte St. Angelo and Capri. Evening . . .	337

FOURTH HUNDRED.

THE fourth century of drawings are all of the later middle period of Turner's career, where the constant reference to the engraver or the Academy-visitor, as more or less the critic or patron of his work, had betrayed him into mannerisms and fallacies which gradually undermined the constitution of his intellect: while yet his manual skill, and often his power of imagination, increased in certain directions. Some of the loveliest, and executively the most wonderful, of his drawings belong to this period; but few of the greatest, and none of the absolutely best, while many are inexcusably faultful or false. With few exceptions, they ought not to be copied by students, for the best of them are inimitable in the modes of execution peculiar to Turner, and are little exemplary otherwise.

The initial group of this class, the thirteenth in consecutive order, contains the best of the vignettes executed in illustration of Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," "Voyage of Columbus," and other minor poems. In most cases they are far more highly finished than those of the "Italy"; but few show equal power, and none the frank sincerity. The two best of all had much in common with the Italian series, and have been placed with it; but "The Twilight" (301), "Greenwich" (306), "Bolton Abbey" (311), "Vallombré" (316), and

“Departure of Columbus” (321), are among the subtlest examples of the artist’s peculiar manner at this period; and all, as now arranged up to the number 325, have a pretty connection and sequence, illustrative of the painter’s thought, no less than of the poet’s.

They have a farther interest, as being the origin of the loveliest engravings ever produced by the pure line; and I hope in good time that proofs of the plates may be exhibited side by side with the drawings. In arranging the twenty-five excellent ones just described, I have thrown out several unworthy of Turner—which, however, since they cannot be separated from their proper group, follow it, numbering from 326 to 335; the gaps being filled up by various studies for vignettes of the “Italy” as well as the “Poems,” which I extricated from the heaps of loose sketches in the tin cases.

GROUP XIII.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

301.	Twilight	226
302.	Gypsies	231
303.	The Native Village	227
304.	Greenwich	234
305.	The Water-gate of the Tower	235
306.	St. Anne’s Hill	228
307.	St. Anne’s Hill	229
308.	The Old Oak in Life	232
309.	The Old Oak in Death	233
310.	The Boy of Egremont	236
311.	Bolton Abbey	237
312.	St. Herbert’s Isle, Derwentwater. (Ideal)	238
313.	Lodore	239
314.	Loch Lomond	240
315.	Jacqueline’s Cottage. (Ideal)	241
316.	The Falls at Vallombré. (Ideal)	243

317.	The Alps at Daybreak. (Ideal)*	242
318.	The Captive. (Ideal)	245
319.	St. Julian's Well. (Ideal)	244
320.	Columbus at La Rabida	246
321.	Departure of Columbus	247
322.	Dawn on the last day of the Voyage	248
323.	Morning in America	249
324.	Cortez and Pizarro	250
325.	Datur Hora Quietæ	397

Next follow the inferior ones; among which the pretty "Rialto" is degraded because there is no way over the bridge, and the "Ducal Palace" for its coarse black and red colour. So also the "Manor-house," though Mr. Goodall made a quite lovely vignette from it; as also from the "Warrior Ghosts."

326.	The English Manor-house	399
327.	The English School	396
328.	The English Fair	398
329.	Venice. The Ducal Palace	391
330.	Venice. The Rialto	394
331.	The Simoom	393
332.	The War-spirits	400
333.	The Warrior Ghosts.	395
334.	Study for the Warrior Ghosts	K 87 a
335.	Second study for the same vignette	K 87 b

GROUP XIV.

(Fourth Hundred.)

RIVERS OF ENGLAND.

This most valuable group consists of fifteen finished drawings, which always remained in Turner's possession, he refus-

* And the figures absurd; but by Rogers' fault, not Turner's. See the very foolish poem.

ing to sell separately, and the public of his time not caring to buy in mass.

They were made for publication by engraving; and were skilfully engraved; but only in mezzotint. They are of the highest quality, in so far as work done for engraving can be, and all finished with the artist's best skill. Two of the series of fifteen are placed in the Student's group, and room thus made for two of the "Ports," which are consecutive with the following group:—

336.	Stangate Creek	(on River)	Medway . .	161
337.	Totness	"	Dart . .	162
338.	Dartmouth	"	Dart . .	163
339.	Dartmouth Castle	"	Dart . .	164
340.	Okehampton Castle	"	Okement . .	165
341.	Arundel Castle	"	Arun . .	166
342.	Arundel Park	"	Arun . .	167
343.	More Park	"	Colne . .	168
344.	Newcastle	"	Tyne . .	171
345.	Kirkstall Abbey	"	Aire . .	173
346.	Kirkstall Lock	"	Aire . .	172
347.	Brougham Castle	"	Lowther . .	174
348.	Norham Castle	"	Tweed . .	175
349.	Whitby			170
350.	Scarborough			169

GROUP XV.

(Fourth Hundred.)

PORTS OF ENGLAND.

Five finished drawings, nearly related in style to the Rivers; but nobler, and two of them ("The Humber" and "Sheerness") among the greatest of Turner's existing works.

The "Whitby" and "Scarborough" belong nominally to this group, but in style they are like the Rivers, with which I

have placed them ; of course consulting in these fillings up of series, the necessary divisions into five adopted for the sake of portability. The seven drawings were illustrated in their entirety to the best of my power in the text of the work in which they were published—the “Harbours of England.”

Five finished drawings of very high quality, made for mezzotint engraving, and admirably rendered by Mr. Lupton under Turner's careful superintendence.

351.	The Humber	378
352.	The Medway	376
353.	Portsmouth	379
354.	Sheerness	380
355.	Ramsgate	377

GROUP XVI.

(*Fourth Hundred.*)

Twenty-five sketches, chiefly in Venice. Late time, extravagant, and showing some of the painter's worst and final faults ; but also, some of his peculiar gifts in a supreme degree.

356.	The Ducal Palace	351
357.	The Custom House	355
358.	The Grand Canal	352
359.	Casa Grimani and Rialto	354
360.	The Rialto	353
361.	Grand Canal above Rialto	356
362.	On the Cross-canal between Bridge of Sighs and Rialto	358
363.	The same, nearer	359
364.	Cross-canal near Arsenal	357
365.	San Stefano	360
366.	South side of St. Mark's	291
367.	Ducal Palace	292

368.	Boats on the Giudecca	293
369.	Steamers	361
370.	?	362
371.	Tours	363
372.	?	364
373.	?	365
374.	?	366
375.	?	367
376.	?	368
377.	?	369
378.	?	370
379.	Arsenal, Venice	371
380.	Fish Market	372

GROUP XVII.

(Fourth Hundred.)

VARIOUS. (LATEST.)

381.	?	381
382.	?	382
383.	Saumur	383
384.	Namur	384
385.	?	385
386.	Chateau d'Arc ?	386
387.	North Transept, Rouen	387
388.	Avignon	388
389.	Namur	389
390.	?	390
391.	Rome	251
392.	The Cascades, Tivoli	254
393.	Rome	257
394.	Rome, The Coliseum	261
395.	Rome	270
396.	Studies of Sky.	296
397.	Scotland ?	297

398.	The Tiber	298
399.	The Capitol from Temple of ?	299
400.	Bridges in the Campagna	300

GROUP XVIII.

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

FINEST COLOUR ON GREY. (LATE.)

Twenty-five rapid studies in colour on grey paper. Of his best late time, and in his finest manner, giving more conditions of solid form than have ever been expressed by means at once so subtle and rapid.

401.	Full sails on Seine	101
402.	The breeze beneath the Coteau	102
403.	Heavy barges in a gust	103
404.	French lugger under the Hève	104
405.	The steamer	105
406.	Havre	106
407.	Havre	107
408.	Harfleur	108
409.	Honfleur in distance	113
410.	Honfleur? Compare Seine series	110
411.	Cherbourg	111
412.	Cherbourg	112
413.	Street with canal	109
414.	Rouen	114
415.	The Gray Castle	115
416.	Nantes	116
417.	Nantes?	117
418.	Angers?	118
419.	Beaugency	119
420.	Beaugency	120
421.	Chateau de Blois	121

422.	Chateau Hamelin	122
423.	?	123
424.	?	124
425.	Tours? The Scarlet Sunset	125

This last magnificent drawing belongs properly to the next group, which is almost exclusively formed by drawings in which the main element is colour, at once deep and glowing. But the consistency of the group is in colour and treatment; and in the uniform determination of the artist that every subject shall at least have a castle and a crag in it—if possible a river; or by Fortune's higher favour—blue sea, and that all trees shall be ignored, as shady and troublesome excrescences. In default of locality, I have put here and there a word of note or praise.

GROUP XIX.

(*Fifth Hundred.*)

FINEST COLOUR ON GREY. (LATEST.)

426.	Rhine. (Yellow raft essential)	176
427.	Too red and yellow. Full of power in form	177
428.	Delicate, and very lovely	178
429.	Rhine? or Danube? Very grand	179
430.	Bacharach. Wonderful, but too wild	180
431.	Best quality—all but the white chalk	181
432.	Heidelberg. Rosy tower, and a tree or two! Lovely	182
433.	Such things <i>are</i> , though you mayn't believe it	183
434.	Dinant, Meuse. A mighty one	184
435.	Dinant. Bronzed sunset. Firm and good	185
436.	Luxembourg. Splendid	186
437.	Luxembourg. Forced, and poor	187
438.	Luxembourg. Highest quality	188
439.	Luxembourg. Supreme of the set, except	189

440.	Luxembourg. Probably the grandest drawing of this date	190
441.	Luxembourg. Too blue and red, but noble	191
442.	Meuse. Admirable, but incomplete.	192
443.	Coast of Genoa? Good, but dull	193
444.	Coast of Genoa? Highest quality	194
445.	Italian lakes? Supreme of all, for colour	195
446.	Marseilles? Splendid, but harsh	196
447.	Riviera? Fine, but a little hard and mannered	197
448.	Sorrento coast? Sunset. Lovely	198
449.	Vico? coast of Sorrento. The same type: poorer	199
450.	The Vermilion Palace	200

I know scarcely any of their subjects except the Luxembourgs; and have therefore left them in their first rough arrangement; although subjects probably Genovese and South Italian are mixed with others from Germany and the Rhine.

GROUP XX.

(Fifth Hundred.)

STUDIES ON GREY FOR RIVERS OF FRANCE. (LATE.)

451.	Four studies at Marly and Rouen	26
452.	Two studies in France and Two studies for a picture	27
453.	Four studies in France	28
454.	Four studies in France	29
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461.	Orleans, Tours (colour on grey)	. . .	36
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464.	Honfleur, Honfleur? (colour on grey)	. . .	40
465.	Liber Studiorum subjects, two Lake of Thun, Mont St. Gothard, Ville de Thun (pencil)	. . .	37

GROUP XXI.

(Fifth Hundred.)

THE SEINE.

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490.	Bridge of Sèvres	.	.	.	.	.	.	148
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135	.	.	85	.	.	12	145	.	.	2	.	.	6
136	.	.	86	.	.	12	146	.	.	42	.	.	9
137	.	.	87	.	.	12	147	.	.	28	.	.	8
138	.	.	30	.	.	8	148	.	.	27	.	.	8
139	.	.	84	.	.	12	149	.	.	40	.	.	9
*140							*150						
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142	.	.	93	.	.	13	152	.	.	91	.	.	12
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5	.	.	203	.	.	20	*31	.	.	456	.	.	34
*6							*32	.	.	457	.	.	34
*7							*33	.	.	458	.	.	34
*8							*34	.	.	459	.	.	34
9	.	.	205	.	.	21	*35	.	.	460	.	.	34
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14	.	.	209	.	.	21	*40	.	.	464	.	.	35
*15							41	.	.	140	.	.	17
*16							42	.	.	139	.	.	17
17	.	.	210	.	.	21	*43						
18	.	.	211	.	.	21	44	.	.	141	.	.	17
19	.	.	212	.	.	21	45	.	.	138	.	.	17
*20							46	.	.	146	.	.	17
*21							47	.	.	132	.	.	17
22	.	.	219	.	.	21	48	.	.	157	.	.	17
23	.	.	223	.	.	21	49	.	.	147	.	.	17
24	.	.	217	.	.	21	50	.	.	142	.	.	17
25	.	.	225	.	.	21	51	.	.	181	.	.	18
*26	.	.	451	.	.	34	52	.	.	182	.	.	18

53	.	.	183	.	.	19	99	.	.	178	.	.	18
54	.	.	184	.	.	19	100	.	.	135	.	.	17
55	.	.	185	.	.	19	101	.	.	401	.	.	32
56	.	.	186	.	.	19	102	.	.	402	.	.	32
57	.	.	187	.	.	19	103	.	.	403	.	.	32
58	.	.	188	.	.	19	104	.	.	404	.	.	32
59	.	.	189	.	.	19	105	.	.	405	.	.	32
60	.	.	190	.	.	19	106	.	.	406	.	.	32
61	.	.	191	.	.	19	107	.	.	407	.	.	32
62	.	.	192	.	.	19	108	.	.	408	.	.	32
63	.	.	193	.	.	19	109	.	.	413	.	.	32
64	.	.	194	.	.	19	110	.	.	410	.	.	32
65	.	.	195	.	.	19	111	.	.	411	.	.	32
66	.	.	196	.	.	19	112	.	.	412	.	.	32
67	.	.	197	.	.	19	113	.	.	409	.	.	32
68	.	.	198	.	.	19	114	.	.	414	.	.	32
69	.	.	199	.	.	19	115	.	.	415	.	.	32
70	.	.	200	.	.	19	116	.	.	416	.	.	32
*71							117	.	.	417	.	.	32
72	.	.	131	.	.	17	118	.	.	418	.	.	32
73	.	.	133	.	.	17	119	.	.	419	.	.	32
*74							120	.	.	420	.	.	32
75	.	.	176	.	.	18	121	.	.	421	.	.	32
*76							122	.	.	422	.	.	33
77	.	.	166	.	.	18	123	.	.	423	.	.	33
78	.	.	159	.	.	17	124	.	.	424	.	.	33
79	.	.	160	.	.	17	125	.	.	425	.	.	33
80	.	.	134	.	.	17	126	.	.	474	.	.	35
81	.	.	136	.	.	17	127	.	.	471	.	.	35
82	.	.	158	.	.	17	128	.	.	472	.	.	35
83	.	.	148	.	.	17	129	.	.	475	.	.	35
84							130	.	.	478	.	.	35
85	.	.	149	.	.	17	131	.	.	481	.	.	35
86	.	.	161	.	.	18	132	.	.	482	.	.	35
87	.	.	162	.	.	18	133	.	.	483	.	.	36
88	.	.	163	.	.	18	134	.	.	476	.	.	35
89	.	.	164	.	.	18	135	.	.	477	.	.	35
90	.	.	165	.	.	18	136	.	.	484	.	.	36
91	.	.	143	.	.	17	137	.	.	483	.	.	36
92	.	.	144	.	.	17	138	.	.	487	.	.	36
*93							139	.	.	486	.	.	36
94	.	.	177	.	.	18	140	.	.	497	.	.	36
95	.	.	145	.	.	17	141	.	.	492	.	.	36
96	.	.	137	.	.	17	142	.	.	495	.	.	36
97	.	.	179	.	.	18	143	.	.	494	.	.	36
98	.	.	180	.	.	18	144	.	.	493	.	.	36

145	.	.	496	.	.	36	191	.	.	441	.	.	34
146	.	.	488	.	.	36	192	.	.	442	.	.	34
147	.	.	489	.	.	36	193	.	.	443	.	.	34
148	.	.	490	.	.	36	194	.	.	444	.	.	34
149	.	.	498	.	.	36	195	.	.	445	.	.	34
150	.	.	499	.	.	36	196	.	.	446	.	.	34
151	.	.	466	.	.	35	197	.	.	447	.	.	34
152	.	.	480	.	.	35	198	.	.	448	.	.	34
153	.	.	469	.	.	35	199	.	.	449	.	.	34
154	.	.	470	.	.	35	200	.	.	450	.	.	34
155	.	.	479	.	.	35	201	.	.	246	.	.	23
156	.	.	491	.	.	36	202	.	.	240	.	.	22
157	.	.	467	.	.	35	203	.	.	231	.	.	22
158	.	.	468	.	.	35	204	.	.	232	.	.	22
159	.	.	473	.	.	35	205	.	.	228	.	.	22
160	.	.	500	.	.	36	206	.	.	248	.	.	23
161	.	.	336	.	.	29	207	.	.	233	.	.	22
162	.	.	337	.	.	29	208	.	.	235	.	.	22
163	.	.	338	.	.	29	209	.	Reserved				
164	.	.	339	.	.	29	210	.	.	226	.	.	22
165	.	.	310	.	.	29	211	.	.	230	.	.	22
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168	.	.	343	.	.	29	214	.	.	238	.	.	22
169	.	.	350	.	.	29	215	.	.	234	.	.	22
170	.	.	349	.	.	29	216	.	.	241	.	.	23
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172	.	.	346	.	.	29	218	.	.	242	.	.	23
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175	.	.	348	.	.	29	221	.	.	239	.	.	22
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179	.	.	429	.	.	33	225	.	.	247	.	.	23
180	.	.	430	.	.	33	226	.	.	301	.	.	27
181	.	.	431	.	.	33	227	.	.	303	.	.	27
182	.	.	432	.	.	33	228	.	.	308	.	.	27
183	.	.	433	.	.	33	229	.	.	309	.	.	27
184	.	.	434	.	.	33	230	.	.	250	.	.	23
185	.	.	435	.	.	33	231	.	.	302	.	.	27
186	.	.	436	.	.	33	232	.	.	304	.	.	27
187	.	.	437	.	.	33	233	.	.	305	.	.	27
188	.	.	438	.	.	33	234	.	.	306	.	.	27
189	.	.	439	.	.	33	235	.	.	307	.	.	27
190	.	.	440	.	.	34	236	.	.	310	.	.	27

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238	.	.	312	.	.	27	*284	.	.	150	.	.	17
239	.	.	313	.	.	27	285	.	.	174	.	.	18
240	.	.	314	.	.	27	286	.	.	175	.	.	18
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242	.	.	317	.	.	28	288	.	.	173	.	.	18
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246	.	.	320	.	.	28	*292	.	.	367	.	.	30
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248	.	.	322	.	.	28	*294	.	.		.	.	
249	.	.	323	.	.	28	*295	.	.		.	.	
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251	.	.	391	.	.	31	*297	.	.	397	.	.	31
252	.	.	282	.	.	25	*298	.	.	398	.	.	32
253	.	.	270	.	.	24	*299	.	.	399	.	.	32
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257	.	.	263	.	.	24	303	.	.	283	.	.	25
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260	.	.	279	.	.	25	306	.	.	108	.	.	14
261	.	.	394	.	.	31	307	.	.	105	.	.	14
262	.	.	255	.	.	24	308	.	.	115	.	.	15
263	.	.	254	.	.	24	309	.	.	103	.	.	14
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*343							*379	.	.	353	.	.	30
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346	.	.	109	.	.	15	*382	.	.	382	.	.	31
347	.	.	110	.	.	15	*383	.	.	383	.	.	31
348	.	.	111	.	.	15	*384	.	.	384	.	.	31
349	.	.	112	.	.	15	*385	.	.	385	.	.	31
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*354	.	.	359	.	.	30	*390	.	.	390	.	.	31
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*357	.	.	364	.	.	30	393	.	.	331	.	.	28
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*362	.	.	370	.	.	31	398	.	.	328	.	.	28
*363	.	.	371	.	.	31	399	.	.	326	.	.	28
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GUIDE

TO

THE PRINCIPAL PICTURES

IN THE

ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

AT

VENICE.

ARRANGED FOR ENGLISH TRAVELLERS

BY

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OF VENICE.

NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

GUIDE, ETC.

PART I.

OVER the entrance gate of the Academy are three of the most precious pieces of sculpture in Venice; her native work, dated; and belonging to the school of severe Gothic which indicates the beginning of her Christian life in understanding of its real claims upon her.

St. Leonard on the left, St. Christopher on the right, under Gothic cusped niches. The Madonna in the centre, under a simple gable; the bracket-cornice beneath bearing date, 1345; the piece of sculpture itself engaged in a rectangular panel, which is the persistent sign of the Greek schools; descending from the Metopes of the Parthenon.

You see the infant sprawls on her knee in an ungainly manner: she herself sits with quiet maiden dignity, but in no manner of sentimental adoration.

That is Venetian naturalism; showing their henceforward steady desire to represent things as they really (according to the workman's notions) might have existed. It begins first in this century, separating itself from the Byzantine formalism, —the movement being the same which was led by Giotto in Florence fifty years earlier. These sculptures are the result of his influence, from Padua, and other such Gothic power, rousing Venice to do and think for herself, instead of letting her Greek subjects do all for her. This is one of her first performances, independently of them. She has not yet the least notion of making anybody stand rightly on their feet; you see how St. Leonard and St. Christopher point their toes. Clearly, until we know how to do better than this, in perspective and such matters, our painting cannot come to much. Accordingly, all the Venetian painting of any importance you are

now to see in the Academy is subsequent to these sculptures. But these are, fortunately, dated—1378 and 1384. Twenty years more will bring us out of the fourteenth century. And therefore, broadly, all the painter's art of Venice begins in the fifteenth; and we may as well at once take note that it ends with the sixteenth. There are only these two hundred years of painting in Venice. Now, without much pause in the corridor, though the old well in the cortile has its notabilities if one had time,—up the spiral stairs, and when you have entered the gallery and got your admission tickets—(quite a proper arrangement that you should pay for them,—if I were a Venetian prefect, you should pay a good deal more for leave to come to Venice at all, that I might be sure you cared to come.)—walk straight forward till you descend the steps into the first room in the arrangement of the Academy Catalogue. On your right, at the bottom of the steps, you see a large picture (16) in a series of compartments, of which the central one, the *Crowning of the Virgin*, was painted by a Venetian vicar, (vicar of St. Agnes,) in 1380. A happy, faithful, cheerful vicar he must have been; and any vicar, rector, or bishop who could do such a thing now would be a blessing to his parish, and delight to his diocese. Symmetrical, orderly, gay, and in the heart of it nobly grave, this work of the old *Plebanus* has much in it of the future methods of Venetian composition. The two angels peeping over the arms of the throne may remind you to look at its cusped arches, for we are here in central Gothic time, thirty years after the sea-façade of the Ducal Palace had been built.

Now, on the opposite side of the room, over the door leading into the next room, you see (1) in the Academy Catalogue “The work of Bartholomew Vivarini of Murano, 1464,” showing you what advance had been made in eighty years. The figures still hard in outline,—thin, (except the Madonna's throat, which always, in Venice, is strong as a pillar,) and much marked in sinew and bone, (studied from life, mind you, not by dissection); exquisitely delicate and careful in pure colour;—in character, portraits of holy men and women, such as then

were. There is no idealism here whatever. Monks and nuns had indeed faces and mien like these saints, when they desired to have the saints painted for them.

A noble picture ; not of any supreme genius, but completely containing the essence of Venetian art.

Next, going under it, through the door, you find yourself in the principal room of the Academy, which please cross quietly to the window opposite, on the left of which hangs a large picture which you will have great difficulty in seeing at all, hung as it is against the light ; and which, in any of its finer qualities, you absolutely cannot see ; but may yet perceive what they are, latent in that darkness, which is all the honour that the kings, nobles, and artists of Europe care to bestow on one of the greatest pictures ever painted by Christendom in her central art-power. Alone worth an entire modern exhibition-building, hired fiddlers and all ; here you have it jammed on a back wall, utterly unserviceable to human kind, the little angels of it fiddling unseen, unheard by anybody's heart. It is the best John Bellini in the Academy of Venice ; the third best in Venice, and probably in the world. Repainted, the right-hand angel, and somewhat elsewhere ; but on the whole perfect ; unspeakably good, and right in all ways. Not inspired with any high religious passion ; a good man's work, not an enthusiast's. It is, in principle, merely the perfecting of Vivarini's ; the saints, mere portraits of existing men and women ; the Madonna, idealized only in that squareness of face and throat, not in anywise the prettier for it, otherwise a quite commonplace Venetian woman. Such, and far lovelier, you may see living to-day, if you can see—and may make manifest, if you can paint.

And now, you may look to the far end of the room, where Titian's ' Assumption ' has the chairs put before it ; everybody being expected to sit down, and for once, without asking what o'clock it is at the railroad station, reposefully admire.

Of which, hear first what I wrote, very rightly, a quarter of a century ago.

"The traveller is generally too much struck by Titian's

great picture of 'The Assumption' to be able to pay proper attention to the other works in this gallery. Let him, however, ask himself candidly how much of his admiration is dependent merely on the picture's being larger than any other in the room, and having bright masses of red and blue in it; let him be assured that the picture is in reality not one whit the better either for being large or gaudy in colour, and he will then be better disposed to give the pains necessary to discover the merit of the more profound works of Bellini and Tintoret."

I wrote this, I have said, *very* rightly, not *quite* rightly. For if a picture is good, it *is* better for being large, because it is more difficult to paint large than small; and if colour is good, it *may be* better for being bright.

Nay, the fault of this picture, as I read it now, is in not being bright enough. A large piece of scarlet, two large pieces of crimson, and some very beautiful blue, occupy about a fifth part of it; but the rest is mostly fox colour or dark brown: majority of the apostles under total eclipse of brown. St. John, there being nobody else handsome to look at, is therefore seen to advantage; also St. Peter and his beard; but the rest of the lower canvas is filled with little more than flourishings of arms and flingings of cloaks, in shadow and light.

However, as a piece of oil painting, and what artists call 'composition,' with entire grasp and knowledge of the action of the human body, the perspectives of the human face, and the relations of shade to colour in expressing form, the picture is deservedly held unsurpassable. Enjoy of it what you can; but of its place in the history of Venetian art observe these three following points:—

I. The throned Madonnas of Vivarini and Bellini were to Venice what the statue of Athena in the Brazen House was to Athens. Not at all supposed to *be* Athena, or to *be* Madonnas; but symbols, by help of which they conceived the presence with them of a real Goddess. But this picture of Titian's does not profess to symbolize any Virgin here with us, but only to show how the Virgin was taken away from us

a long time ago. And professing to represent this, he does not in the least believe his own representation, nor expect anybody else to believe it. He does not, in his heart, believe the Assumption ever took place at all. He is merely putting together a stage decoration of clouds, little boys, with wings stuck into them, and pantomime actors in studied positions, to amuse his Venice and himself.

II. Though desirous of nothing but amusement, he is not, at heart, half so much amused by his work as John Bellini, or one quarter so much amused as the innocent old vicar. On the contrary, a strange gloom has been cast over him, he knows not why; but he likes all his colours dark, and puts great spaces of brown, and crimson passing into black, where the older painters would have made all lively. Painters call this 'chiaroscuro.' So also they may call a thunder-cloud in the sky of spring: but it means more than light and shade.

III. You see that in all the three earlier pictures everybody is quiet. Here, everybody is in a bustle. If you like to look at my pamphlet on the relation of Tintoret to Michael Angelo, you will see how this comes to pass, and what it means. And that is all I care for your noticing in the Assumption, just now.

Next, look on right and left of it at the two dark pictures over the doors (63, 25).

Darkness visible, with flashes of lightning through it. The thunder-cloud upon us, rent with fire.

Those are Tintorets; finest possible Tintorets; best possible examples of what, in absolute power of painting, is supremest work, so far as I know, in all the world.

Nothing comes near Tintoret for colossal painter's power as such. But you need not think to get any good of these pictures; it would take you twenty years' work to understand the fineness of them as painting; and for the rest, there is little good in them to be got. Adam and Eve no more sat in that warm-weather picnic manner, helping each other politely to apples, on the occasion of their fall, than the Madonna went up all bending about in her red and blue cloak on the occasion

of her Assumption. But of the wrong and the truth, the error and the glory of these pictures, I have no time to speak now; nor you to hear. All that you have to notice is that painting has now become a dark instead of bright art, and in many ways a frightful and unpleasant art, or else I will add once for all, referring you for proof of it to the general examples of Venetian work at this late epoch, supplied as a luxury to foreign courts, a lascivious art.*

Nevertheless up to the time when Tintoret painted the Crucifixion in the Scuola di San Rocco, Venice had not in heart abjured her religion. The time when the last chord of its faith gives way cannot be discerned, to day and hour; but in that day and hour of which, for external sign, we may best take the death of Tintoret in 1594, the Arts of Venice are at an end.

I have therefore now shown you the complete course of their power, from 1380 at the Academy gates, to 1594—say, broadly, two centuries, (her previous art being only architectural, mosaic, or decorative sculpture.) We will now go through the rooms, noticing what is best worth notice in each of the epochs defined; essentially, you observe, three. The first we may call the Vivarini epoch, bright, innocent, more or less elementary, entirely religious art,—reaching from 1400 to 1480; the second, (which for reasons presently to be shown, we will call the Carpaccian epoch,) sometimes classic and mythic, as well as religious, 1480—1520; the third, supremely powerful art corrupted by taint of death, 1520—1600, which we will call the Tintoret epoch.

Of course the lives of the painters run in and out across these limits; yet if you fasten these firmly in your mind,—80,

* One copy of Titian's work bearing such commercial value, and showing what was briefly the Gospel preached by Missionary Venice to foreign nations in the sixteenth century, you will find presently in the narrow corridor, No. 347; on which you will usually also find some modern copyist employed, for missionary purposes; but never on a Vivarini. And in thus becoming dark, terrific, and sensual, Venetian art led the way to the mere naturalism and various baseness of following European art with the rubbish of which that corridor (Sala ix., Numbers 276 to 353,) is mostly filled.

40, 80,—you will find you have an immense advantage and easy grip of the whole history of Venetian art.

In the first epoch, however, I do not mean to detain you; but the room you first entered, into which I will now ask you to return, is full of pictures which you will find interesting if you have time to decipher them, and care for Christianity and its expressions. One only I will ask you to look at, after Titian's Assumption; the little Ascension by Nicolo Semitecolo, low down, on the right of the vicar's picture in Number 16. For that Ascension is painted in real belief that the Ascension *did* take place; and its sincerity ought to be pleasant to you, after Titian's pretence.

Now, returning up the steps, and taking the corridor to your right, opposite the porter's table, enter the little room through the first door on your right; and therein, just on your right as you go in, is Mantegna's St. George, No. 273; to which give ten minutes quietly, and examine it with a magnifying glass of considerable power. For in that you have a perfect type of the Italian methods of execution corresponding to the finish of the Dutch painters in the north; but far more intellectual and skilful. You cannot see more wonderful work in minute drawing with the point of the brush; the virtue of it being that not only every touch is microscopically minute, but that, in this minuteness, every touch is considered, and every touch right. It is to be regarded, however, only as a piece of workmanship. It is wholly without sentiment, though the distant landscape becomes affecting through its detailed truth,—the winding road under the rocks, and the towered city, being as full of little pretty things to be searched out as a natural scene would be.

And I have brought you first, in our now more complete review, to this picture, because it shows more clearly than any other through what tremendous work the Italian masters obtained their power.

Without the inherited strength won by this precision of drawing in the earlier masters, neither Titian nor Tintoret could have existed.

Return into the corridor, and walk along it to the end without wasting time;—there is a Bonifazio, No. 326, worth a painter's while to stop at, but in general mere Dutch rubbish. Walk straight on, and go in at the last door on the left, within which you will find

456, Cima da Conegliano. An entirely sincere and noble picture of the central epoch. Not supreme in any artistic quality, but good and praiseworthy in all; and, as a conception of its subject, the most beautiful you will find in Venice. Grudge no time upon *it*; but look at nothing else here; return into the corridor, and proceed by it into the great room.

Opposite you is Titian's great 'Presentation of the Virgin,' interesting to artists, and an unusually large specimen of Titian's rough work. To me, simply the most stupid and uninteresting picture ever painted by him:—if you can find anything to enjoy in it, you are very welcome: I have nothing more to say of it, except that the colour of the landscape is as false as a piece of common blue tapestry, and that the 'celebrated' old woman with her basket of eggs is as dismally ugly and vulgar a filling of spare corner as was ever daubed on a side-scene in a hurry at Drury Lane.

On the other side of the room, 543, is another wide waste of canvas; miserable example of the work subsequent to Paul Veronese; doubly and trebly mischievous in caricaturing and defiling all that in the master himself is noble: to look long at such a thing is enough to make the truest lovers of Venetian art ashamed of Venice, and of themselves. It ought to be taken down and burned.

Turn your back to it, in the centre of the room; and make up your mind for a long stand; for opposite you, so standing, is a Veronese indeed, of the most instructive and noble kind (489); and beneath it, the best picture in the Academy of Venice, Carpaccio's 'Presentation' (488).

Of the Veronese, I will say nothing but that the main instructiveness of it is in the exhibition of his acquired and

inevitable faults (the infection of his æra), with his own quietest and best virtues. It is an artist's picture, and even only to be rightly felt by very good artists; the aerial perspectives in it being extremely subtle, and rare, to equal degree, in the painter's work. To the general spectator, I will only observe that he has free leave to consider the figure of the Virgin execrable; but that I hope, if he has a good opera-glass, he will find something to please him in the little rose-bush in the glass vase on the balustrade. I would myself give all the bushes—not to say all the trees—and all the seas, of Claude and Poussin, in one bunch and one deluge—for this little rose-bush and its bottle.

488. 'The Presentation in the Temple.' Signed 'Victor Carpaccio, 1510.' From the Church of St. Job.

You have no similar leave, however, good general spectator, to find fault with anything *here!* You may measure yourself, outside and in,—your religion, your taste, your knowledge of art, your knowledge of men and things,—by the quantity of admiration which honestly, after due time given, you can feel for this picture.

You are not required to think the Madonna pretty, or to receive the same religious delight from the conception of the scene, which you would rightly receive from Angelico, Filippo Lippi, or Perugino. This is essentially Venetian,—prosaic, matter of fact,—retaining its supreme common-sense through all enthusiasm.

Nor are you required to think this a first-rate work in Venetian colour. This is the best picture in the Academy precisely because it is *not* the best piece of colour there;—because the great master has subdued his own main passion, and restrained his colour-faculty, though the best in Venice, that you might *not* say the moment you came before the picture, as you do of the Paris Bourdone (492), '*What a piece of colour!*'

To Paris, the Duke, the Senate, and the Miracle are all merely vehicles for flashes of scarlet and gold on marble and

silk; but Carpaccio, in this picture of the Presentation, does not want you to think of *his* colour, but of *your* Christ.

To whom the Madonna also is subjected—to whom all is subjected: you will not find such another Infant Christ in Venice; (but always look carefully at Paul Veronese's, for it is one of the most singular points in the character of this usually decorative and inexpressive painter, that his Infant Christs are always beautiful.)

For the rest, I am not going to praise Carpaccio's work. Give time to it; and if you don't delight in it, the essential faculty of enjoying good art is wanting in you, and I can't give it you by ten minutes' talk; but if you begin really to feel the picture, observe that its supreme merit is in the exactly just balance of all virtue;—detail perfect, yet inconspicuous; composition intricate and severe, but concealed under apparent simplicity; and painter's faculty of the supremest, used nevertheless with entire subjection of it to intellectual purpose. Titian, compared to Carpaccio, paints as a circus-rider rides,—there is nothing to be thought of in him but his riding. But Carpaccio paints as a good knight rides; his riding is the least of him; and to himself—unconscious in its ease.

When you have seen all you can of the picture as a whole, go near, and make out the little pictures on the edge of St. Simeon's robe; four quite lovely ones; the lowest admitting, to make the whole perfect, delightful grotesque of fairy angels within a heavenly castle wall, thrusting down a troop of supine devils to the deep. The other three, more beautiful in their mystery of shade; but I have not made them out yet. There is one solemn piece of charge to a spirit folding its arms in obedience; and I think the others must be myths of creation, but can't tell yet, and must now go on quickly to note merely the pictures you should look at, reserving talk of them for a second number of this Guide.

483, 500, 524, containing all you need study in Bonifazio. In 500, he is natural, and does his best; in 483, he pretends to religion, which he has not; in 524, to art, which he has not.

The last is a monstrous example of the apathy with which the later Italian artists, led by Raphael, used this horrible subject to exhibit their ingenuity in anatomical posture, and excite the feeble interest of vulgar spectators.

503. Quiet Tintoret; very noble in senators, poor in Madonna.

519. Quiet Paul Veronese; very noble in St. Jerome's robe and Lion, and in little St. John's back. Not particularly so in anybody's front, but a first-rate picture in the picture-way.

507. Dashing Tintoret: fearfully repainted, but grand yet in the lighter figures of background.

496—502. Dashing Paul Veronese—splendid in art; in conception of Evangelists—all that Venice wanted of them, at that day. You must always, however, judge her as you would a sailor,—what would be ridiculous or bombastic in others has often some honesty in it with *her*. Think of these Evangelists as a kind of figure-heads of ships.

Enter now the great room with the Veronese at the end of it, for which the painter (quite rightly) was summoned before the Inquisition of State: you will find his examination, translated by a friend to whom I owe much in my old Venetian days, in the Appendix to my second Guide; but you must not stop now at this picture, if you are in a hurry, for you can see the like of it, and better, in Paris; but you can see nothing in all the world, out of Venice, like certain other pictures in this room.

Glancing round it, you see it may be generally described as full of pictures of street architecture, with various more or less interesting transactions going on in the streets. Large Canalettos, in fact; only with the figures a little more interesting than Canaletto's figures; and the buildings, on the whole, red and white or brown and white, instead of, as with Canaletto, black and white. And on consideration, and observation, you

will perceive, if you *have* any perception of colour, that Venetian buildings, and most others, being really red and white or brown and white, not black and white, this is really the right manner of painting them, and these are true and sufficient representations of streets, of landscapes, and of interiors of houses, with the people, as I said, either in St. Mark's Place, 555, or at Grand Cairo, 540, or before the Castle of St. Angelo at Rome, 546, or by the old Rialto here, 564, being themselves also more or less interesting, if you will observe them, first in their dresses, which are very curious and pretty, and afterwards in many other particulars, of which for the present I must leave you to make out what you can; for of the pictures by Carpaccio in this room I must write an entirely separate account, (begun already for one of them only, the Dream of St. Ursula, 533.)* and of the Gentile Bellini you can only know the value after good study of St. Mark's itself. Observe, however, at least in this, and in 548 and 564, the perfectly true representation of what the Architecture of Venice was in her glorious time; trim, dainty,—red and white like the blossom of a carnation,—touched with gold like a peacock's plumes, and frescoed, even to its chimney-pots, with fairest arabesque,—its inhabitants, and it together, one harmony of work and life,—all of a piece, you see them, in the wonderful palace-perspective on the left in 548, with everybody looking out of their windows. And in this picture of St. Mark's, painted by John Bellini's good brother, true as he could, hue for hue, and ray for ray, you see that all the tossing of its *now* white marble foliage against the sky, which in my old book on Venice I compared to the tossed spray of sea waves, (believing then, as I do still, that the Venetians in their living and breathing days of art were always influenced in their choice of guiding lines of sculpture by their sense of the action of wind or sea.) were not, at all events, meant to be like sea foam white in anger, but

* Of which, with her legend, if you care to hear more, you will find more in the three numbers of 'Fors Clavigera' now purchaseable of my agent in Venice, (Mr. Bunney, Fondamenta San Biagio 2143,) from whom all my recent publications on Venice may be also procured.

like light spray in morning sunshine. They were all overlaid with gold.

Not yet in vicious luxury. Those porches of St. Mark's, so please you, English friends, were not thus gilt for the wedding of Miss Kilmansegg, nor are those pictures on the vaults, advertisements, like yours in your railway stations;—all the arts of England bent on recommending you cheap bathing machines and painless pills. Here are purer baths and medicines told of; here have been more ingenious engineers. From the Sinai desert, from the Sion rock, from the defiles of Lebanon, met here the ghosts of ancient builders to oversee the work,—of dead nations, to inspire it:—Bezaleel and the maids of Israel who gave him their jewels; Hiram and his forgers in the vale of Siddim—his woodmen of the Syrian forests;—David the lord of war, and his Son the Lord of Peace, and the multitudes that kept holyday when the cloud filled the house they had built for the Lord of All;—these, in their myriads stood by, to watch, to guide;—it might have been, had Venice willed, to bless.

Literally so, mind you. The wreathen work of the lily capitals and their archivolts, the glass that keeps unfaded their colour—the design of that colour itself, and the stories that are told in the glow of it,—all these were brought by the Jew or the Tyrian, bringing also the treasures of Persia and Egypt; and with these, labouring beside them as one brought up with them, stood the Athena of Corinth, and the Sophia of Byzantium.

Not in vicious luxury these, yet—though in Tyrian splendour glows St. Mark's;—nor those quiet and trim little houses on the right, joining the Campanile. You are standing, (the work is so completely done that you may soon fancy yourself so.) in old St. Mark's Place, at the far end of it, before it was enlarged; you may find the stone marking the whole length of it in the pavement, just opposite the easternmost door of the Café Florian. And there were none of those pompous loggie then, where you walk up and down before the café, but these trim, dainty, happily inhabited houses, mostly in white marble

and gold, with disks of porphyry ;—and look at the procession coming towards you underneath them—what a bed of moving flowers it is! Not Birnam wood coming, gloomy and terrible, but a very bloom and garland of good and knightly manhood—its Doge walking in the midst of it—simple, valiant, actual, beneficent, magnificent king. Do you see better sights than this in St. Mark's Place now, in your days of progress?

Now, just to get some little notion how the figures are 'put in' by these scrupulous old formalists, take the pains to look closely at the first you come upon, of the procession on the extreme left,—the three musicians, namely, with the harp, violin, and lute. Look at them as portraits only: you will not find more interesting ones in all the rooms. And then you will do well to consider the picture as a reality for a little while, and so leave the Academy with a vision of living Venice in your heart. We will look at no more painting to-day.

PART II.

IF you have looked with care at the three musicians, or any other of the principal figures, in the great town or landscape views in this principal room, you will be ready now with better patience to trace the order of their subjects, and such character or story as their treatment may develope. I can only help you, however, with Carpaccio's, for I have not been able to examine, or much think of, Mansueti's, recognizing nevertheless much that is delightful in them.

By Carpaccio, then, in this room,* there are in all eleven important pictures, eight from the legend of St. Ursula, and three of distinct subjects. Glance first at the series of St. Ursula subjects, in this order:—

I.—539. Maurus the King of Britany receives the English ambassadors: and has talk with his daughter touching their embassy.

II.—533. St. Ursula's Dream.

III.—537. King Maurus dismisses the English ambassadors with favourable answer from his daughter. (This is the most beautiful piece of *painting* in the rooms.)

IV.—549. The King of England receives the Princess's favourable answer.

V.—542. The Prince of England sets sail for Britany;—there receives his bride, and embarks with her on pilgrimage.

VI.—546. The Prince of England and his bride, voyaging on pilgrimage with the eleven thousand maidens, arrive at Rome, and are received by the Pope, who, “with certain Cardinals,” joins their pilgrimage. (The most beautiful of all the series, next to the Dream.)

* Or at least in the Academy: the arrangement may perhaps be altered before this Guide can be published; at all events we must not count on it.

VII.—544. The Prince, with his bride, and the Pope with his Cardinals, and the eleven thousand maids, arrive in the land of the Huns, and receive martyrdom there. In the second part of the picture is the funeral procession of St. Ursula.

VIII.—St. Ursula, with her maidens, and the pilgrim Pope, and certain Cardinals, in glory of Paradise. I have always forgotten to look for the poor bridegroom in this picture, and on looking, am by no means sure of him. But I suppose it is he who holds St. Ursula's standard. The architecture and landscape are unsurpassably fine; the rest much imperfect; but containing nobleness only to be learned by long dwelling on it.

In this series, I have omitted one picture, 544, which is of scarcely any interest—except in its curious faults and unworthiness. At all events, do not at present look at it, or think of it; but let us examine all the rest without hurry.

In the first place, then, we find this curious fact, intensely characteristic of the fifteenth as opposed to the nineteenth century—that the figures are true and natural, but the landscape false and unnatural, being by such fallacy made entirely subordinate to the figures. I have never approved of, and only a little understand, this state of things. The painter is never interested in the ground, but only in the creatures that tread on it. A castle tower is left a mere brown bit of canvas, and all his colouring kept for the trumpeters on the top of it. The fields are obscurely green; the sky imperfectly blue; and the mountains could not possibly stand on the very small foundations they are furnished with.

Here is a Religion of Humanity, and nothing else,—to purpose! Nothing in the universe thought worth a look, unless it is in service or foil to some two-legged creature showing itself off to the best advantage. If a flower is in a girl's hair, it shall be painted properly; but in the fields, shall be only a spot: if a striped pattern is on a boy's jacket, we paint all the ins and outs of it, and drop not a stitch; but the striped patterns of vineyard or furrow in field, the enamelled mossy

mantles of the rocks, the barred heraldry of the shield of the sky,—perhaps insects and birds may take pleasure in them, not we. To his own native lagunes and sea, the painter is yet less sensitive. His absurd rocks, and dotted black hedges round bitumen-coloured fields, (542,) are yet painted with some grotesque humour, some modest and unworldly beauty; and sustain or engird their castellated quaintnesses in a manner pleasing to the pre-Raphaelite mind. But the sea—waveless as a deal board—and in that tranquillity, for the most part reflecting nothing at its edge,—literally, such a sea justifies that uncourteous saying of earlier Venice of her Doge's bride, —“*Mare sub pede pono.*” *

Of all these deficiencies, characteristic not of this master only, but of his age, you will find various analysis in the third volume of ‘Modern Painters,’ in the chapter on mediæval landscape; with begun examination of the causes which led gradually to more accurate observance of natural phenomena, until, by Turner, the method of Carpaccio's mind is precisely reversed, and the Nature in the background becomes principal; the figures in the foreground, its foil. I have a good deal more, however, to say on this subject now,—so much more, indeed, that in this little Guide there is no proper room for any of it, except the simple conclusion that both the painters are wrong in whatever they either definitely misrepresent, or enfeeble by inharmonious deficiency.

In the next place, I want you to notice Carpaccio's fancy in what he does represent very beautifully,—the architecture, real and ideal, of his day.

His fancy, I say; or phantasy; the notion he has of what architecture should be; of which, without doubt, you see his clearest expression in the Paradise, and in the palace of the most Christian King, St. Ursula's father.

* On the scroll in the hand of the throned Venice on the Piazzetta side of the Ducal Palace, the entire inscription is,

“*Fortis, justa, trono furias, mare sub pede, pono.*”

“Strong, and just, I put the furies beneath my throne, and the sea beneath my foot.”

And here I must ask you to remember, or learn if you do not know, the general course of transition in the architecture of Venice;—namely, that there are three epochs of good building in Venice; the first lasting to 1300, Byzantine, in the style of St. Mark's; the second, 1300 to 1480, Gothic, in the style of the Ducal Palace; and the third, 1480 to 1520, in a manner which architects have yet given no entirely accepted name to, but which, from the name of its greatest designer, Brother Giocondo, of Verona,* I mean, myself, henceforward to call 'Giocondine.'

Now the dates on these pictures of Carpaccio's run from 1480 to 1485, so that you see he was painting in the youthful gush, as it were, and fullest impetus of Giocondine architecture, which all Venice, and chiefly Carpaccio, in the joy of art, thought was really at last the architecture divinely designed, and arrived at by steady progress of taste, from the Creation to 1480, and then the ne plus ultra, and real Babel-style without bewilderment—its top truly reaching to heaven,—style which was never thenceforth to be bettered by human thought or skill. Of which Giocondine manner, I really think you had better at once see a substantially existent piece. It will not take long,—say an hour, with lunch; and the good door-keeper will let you come in again without paying.†

So, (always supposing the day fine,) go down to your boat, and order yourself to be taken to the church of the Frari. Landing just beyond it, your gondoliers will show you the way, up the calle beside it, to the desolate little courtyard of the School of St. John the Evangelist. It might be one of the most beautiful scenes among the cities of Italy, if only the good Catholics of Venice would employ so much of their yearly alms in the honour of St. John the Evangelist as to

* Called "the second Founder of Venice," for his engineering work on the Brenta. His architecture is chiefly at Verona; the style being adopted and enriched at Venice by the Lombardi.

† If you have already seen the school of St. John, or do not like the interruption, continue at page 24.

maintain any old gondolier, past rowing, in this courtyard by way of a Patmos, on condition that he should suffer no wildly neglected children to throw stones at the sculptures, nor grown-up creatures to defile them; but with occasional ablu-tion by sprinkling from garden water-engine, suffer the weeds of Venice to inhabit among the marbles where they listed.

How beautiful the place might be, I need not tell you. Beautiful it is, even in its squalid misery; but too probably, some modern designer of railroad stations will do it up with new gilding and scrapings of its grey stone. The gods forbid;—understand, at all events, that if this happens to it, you are no more to think of it as an example of Giocondine art. But, as long as it is let alone there, in the shafts and capitals you will see on the whole the most characteristic example in Venice of the architecture that Carpaccio, Cima, and John Bellini, loved.

As a rule, observe, square-piered, not round-pillared;—the square piers either sculptured all up with floral tracery, or, if plain, decorated half-way up, by a round panel of dark-coloured marble or else a bas-relief, usually a classic profile; the capitals, of light leafage, playing or springing into joyful spirals at the angles; the mouldings and cornices on the whole very flat or square cut,—no solid round mouldings anywhere, but all precise, rectangular, and shallow. The windows and doors either square-headed or round,—never pointed; but, if square-headed, having often a Greek gable or pediment above, as here on the outer wall; and, if round-headed, often composed of two semicircles side by side, with a circle between: * the wall decoration being either of round inlaid marbles, among floral sculpture, or of fresco. Little to be conceived from words; but if you will look well inside and outside of

* In returning to your boat, just walk round to the back of the church of the Frari, and look at the windows of the Scuola di San Rocco, which will fix the form in your mind. It is an entirely bad one; but took the fancy of men, for a time, and of strong ones, too. But don't stop long just now to look at this later building; keep the St. John's cortile for your type of Giocondine work, pure.

the cortile of the Evangelist, you will come away with a very definite primary notion of Giocondine work.

Then back, with straight speed to the Academy ; and before landing there, since you can see the little square in front of it, from your boat, read on.

The little square has its name written up at the corner, you see,—“ Field of Charity,” or rather of *the* Charity, meaning the Madonna of Charity, and church dedicated to her. Of which you see the mere walls, variously defaced, remaining yet in their original form, traces of the great circular window in the front yet left, also of the pointed windows at the sides—filled up, many a year ago, and the square holes below cut for modern convenience : there being no space in the length and breadth of Italy to build new square-holed houses on, the Church of Charity must be used for makeshift.

Have you charity of imagination enough to cover this little field with fresh grass,—to tear down the iron bridge which some accursed Englishman, I suppose, greedy for filthy job, persuaded the poor Venetians to spoil their Grand Canal with, at its noblest bend,—and to fill the pointed lateral windows with light tracery of quatrefoiled stone ? So stood, so bloomed, the church and its field, in early fourteenth century—dismal time ! the church in its fresh beauty then, built towards the close of the thirteenth century, on the site of a much more ancient one, first built of wood ; and, in 1119, of stone ; but still very small, its attached monastery receiving Alexander III. in 1177 ; here on the little flowery field landed the Pontiff Exile, whose foot was to tread so soon on the Lion and the Adder.

And some hundred years later, putting away, one finds not why, her little Byzantine church, more gravely meditative Venice, visited much by Dominican and Franciscan friars, and more or less in cowed temper herself, built this graver and simpler pile ; which, if any of my readers care for either Turner or me, they should look at with some moments’ pause ; for I have given Turner’s lovely sketch of it to Oxford, painted as he saw it fifty years ago, with bright golden

sails grouped in front of it where now is the ghastly iron bridge.*

Most probably, (I cannot yet find any direct document of it,) the real occasion of the building of the church whose walls yet stand, was the founding of the *Confraternita di S. Maria della Carita*, on St. Leonard's Day, 6th November, 1260,† which brotherhood, in 1310, fought side by side with the school of the Painters in St. Luke's field, against one body of the conspirators for Bajamonte, and drove them back, achieving the right thenceforward of planting their purple standard there, in St. Luke's field, with their stemma; (all this bears on Carpaccio's pictures presently, so have patience yet a minute or two), and so increasing in number and influence, bought in 1344, from the Monks of the Church of Charity, the ground on which you are presently going to see pictures; and built on it their cloister, dedicated also to St. Mary of Charity; and over the gate of it, by which you are going to enter, put St. Mary of Charity, as they best could get her carved, next year, 1345: and so you have her there, with cowed members of the confraternity kneeling to her; happy angels fluttering about her; the dark blue of her eyes not yet utterly faded from them. Blue-eyed as Athena she,—the Greek tradition yet prevailing to that extent,—a perfect type, the whole piece, of purest central fourteenth-century Gothic thought and work untouched, and indubitable of date, being inscribed below its bracket cornice,

MCCCXLV. I LO TEMPO DE MIS.

MARCHO ZULIAN FO FATO STO LAVORIER.

To wit—"1345, in the time" (of the Guardianship) "of Messer Mark Julian, was made this laboured thing."

* 'Very convenient for the people,' say you, modern man of business. Yes; very convenient to them also to pay two centesimi every time they cross,—six for three persons, into the pockets of that English engineer; instead of five for three persons, to one of their own boatmen, who now take to begging, drinking, and bellowing for the wretched hordes at the tables d'hôte, whose ears have been rent by railroad whistles till they don't know a howl from a song—instead of ferrying.

† Archivio Veneto. (Venezia, 1876.) Tom. XII., Parte i., p. 112.

And all seemed to bid fair for Venice and her sacred schools ; Heaven surely pleased with these her endeavours, and laboured things.

Yes, with these, and such other, I doubt not. But other things, it seems, had been done in Venice, with which Heaven was *not* pleased ; assuming always that there is a Heaven, for otherwise—what followed was of course only process of Darwinian development. But this *was* what followed. That Madonna, with her happy angels and humble worshippers, was carved as you see her over the Scuola cloister door.—in 1345. And “on the 25th of January, 1347,* on the day, to wit, of the conversion of St. Paul, about the hour of vespers, there came a great earthquake in Venice, and as it were in all the world ; and fell many tops of bell-towers, and houses, and chimneys, and the church of St. Basil : and there was so great fear that all the people thought to die. And the earth ceased not to tremble for about forty days ; and when it remained quiet, there came a great mortality, and the people died of various evil. And the people were in so great fear, that father would not go to visit son, nor son father. And this death lasted about six months ; and it was said commonly that there died two parts out of three, of all the people of Venice.”

These words you may read, (in Venetian dialect,) after you have entered the gate beneath the Madonna ; they are engraved under the Gothic arch on your right hand ; with other like words, telling the various horror of that Plague ; and how the guardian of the Scuola died by it, and about ten of his officers with him, and three hundred of the brethren.

Above the inscription, two angels hold the symbol of the Scuola ; carved, as you see, conspicuously also on the outer sculptures in various places ; and again on the well in the midst of the cloister. The first sign this, therefore, of all chosen by the greater schools of Venice, of which, as aforesaid, “The first was that of St. Mary of Charity, which school has its wax candles red, in sign that Charity should be glowing ;

* 1348, in our present calendar.

and has for its bearing a yellow" (meaning golden*) "cross, traversing two little circles also yellow; with red and green quartering the parts which the cross describes,—those who instituted such sign desiring to show thereby the union that Charity should have with Faith and Hope." †

The golden 'anchored' cross stands for Faith, the golden outer circle for Charity, the golden inner for Hope—all on field quartered gules and vert, the colours of Charity and Hope.

Such the first symbol of Venetian Brotherhoods,‡—in reading which, I delay you, that you may be better prepared to understand the symbolism running through every sign and colour in Venetian art at this time, down even to its tinting of wax candles; art which was indeed all the more symbolic for being rude, and complicated much with the use of signals and heraldries at sea, too distant for any art in them to be visible, but serviceably intelligible in meaning.

How far the great Scuola and cloisters of the Carita, for monks and confraternity together, reached from the gate under which you are pausing, you may see in Durer's woodcut of the year 1500, (Correr Museum,) which gives the apse with attached chapels; and the grand double cloister reaching back nearly to the Giudecca; a water-wheel—as I suppose—outside, on the (now filled up and paved) canal, moved by the tide, for molinary work in the kitchens. Of all which nothing now remains but these pillars and beams, between you and the gallery staircase; and the well with two brothers on each side holding their Stemma, a fine free hand piece of rough living work. You will not, I think, find that you have ill spent

* Ex Cruce constat aurea, seu flava; ejus speciei, quam artis hujusmodi Auctores 'ancorata' vocant.

† In tabulam Græcam insigni sodalitas S. M. Caritatis, Venetiarum, ab amplissimo Cardinali Bessarione dono datam, Dissertatio.—(St. Mark's library, 33331, page 146)

‡ At least according to the authority above quoted; as far as I have consulted the original documents myself, I find the school of St. Theodore primal.

your hour of rest when you now return into the Carpaccio room, where we will look first, please, at No. IV. (549), in which many general points are better shown than in the rest.

Here is the great King of ideal England, under an octagonal temple of audience; all the scene being meant to show the conditions of a state in perfect power and prosperity.

A state, therefore, that is at once old and young; that has had a history for centuries past, and will have one for centuries to come.

Ideal, founded mainly on the Venice of his own day; mingled a little with thoughts of great Rome, and of great antagonist Genoa: but, in all spirit and hope, the Venice of 1480—1500 is here living before you. And now, therefore, you can see at once what she meant by a 'Campo,' allowing for the conventional manner of representing grass, which of course at first you will laugh at; but which is by no means deserving of your contempt. Any hack draughtsman of Dalziel's can sketch for you, or any member of the Water-colour or Dudley Societies dab for you, in ten minutes, a field of hay that you would fancy you could mow, and make cocks of. But this green ground of Carpaccio's, with implanted flowers and tufts of grass, is traditional from the first Greek-Christian mosaics, and is an entirely systematic ornamental ground, and to be understood as such, primarily, and as grass only symbolically. Careless indeed, more than is usual with him—much spoiled and repainted also; but quite clear enough in expression for us of the orderliness and freshness of a Venetian campo in the great times; garden and city you see mingled inseparably, the wild strawberry growing at the steps of the king's court of justice, and their marble sharp and bright out of the turf. Clean everything, and pure;—no cigars in anybody's poisoned mouth,—no voiding of perpetual excrement of saliva on the precious marble or living flowers. Perfect peace and befittingness of behaviour in all men and creatures. Your very monkey in repose, perfect in his mediæval dress; the Darwinian theory in all its sacredness, breadth, divinity,

and sagacity,—but reposeful, not venturing to thrust itself into political council. Crowds on the bridges and quays, but untumultuous, close set as beds of flowers, richly decorative in their mass, and a beautiful mosaic of men, and of black, red, blue, and golden bonnets. Ruins, indeed, among the prosperity; but glorious ones;—not shells of abandoned speculation, but remnants of mighty state long ago, now restored to nature's peace; the arches of the first bridge the city had built, broken down by storm, yet what was left of them spared for memory's sake. (So stood for a little while, a few years ago, the broken Ponte-a-Mare at Pisa; so at Rome, for ages, stood the Ponte Rotto, till the engineers and modern mob got at it, making what was in my youth the most lovely and holy scene in Rome, *now* a place where a swineherd could not stand without holding his nose, and which no woman can stop at.)

But here, the old arches are covered with sweet weeds, like native rock, and (for once!) reflected a little in the pure water under the meadowy hills. Much besides of noteworthy, if you are yourself worthy of noting it, you may find in this lovely distance. But the picture, it may be complained, seems for the most part—distance, architecture, and scattered crowd; while of foreground objects, we have principally cloaks, and very curiously thin legs.* Well, yes,—the distance is indeed the prettiest part of this picture; and since, in modern art and drama, we have been accustomed, for anatomical and other reasons, to depend on nothing else but legs, I admit the supply of legs to be here scanty, and even of brachial, pectoral, and other admirable muscles. If you choose to look at the *faces* instead, you will find something in them; nevertheless, Carpaccio has been, on the whole, playing with himself, and with us, in his treatment of this subject. For Carpaccio is, in the most vital and conclusive sense, a man of genius, who will not at all supply you, nor can in the least supply himself, with sublimity and pathos to order; but is sublime, or delightful,

* Not in the least unnaturally thin, however, in the forms of persons of sedentary life.

or sometimes dull, or frequently grotesque, as Heaven wills it; or—profane persons will say,—as the humour takes him. And his humour here has been dominant. For since much depends on the answer brought back from St. Ursula, besides the young Prince's happiness, one should have thought, the return of the embassy might have been represented in a loftier manner. But only two of the ambassadors are here; the king is occupied in hearing a cause which will take long,—(see how gravely his minister is reading over the documents in question;)—meantime the young prince, impatient, going down the steps of the throne, makes his own private inquiries, proudly: "Your embassy has, I trust, been received, gentlemen, with a just understanding of our diplomatic relations?" "Your Royal Highness," the lowly and gravely bowing principal ambassador replies, "must yourself be the only fitting judge of that matter, on fully hearing our report." Meantime, the *chargé d'affaires* holds St. Ursula's answer—behind his back.

A piece of play, very nearly, the whole picture; a painter living in the midst of a prosperous city, happy in his own power, entirely believing in God, and in the saints, and in eternal life; and, at intervals, bending his whole soul to the expression of most deep and holy tragedy,—such a man needs must have his times of play; which Carpaccio takes, in his work. Another man, instead of painting this piece with its monkey, and its little fiddler, and its jesting courtiers, would have played some ape-tricks of his own,—spent an hour or two among literal fiddlers, and living courtiers. Carpaccio is not heard of among such—amuses himself still with pencil in hand, and us also, pleasantly, for a little while. You shall be serious enough, soon, with him, if you will.

But I find this Guide must run into greater division, for I can't get the end of it properly done yet for some days; during the winter the gallery was too cold for me to think quietly in, and so I am obliged, as Fate always lately obliges me, to do this work from pen to print—at speed; so that, quitting Carpaccio for the nonce, I will tell you a little more

about the general contents of the rooms; and so afterwards take up St. Ursula's pilgrimage, undisturbed.* Now, therefore, I will simply follow the order of the room circuit, noting the pieces worth study, if you have proper time.

From before this picture which has so long held us, go down the steps on the right of it, into the lower room.

Turning round immediately, you have good sight of two Paul Veroneses, one on each side of the steps. The upper group of the picture on your left, (603), Madonna borne by angels at her knees, and encompassed by a circle of them, is the loveliest piece of Veronese in these galleries, nor can you see a better in the world: but, considered as a whole, the picture is a failure; all the sub-celestial part of it being wholly dull. Nevertheless, for essential study of Veronese's faculty, you cannot find anything better in Venice than that upper group; and the opposite picture, though confused, is worth attentive pause from all painters.

597. Le Brun. Sent from Paris, you see, in exchange for the Cena of Paul Veronese.

The Cena of Paul Veronese being worth—at moderate estimate of its eternal and intrinsic art-value—I should say, roughly, about ten good millions of sterling ducats, or twenty ironclads; and the Le Brun, worth, if it were put to proper use, precisely what its canvas may now be worth to make a packing-case of;—but, as hung here, in negative value, and effectual mischief, in disgracing the rooms, and keeping fine pictures invisibly out of the way,—a piece of vital poverty and calamity much more than equivalent to the presence of a dirty, torn rag, which the public would at once *know* to be worthless, in its place instead.

569, 570. Standard average portrait-pieces, fairly representative of Tintoret's quiet work, and of Venetian magistrates, —Camerlenghi di Comune. Compare 587; very beautiful.

* This I am now doing in a separate Guide to the works of Carpaccio in Venice; these two parts, now published, contain all I have to say about the Academy.

581, 582, 583. Spoils of the Church of the Carita, whose ruins you have seen. Venice being of all cities the only one which has sacked *herself*; not in revolution, but mere blundering beggary : suppressing every church that had blessed her, and every society that had comforted. But at all events you see the pictures here; and the Cima is a fine one; but what time you give to this painter should be spent chiefly with his John the Baptist at the Madonna dell' Orto.

586. Once a Bonifazio of very high order; sorrowfully repainted with loss of half its life. But a picture, still, deserving honour.

From this room you find access either to the modern pictures, or by the door on the left hand of the Cima, to the collection of drawings. The well-known series by Raphael and Lionardo are of the very highest historical value and artistic interest; but it is curious to find, in Venice, scarcely a scratch or blot remaining of elementary study by any great Venetian master. Her painters drew little in black and white, and must have thrown such sketches, when they made them, away for mere waste paper. For all discussion of their methods of learning to draw with colour from the first, I must refer my readers to my Art lectures.

The Lionardo drawings here are the finest I know; none in the Ambrosian library equal them in execution.

The staircase leading out of this room descends into the Hall of Titian's Assumption, where I have said nothing yet of his last picture (33), nor of that called in the Guide-books an example of his first style (35).

It has always been with me an intended piece of work to trace the real method of Titian's study, and the changes of his mind. But I shall never do it now;* and am hitherto entirely unacquainted with his early work. If this be indeed his, and a juvenile piece, it indicates a breadth of manner, and conventionally artistic way of looking at nature, entirely

* For reasons which any acute reader may enough discover in my lecture on Michael Angelo and Tintoret.

peculiar to him or to his æra. The picture which he left unfinished might most fittingly be called the Shadow of Death. It is full of the profoundest metaphysical interest to me; but cannot be analysed here.

In general, Titian is ill-represented in his own Venice. The best example of him, by far, is the portrait group of the Pesaro family in the Frari. The St. Mark in the Sacristy of the Salute was, in my early days, entirely glorious; but has been daubed over into ruin. The roof of the Sacristy in the Salute; with the fresco of St. Christopher,* and the portrait of the Doge Grimani before Faith, in the Ducal Palace, are all the remnants of him that are worth study here, since the destruction in the Peter Martyr.† The St. John the Baptist in this gallery (366), is really too stupid to be endured, and the black and white scrabble of landscape in it is like a bad copy of Ruysdael.

45. The Miracle of St. Mark; a fine, but much-overrated, Tintoret. If any painter of real power wishes to study this master, let him be content with the Paradise of the Ducal Palace, and the School of St. Roch, where no harmful repainting has yet taken place. The once mighty pictures in the Madonna dell' Orto are destroyed by restoration; and those which are scattered about the other churches are scarcely worth pursuit, while the series of St. Roch remains in its purity.

In the next room to this, (Sala III.,) the pictures on the ceiling, brought from the room of the State Inquisitors, are more essential, because more easy, Tintoret-work, than the St. Mark, and very delightful to me; I only wish the Inquisitors

* An admirable account of this fresco is given by Mr. Edward Cheney, in 'Original Documents relating to Venetian Painters and their Pictures in the Eighteenth Century,' pp. 60, 61.

† Of the portrait of the Doge Andrea Gritti, in my own possession at Oxford, I leave others to speak, when I can speak of it no more. But it must be named here as the only fragment left of another great picture destroyed by fire, which Tintoret had so loved and studied that he replaced it from memory.

were alive to enjoy them again themselves, and inquire into a few things happening in Venice, and especially into the religious principles of her 'Modern Painters.'

We have made the round of the rooms, all but the Pinacoteca Contarini, Sala V. and VI., and the long gallery, Sala X. —XIV., both containing many smaller pictures of interest ; but which I have no time, nor much care, to speak—except in complaint that detestable daubs by Callot, Dujardin, and various ignoti, should be allowed to disgrace the sixth sala, and occupy some of the best of the very little good light there is in the Academy ; thrusting the lovely little Tintoret, 179,—purest work of his heart and fairest of his faculty,—high beyond sight of all its delicious painting ; and the excellent quiet portrait, 168, into an unregarded corner. I am always puzzled by the smaller pictures of John Bellini ; many of them here, of whose authorship there can be little doubt, being yet of very feeble merit. 94 is fine ; and the five symbolical pictures, 234—238, in the inner room, Sala VI., are interesting to myself ; but may probably be little so to others. The first is, (I believe,) Domestic Love ; the world in her hand becoming the colour of Heaven ; the second, Fortitude quitting the effeminate Dionysus ; the third, (much the poorest and least intelligible,) Truth, or Prudence ; the fourth, Lust ; and the fifth, Fortune as Opportunity, in distinction from the greater and sacred Fortune appointed of Heaven.

And now, if you are yet unfatigued,* you had better go back into the great room, and give thorough examination to the wonderful painting, as such, in the great Veronese, considering what all its shows and dexterities at last came to, and reading, before it, his examination concerning it, given in Appendix, which shows you that Venice herself felt what they were likely to come to, though in vain ; and then, for contrast with its reckless power, and for final image to be remembered of sweet Italian art in its earnestness, return into the long gallery, (through the two great rooms, turning your

* If you are, end with 179, and remember it well.

back on the Veronese, then out by the door opposite Titian's huge picture ; then out of the corridor by the first door on the right, and walk down the gallery.) to its little Sala X., where, high on your left, 360, is the Beata Catherine Vigri's St. Ursula ; Catherine Vigri herself, it may be, kneeling to her. Truly a very much blessed Catherine, and, I should say, far more than half-way to a saint, knowing, however, of her, and her work, only this picture. Of which I will only say in closing, as I said of the Vicar's picture in beginning, that it would be well if any of us could do such things nowadays ;—and more especially, if our vicars and young ladies could.

APPENDIX.

THE little collection of ' Documents relating to Venetian Painters ' already referred to (p 29), as made with excellent judgment by Mr. Edward Cheney, is, I regret to say, ' communicated ' only to the author's friends, of whom I, being now one of long standing, emboldened also by repeated instances of help received from him, venture to trespass on the modest book so far as to reprint part of the translation which it gives of the questioning of Paul Veronese.

" It is well known," says Mr. Cheney in his prefatory remarks, " to the students of Venetian history, that the Roman Inquisition was allowed little influence, and still less power, in the states of the Signory ; and its sittings were always attended by lay members, selected from the Senate, to regulate and report its proceedings.

" The sittings of the Holy Office were held in the chapel of St. Theodore, fronting the door leading from St. Mark's Church to the *Fondamenta di Canonica*."

On Saturday, the 8th July, 1573, Master Paul Caliari, of Verona, a painter, residing in the parish of St. Samuel, was brought before the Sacred Tribunal ; and being asked his name and surname, answered as above ; and being asked of his profession, answered—

" A. I invent and draw figures.

Q. Do you know the reason why you have been summoned?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Can you imagine it?

A. I can imagine it.

Q. Tell us what you imagine.

A. For the reason which the Reverend Prior of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, whose name I know not, told me that he had been here, and that your illustrious lordships had given him orders that I should substitute the figure of the Magdalen for that of a dog ; and I replied that I would willingly have done this, or anything else for my own credit and the advantage of the picture, but that I did not think the figure of the Magdalen would be fitting (!)* or would look well, for many reasons, which I will always assign whenever the opportunity is given me.

* I must interpolate two notes of admiration. After all one has heard of the terrors of the Inquisition, it seems, nevertheless, some people ventured to differ with it in opinion, on occasion. And the Inquisition was entirely right, too. See next note.

Q. What picture is that which you have named?

A. It is the picture representing the last* supper that Jesus took with His disciples in the house of Simon.

Q. Where is this picture?

A. In the refectory of the Friars of SS. Giovanni and Paolo.

Q. Is it painted on the wall, on panel, or on cloth?

A. On cloth.

Q. How many feet is it in height?

A. It is about seventeen feet.

Q. How wide?

A. About thirty-nine feet.

Q. In this supper of our Lord have you painted any attendants?

A. Yes, my lord.

* "*Cena ultima* che," etc.: the last, that is to say, of the two which Veronese supposed Christ to have taken with this host; but he had not carefully enough examined the apparently parallel passages. They are confusing enough, and perhaps the reader will be glad to refer to them in their proper order.

I. There is, first, the feast given to Christ by St. Matthew, after he was called; the circumstance of it told by himself; only saying '*the house*' instead of '*my house*' (Matt. ix. 9—13). This is the feast at which the objection is taken by the Pharisees—"Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners?" the event being again related by St. Luke (v. 29), giving Matthew the name of Levi. No other circumstance of interest takes place on this occasion.

II. "One of the Pharisees desired Him that He would eat with him: and He went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat" (Luke viii. 36).

To *this* feast came the Magdalen, and "stood at His feet, behind Him, weeping." And you know the rest. The same lesson given to the Pharisees who *forbade* the feast of Matthew, here given—in how much more pathetic force—to the Pharisee at whose feast Jesus now sat. Another manner of sinner this, who stands uncalled, at the feast, weeping; who in a little while will stand weeping—not for herself. The name of the Pharisee host is given in Christ's grave address to him—"Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee."

III. The *supper* at Bethany, in the house of Simon "the Leper," where Lazarus sat at table, where Martha served, and where her sister Mary poured the ointment on Christ's head, "for my burial," (Mark xiv. 3; Matt. xxvi. 7; and John xii. 2, where in the following third verse doubtless some copyist, confusing her with the Magdalen, added the clause of her wiping His feet with her hair;—so also, more palpably, in John xi. 2). Here the objection is made by Judas, and the lesson given—"The poor ye have always with you."

We cannot seriously suppose Simon the Leper to be the same person as Simon the Pharisee; still less Simon the Pharisee to be the same as Matthew the publican: but in Veronese's mind their three feasts had got confused, and he thinks of them as *two* only, and calls this which he represents here the last of the two, though there is nothing whatever to identify it as first, last, or middle. There is no Magdalen, no Mary, no Lazarus, no hospitable Levi, no supercilious Simon. Nothing but a confused meeting of very mixed company; half of them straggling about the table without sitting down; and the conspicuous brown dog, for whom the Inquisitors would have had him substitute the Magdalen;—which if he had done, the picture would have been right in all other particulars, the scarlet-robed figure opposite Christ then becoming Simon the Pharisee; but he cannot be Matthew the apostle, for Veronese distinctly names the twelve apostles after "the master of the house;" and the text written on the balustrade on the left is therefore either spurious altogether, or added by Veronese to get rid of the necessity of putting in a Magdalen to satisfy his examiners, or please the Prior of St. John and Paul.

Q. Say how many attendants, and what each is doing.

A. First, the master of the house, Simon; besides, I have placed below him a server, who I have supposed to have come for his own amusement to see the arrangement of the table. There are besides several others,* which, as there are many figures in the picture, I do not recollect.

Q. What is the meaning of those men dressed in the German fashion,† each with a halbert in his hand?

A. It is now necessary that I should say a few words.‡

The Court. Say on.

A. We painters take the same license that is permitted to poets, and jesters (¶). I have placed those two halberdiers—the one eating, the other drinking§—by the staircase, to be supposed ready to perform any duty that may be required of them; it appearing to me quite fitting that the master of such a house, who was rich and great (as I have been told), should have such attendants.

Q. That fellow dressed like a buffoon, with the parrot on his wrist,—for what purpose is *he* introduced into the canvas?

A. For ornament, as is usually done.||

Q. At the table of the Lord whom have you placed?

A. The twelve apostles.

Q. What is St. Peter doing, who is the first? ¶¶

A. He is cutting up a lamb, to send to the other end of the table.

Q. What is he doing who is next to him?

A. He is holding a plate to receive what St. Peter will give him.

Q. Tell us what he is doing who is next to this last?

A. He is using a fork as a toothpick,**

Q. Who do you really think were present at that supper?

A. I believe Christ and His apostles were present; but in the foreground of the picture I have placed figures for ornament, of my own invention.

Q. Were you commissioned by any person to paint Germans, and buffoons, and such like things in this picture?

A. No, my lord; my commission was to ornament the picture as I judged best, which, being large, requires many figures, as it appears to me.

Q. Are the ornaments that the painter is in the habit of introducing in his

* Yes, there certainly are 'several others'—some score of idlers about, I should say. But this longer answer of the painter's was probably little attended to, and ill reported by the secretary.

† My lords have suspicions of leaning towards the principles—no less than the taste—of Holbein; and of meaning some mischief.

‡ He instantly feels the drift of this last question, and that it must not be passed lightly. Asks leave to speak—(usually no license but of direct answer being given).

§ On the right. *One* has got all the eating and drinking to himself, however, as far as I can see.

|| Alas, *everything* is for ornament—if you would own it, Master Paul!

¶ Very curious that no question is asked as to what Christ Himself is doing. *One* would have greatly desired Veronese's answer.

** Scarcely seen, between the two pillars. I must needs admit that Raphael would have invented some more dignifiedly apostolic action.

frescoes and pictures suited and fitting to the subject and to the principal persons represented, or does he really paint such as strike his own fancy without exercising his judgment or his discretion? *

A. I design my pictures with all due consideration as to what is fitting, and to the best of my judgment.

Q. Does it appear to you fitting that at our Lord's last supper † you should paint buffoons, drunkards, Germans, ‡ dwarfs, and similar indecencies?

A. No, my lord.

Q. Why, then, have you painted them?

A. I have done it because I supposed that these were not in the place where the supper was served.

Q. Are you not aware that in Germany, § and in other places infected with heresy, they are in the habit of painting pictures full of scurrility for the purpose of ridiculing and degrading the Holy Church, and thus teaching false doctrines to the ignorant and foolish?

A. Yes, my lord, it is bad; but I return to what I said before: I thought myself obliged to do as others—my predecessors—had done before me.

Q. And have your predecessors, then, done such things?

A. Michael-Angelo, in the Papal Chapel in Rome, has painted our Lord Jesus Christ, His mother, St. John, and St. Peter, and all the Court of Heaven, from the Virgin Mary downwards, all naked, and in various attitudes, with little reverence.

Q. Do you not know that in a painting like the Last Judgment, where drapery is not supposed, dresses are not required, and that disembodied spirits only are represented: but there are neither buffoons, nor dogs, nor armour, nor any other absurdity? And does it not appear to you that neither by this nor any other example you have done right in painting the picture in this manner, and that it can be proved right and decent?

A. Illustrious Lord, I do not defend it; but I thought I was doing right. I had not considered all these things, never intending to commit any impropriety; the more so as figures of buffoons are not supposed to be in the same place where our Lord is.

Which examination ended, my lords decreed that the above-named Master Paul should be bound to correct and amend the picture which had been under question, within three months, at his own expense, under penalties to be imposed by the Sacred Tribunal."

This sentence, however severe in terms, was merely a matter of form. The examiners were satisfied there was no malice prepense in their fanciful Paul; and troubled neither him nor themselves farther. He did not so much as efface the inculpatèd dog; and the only correction or amendment he made, so far as I can see, was the addition of the inscription, which marked the picture for the feast of Levi.

* Admirably put, my lord.

† Not meaning the Cena, of course; but what Veronese also meant.

‡ and § The gist of the business, at last.

MISCELLANEA:

A COLLECTION OF THE MINOR WRITINGS

OF

JOHN RUSKIN.

VOL. II.

FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.
IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS: STUD-
IES OF MOUNTAIN FORM.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT
THE CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL
OF ART.

CŒLI ENARRANT: STUDIES
OF CLOUD FORM.

THE OPENING OF THE CRYSTAL
PALACE ITS RELATIONS TO THE PROSPECTS
OF ART.

NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY & SONS,

15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

FICTION—FAIR AND FOUL.

ON the first mild—or, at least, the first bright—day of March, in this year, I walked through what was once a country lane, between the hostelry of the Half-moon at the bottom of Herne Hill, and the secluded College of Dulwich.

In my young days, Croxsted Lane was a green bye-road traversable for some distance by carts; but rarely so traversed, and, for the most part, little else than a narrow strip of untilled field, separated by blackberry hedges from the better cared-for meadows on each side of it: growing more weeds, therefore, than they, and perhaps in spring a primrose or two—white archangel—daisies plenty, and purple thistles in autumn. A slender rivulet, boasting little of its brightness, for there are no springs at Dulwich, yet fed purely enough by the rain and morning dew, here trickled—there loitered—through the long grass beneath the hedges, and expanded itself, where it might, into moderately clear and deep pools, in which, under their veils of duck-weed, a fresh-water shell or two, sundry curious little skipping shrimps, any quantity of tadpoles in their time, and even sometimes a tittlebat, offered themselves to my boyhood's pleased, and not inaccurate, observation. There, my mother and I used to gather the first buds of the hawthorn; and there, in after years, I used to walk in the summer shadows, as in a place wilder and sweeter than our garden, to think over any passage I wanted to make better than usual in *Modern Painters*.

So, as aforesaid, on the first kindly day of this year, being thoughtful more than usual of those old times, I went to look again at the place.

Often, both in those days, and since, I have put myself hard to it, vainly, to find words wherewith to tell of beautiful things : but beauty has been in the world since the world was made, and human language can make a shift, somehow, to give account of it, whereas the peculiar forces of devastation induced by modern city life have only entered the world lately ; and no existing terms of language known to me are enough to describe the forms of filth, and modes of ruin, that varied themselves along the course of Croxsted Lane. The fields on each side of it are now mostly dug up for building, or cut through into gaunt corners and nooks of blind ground by the wild crossings and concurrences of three railroads. Half a dozen handfuls of new cottages, with Doric doors, are dropped about here and there among the gashed ground : the lane itself, now entirely grassless, is a deep-rutted, heavy-hillocked cart-road, diverging gatelessly into various brick-fields or pieces of waste ; and bordered on each side by heaps of—Hades only knows what !—mixed dust of every unclean thing that can crumble in drought, and mildew of every unclean thing that can rot or rust in damp : ashes and rags, beer bottles and old shoes, battered pans, smashed crockery, shreds of nameless clothes, door-sweepings, floor-sweepings, kitchen garbage, back-garden sewage, old iron, rotten timber jagged with out-torn nails, cigar-ends, pipe-bowls, cinders, bones, and ordure, indescribable ; and, variously kneaded into, sticking to, or fluttering foully here and there over all these,—remnants broadcast, of every manner of newspaper, advertisement or big-lettered bill, festering and flaunting out their last publicity in the pits of stinking dust and mortal slime.

The lane ends now where its prettiest windings once began ; being cut off by a cross-road leading out of Dulwich to a minor railway station : and on the other side of this road, what was of old the daintiest intricacy of its solitude is changed into a straight, and evenly macadamised carriage drive, between new houses of extreme respectability, with good attached gardens and offices—most of these tenements being larger—all more pretentious, and many, I imagine, held at greatly higher rent

than my father's, tenanted for twenty years at Herne Hill. And it became matter of curious meditation to me what must here become of children resembling my poor little dreamy quondam self in temper, and thus brought up at the same distance from London, and in the same or better circumstances of worldly fortune ; but with only Croxsted Lane in its present condition for their country walk. The trimly kept road before their doors, such as one used to see in the fashionable suburbs of Cheltenham or Leamington, presents nothing to their study but gravel, and gas-lamp posts ; the modern addition of a vermillion letter-pillar contributing indeed to the splendour, but scarcely to the interest of the scene ; and a child of any sense or fancy would hastily contrive escape from such a barren desert of politeness, and betake itself to investigation, such as might be feasible, of the natural history of Croxsted Lane.

But, for its sense or fancy, what food, or stimulus, can it find, in that foul causeway of its youthful pilgrimage? What would have happened to myself, so directed, I cannot clearly imagine. Possibly, I might have got interested in the old iron and wood-shavings ; and become an engineer or a carpenter : but for the children of to-day, accustomed from the instant they are out of their cradles, to the sight of this infinite nastiness, prevailing as a fixed condition of the universe, over the face of nature, and accompanying all the operations of industrious man, what is to be the scholastic issue ? unless, indeed, the thrill of scientific vanity in the primary analysis of some unheard-of process of corruption—or the reward of microscopic research in the sight of worms with more legs, and acari of more curious generation than ever vivified the more simply smelling plasma of antiquity.

One result of such elementary education is, however, already certain ; namely, that the pleasure which we may conceive taken by the children of the coming time, in the analysis of physical corruption, guides, into fields more dangerous and desolate, the expatiation of imaginative literature : and that the reactions of moral disease upon itself, and the conditions of languidly monstrous character developed in an atmosphere of

low vitality, have become the most valued material of modern fiction, and the most eagerly discussed texts of modern philosophy.

The many concurrent reasons for this mischief may, I believe, be massed under a few general heads.

I. There is first the hot fermentation and unwholesome seecy of the population crowded into large cities, each mote in the misery lighter, as an individual soul, than a dead leaf, but becoming oppressive and infectious each to his neighbour, in the smoking mass of decay. The resulting modes of mental ruin and distress are continually new; and in a certain sense, worth study in their monstrosity: they have accordingly developed a corresponding science of fiction, concerned mainly with the description of such forms of disease, like the botany of leaf-lichens.

In De Balzac's story of *Father Goriot*, a grocer makes a large fortune, of which he spends on himself as much as may keep him alive; and on his two daughters, all that can promote their pleasures or their pride. He marries them to men of rank, supplies their secret expenses, and provides for his favourite a separate and clandestine establishment with her lover. On his deathbed, he sends for this favourite daughter, who wishes to come, and hesitates for a quarter of an hour between doing so, and going to a ball at which it has been for the last month her chief ambition to be seen. She finally goes to the ball.

This story is, of course, one of which the violent contrasts and spectral catastrophe could only take place, or be conceived, in a large city. A village grocer cannot make a large fortune, cannot marry his daughters to titled squires, and cannot die without having his children brought to him, if in the neighbourhood, by fear of village gossip, if for no better cause.

II. But a much more profound feeling than this mere curiosity of science in morbid phenomena is concerned in the production of the carefulest forms of modern fiction. The disgrace and grief resulting from the mere trampling pressure and electric friction of town life, become to the sufferers pecu-

liarly mysterious in their undeservedness, and frightful in their inevitableness. The power of all surroundings over them for evil; the incapacity of their own minds to refuse the pollution, and of their own wills to oppose the weight, of the staggering mass that chokes and crushes them into perdition, brings every law of healthy existence into question with them, and every alleged method of help and hope into doubt. Indignation, without any calming faith in justice, and self-contempt without any curative self-reproach, dull the intelligence, and degrade the conscience, into sullen incredulity of all sunshine outside the dunghill, or breeze beyond the wafting of its impurity; and at last a philosophy develops itself, partly satiric, partly consolatory, concerned only with the regenerative vigour of manure, and the necessary obscurities of finetic Providence; showing how everybody's fault is somebody else's, how infection has no law, digestion no will, and profitable dirt no dishonour.

And thus an elaborate and ingenious scholasticism, in what may be called the Divinity of Decomposition, has established itself in connection with the more recent forms of romance, giving them at once a complacent tone of clerical dignity, and an agreeable dash of heretical impudence; while the inculcated doctrine has the double advantage of needing no laborious scholarship for its foundation, and no painful self-denial for its practice.

III. The monotony of life in the central streets of any great modern city, but especially in those of London, where every emotion intended to be derived by men from the sight of nature, or the sense of art, is forbidden for ever, leaves the craving of the heart for a sincere, yet changeeful, interest, to be fed from one source only. Under natural conditions the degree of mental excitement necessary to bodily health is provided by the course of the seasons, and the various skill and fortune of agriculture. In the country every morning of the year brings with it a new aspect of springing or fading nature; a new duty to be fulfilled upon earth, and a new promise or warning in heaven. No day is without its inno-

cent hope, its special prudence, its kindly gift, and its sublime danger; and in every process of wise husbandry, and every effort of contending or remedial courage, the wholesome passions, pride, and bodily power of the labourer are excited and exerted in happiest unison. The companionship of domestic, the care of serviceable, animals, soften and enlarge his life with lowly charities, and discipline him in familiar wisdoms and unboastful fortitudes; while the divine laws of seed-time which cannot be recalled, harvest which cannot be hastened, and winter in which no man can work, compel the impatiences and coveting of his heart into labour too submissive to be anxious, and rest too sweet to be wanton. What thought can enough comprehend the contrast between such life, and that in streets where summer and winter are only alternations of heat and cold; where snow never fell white, nor sunshine clear; where the ground is only a pavement, and the sky no more than the glass roof of an arcade; where the utmost power of a storm is to choke the gutters, and the finest magic of spring, to change mud into dust: where—chief and most fatal difference in state, there is no interest of occupation for any of the inhabitants but the routine of counter or desk within doors, and the effort to pass each other without collision outside; so that from morning to evening the only possible variation of the monotony of the hours, and lightening of the penalty of existence, must be some kind of mischief, limited, unless by more than ordinary godsend of fatality, to the fall of a horse, or the slitting of a pocket.

I said that under these laws of inanition, the craving of the human heart for some kind of excitement could be supplied from *one* source only. It might have been thought by any other than a sternly tentative philosopher, that the denial of their natural food to human feelings would have provoked a reactionary desire for it; and that the dreariness of the street would have been gilded by dreams of pastoral felicity. Experience has shown the fact to be otherwise; the thoroughly trained Londoner can enjoy no other excitement than that to which he has been accustomed, but asks for *that* in continually

more ardent or more virulent concentration; and the ultimate power of fiction to entertain him is by varying to his fancy the modes, and defining for his dulness the horrors, of Death. In the single novel of *Bleak House* there are nine deaths (or left for death's, in the drop scene) carefully wrought out or led up to, either by way of pleasing surprise, as the baby's at the brickmaker's, or finished in their threatenings and sufferings, with as much enjoyment as can be contrived in the anticipation, and as much pathology as can be concentrated in the description. Under the following varieties of method:—

One by assassination	.	.	Mr. Tulkinghorn.
One by starvation, with phthisis	.	.	Joe.
One by chagrin	.	.	Richard.
One by spontaneous combustion	.	.	Mr. Krook.
One by sorrow	.	.	Lady Dedlock's lover.
One by remorse	.	.	Lady Dedlock.
One by insanity	.	.	Miss Flite.
One by paralysis	.	.	Sir Leicester.

Besides the baby, by fever, and a lively young Frenchwoman left to be hanged.

And all this, observe, not in a tragic, adventurous, or military story, but merely as the further enlivenment of a narrative intended to be amusing; and as a properly representative average of the statistics of civilian mortality in the centre of London.

Observe further, and chiefly. It is not the mere number of deaths (which, if we count the odd troopers in the last scene, is exceeded in *Old Mortality*, and reached, within one or two, both in *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering*) that marks the peculiar tone of the modern novel. It is the fact that all these deaths, but one, are of inoffensive, or at least in the world's estimate respectable persons; and that they are all grotesquely either violent or miserable, purporting thus to illustrate the modern theology that the appointed destiny of a large average of our

population is to die like rats in a drain, either by trap or poison. Not, indeed, that a lawyer in full practice can be usually supposed as faultless in the eye of heaven as a dove or a woodcock; but it is not, in former divinities, thought the will of Providence that he should be dropped by a shot from a client behind his fire-screen, and retrieved in the morning by his housemaid under the chandelier. Neither is Lady Dedlock less reprehensible in her conduct than many women of fashion have been and will be: but it would not therefore have been thought poetically just, in old-fashioned morality, that she should be found by her daughter lying dead, with her face in the mud of a St. Giles's churchyard.

In the work of the great masters death is always either heroic, deserved, or quiet and natural (unless their purpose be totally and deeply tragic, when collateral meaner death is permitted, like that of Polonius or Roderigo). In *Old Mortality*, four of the deaths, Bothwell's, Ensign Grahame's, Macbriar's, and Evandale's, are magnificently heroic; Burley's and Oliphant's long deserved, and swift; the troopers', met in the discharge of their military duty, and the old miser's, as gentle as the passing of a cloud, and almost beautiful in its last words of—now unselfish—care.

'Ailie' (he aye ca'd me Ailie, we were auld acquaintance,) 'Ailie, take ye care and haul the gear weel thegither; for the name of Morton of Milnwood's gane out like the last sough of an auld sang.' And sae he fell out o' ae dwam into another, and ne'er spak a word mair, unless it were something we cou'dna mak out, about a dipped candle being gude enough to see to dee wi'. He cou'd ne'er bide to see a moulded ane, and there was ane, by ill luck, on the table.

In *Guy Mannering*, the murder, though unpremeditated, of a single person, (himself not entirely innocent, but at least by heartlessness in a cruel function earning his fate,) is avenged to the uttermost on all the men conscious of the crime; Mr. Bertram's death, like that of his wife, brief in pain, and each told in the space of half-a-dozen lines; and that of the heroine of the tale, self-devoted, heroic in the highest, and happy.

Nor is it ever to be forgotten, in the comparison of Scott's

with inferior work, that his own splendid powers were, even in early life, tainted, and in his latter years destroyed, by modern conditions of commercial excitement, then first, but rapidly, developing themselves. There are parts even in his best novels coloured to meet tastes which he despised; and many pages written in his later ones to lengthen his article for the indiscriminate market.

But there was one weakness of which his healthy mind remained incapable to the last. In modern stories prepared for more refined or fastidious audiences than those of Dickens, the funereal excitement is obtained, for the most part, not by the infliction of violent or disgusting death; but in the suspense, the pathos, and the more or less by all felt, and recognised, mortal phenomena of the sick-room. The temptation, to weak writers, of this order of subject is especially great, because the study of it from the living—or dying—model is so easy, and to many has been the most impressive part of their own personal experience; while, if the description be given even with mediocre accuracy, a very large section of readers will admire its truth, and cherish its melancholy. Few authors of second or third rate genius can either record or invent a probable conversation in ordinary life; but few, on the other hand, are so destitute of observant faculty as to be unable to chronicle the broken syllables and languid movements of an invalid. The easily rendered, and too surely recognised, image of familiar suffering is felt at once to be real where all else had been false; and the historian of the gestures of fever and words of delirium can count on the applause of a gratified audience as surely as the dramatist who introduces on the stage of his flagging action a carriage that can be driven or a fountain that will flow. But the masters of strong imagination disclaim such work, and those of deep sensibility shrink from it.* Only under conditions of personal

* Nell, in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, was simply killed for the market, as a butcher kills a lamb (see Forster's *Life*), and Paul was written under the same conditions of illness which affected Scott—a part of the ominous palsies, grasping alike author and subject, both in *Dombey* and *Little Dorrit*.

weakness, presently to be noted, would Scott comply with the cravings of his lower audience in scenes of terror like the death of Front-de-Bœuf. But he never once withdrew the sacred curtain of the sick-chamber, nor permitted the disgrace of wanton tears round the humiliation of strength, or the wreck of beauty.

IV. No exception to this law of reverence will be found in the scenes in *Cœur de Lion*'s illness introductory to the principal incident in the *Talisman*. An inferior writer would have made the king charge in imagination at the head of his chivalry, or wander in dreams by the brooks of Aquitaine; but Scott allows us to learn no more startling symptoms of the king's malady than that he was restless and impatient, and could not wear his armour. Nor is any bodily weakness, or crisis of danger, permitted to disturb for an instant the royalty of intelligence and heart in which he examines, trusts and obeys the physician whom his attendants fear.

Yet the choice of the main subject in this story and its companion—the trial, to a point of utter torture, of knightly faith, and several passages in the conduct of both, more especially the exaggerated scenes in the House of Baldringham, and hermitage of Engedi, are signs of the gradual decline in force of intellect and soul which those who love Scott best have done him the worst injustice in their endeavours to disguise or deny. The mean anxieties, moral humiliations, and mercilessly demanded brain-toil, which killed him, show their sepulchral grasp for many and many a year before their final victory; and the states of more or less dulled, distorted, and polluted imagination which culminate in *Castle Dangerous*, cast a Stygian hue over *St. Ronan's Well*, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, and *Anne of Geierstein*, which lowers them, the first altogether, the other two at frequent intervals, into fellowship with the normal disease which festers throughout the whole body of our lower fictitious literature.

Fictitious! I use the ambiguous word deliberately; for it is impossible to distinguish in these tales of the prison-house how far their vice and gloom are thrown into their manufac-

ture only to meet a vile demand, and how far they are an integral condition of thought in the minds of men trained from their youth up in the knowledge of Londonian and Parisian misery. The speciality of the plague is a delight in the exposition of the relations between guilt and decrepitude; and I call the results of it literature 'of the prison-house,' because the thwarted habits of body and mind, which are the punishment of reckless crowding in cities, become, in the issue of that punishment, frightful subjects of exclusive interest to themselves; and the art of fiction in which they finally delight is only the more studied arrangement and illustration, by coloured firelights, of the daily bulletins of their own wretchedness, in the prison calendar, the police news, and the hospital report.

The reader will perhaps be surprised at my separating the greatest work of Dickens, *Oliver Twist*, with honour, from the loathsome mass to which it typically belongs. That book is an earnest and uncaricatured record of states of criminal life, written with diadalectic purpose, full of the gravest instruction, nor destitute of pathetic studies of noble passion. Even the *Mysteries of Paris* and Gaboriau's *Crime d'Augival* are raised, by their definiteness of historical intention and forewarning anxiety, far above the level of their order, and may be accepted as photographic evidence of an otherwise incredible civilisation, corrupted in the infernal fact of it, down to the genesis of such figures as the Vicomte d'Augival, the Stabber,* the Skeleton, and the She-wolf. But the effectual

* 'Chourineur' not striking with dagger-point, but ripping with knife-edge. Yet I do him, and La Louve, injustice in classing them with the two others; they are put together only as parts in the same phantasm. Compare with La Louve, the strength of wild virtue in the 'Louvécienne' (Lucienne) of Gaboriau—she, province-born and bred; and opposed to Parisian civilisation in the character of her sempstress friend. 'De ce Paris, où elle était née, elle savait tout—elle connaissait tout. Rien ne l'étonnait, nul ne l'intimidait. Sa science des détails matériels de l'existence était inconcevable. Impossible de la duper!—Eh bien! cette fille si laborieuse et si économe n'avait même pas la plus vague notion des sentiments qui sont l'honneur de la femme. Je n'avais pas idée d'une si complète absence de sens moral;

head of the whole cretinous school is the renowned novel in which the hunchback lover watches the execution of his mistress from the tower of Notre-Dame; and its strength passes gradually away into the anatomical preparations, for the general market, of novels like *Poor Miss Finch*, in which the heroine is blind, the hero epileptic, and the obnoxious brother is found dead with his hands dropped off, in the Arctic regions.*

d'une si inconsciente dépravation, d'une impudence si effrontément naïve.'—*L'Argent des autres*, vol. i. p. 358.

* The reader who cares to seek it may easily find medical evidence of the physical effects of certain states of brain disease in producing especially images of truncated and Hermes-like deformity, complicated with grossness. Horace, in the *Epodes*, scoffs at it, but not without horror. Luca Signorelli and Raphael in their arabesques are deeply struck by it: Durer, defying and playing with it alternately, is almost beaten down again and again in the distorted faces, hewing halberts, and suspended satyrs of his arabesques round the polyglot Lord's Prayer; it takes entire possession of Balzac in the *Contes Drolatiques*; it struck Scott in the earliest days of his childish 'visions' intensified by the axe-stroke murder of his grand aunt; L. i. 142, and see close of this note. It chose for him the subject of the *Heart of Midlothian*, and produced afterwards all the recurrent ideas of executions, tainting *Nigel*, almost spoiling *Quentin Durward*—utterly the *Fair Maid of Perth*: and culminating in *Bizarro*, L. x. 149. It suggested all the deaths by falling, or sinking, as in delirious sleep—Kennedy, Eveline Neville (nearly repeated in Clara Mowbray), Amy Robsart, the Master of Ravenswood in the quicksand, Morris, and Corporal Grace-be-here—compare the dream of Gride, in *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Dickens's own last words, *on the ground*, (so also, in my own inflammation of the brain, two years ago, I dreamed that I fell through the earth and came out on the other side). In its grotesque and distorting power, it produced all the figures of the Lay Goblin, Pacolet, Flibbertigibbet, Cockledemoy, Geoffrey Hudson, Fenella, and Neetabanus; in Dickens it in like manner gives Quilp, Krook, Smike, Smallweed, Miss Mowcher, and the dwarfs and wax-work of Nell's caravan; and runs entirely wild in *Barnaby Rudge*, where, with a *corps de drame* composed of one idiot, two madmen, a gentleman fool who is also a villain, a shop-boy fool who is also a blackguard, a hangman, a shrivelled virago, and a doll in ribands—carrying this company through riot and fire, till he hangs the hangman, one of the madmen, his mother, and the idiot, runs the gentleman fool through in a bloody duel, and burns and crushes the shop-boy fool into shapelessness, he cannot yet be content without shooting the spare lover's leg off, and marrying him to the doll in a wooden one; the shapeless shop-boy being finally also married in *two* wooden ones. It is this

This literature of the Prison-house, understanding by the word not only the cell of Newgate, but also and even more definitely the cell of the Hôtel-Dieu, the Hôpital des Fous, and the grated corridor with the dripping slabs of the Morgue,

mutilation, observe, which is the very sign manual of the plague ; joined, in the artistic forms of it, with a love of thorniness—(in their mystic root, the truncation of the limbless serpent and the spines of the dragon's wing. Compare *Modern Painters*, vol. iv., 'Chapter on the Mountain Gloom,' s. 19) ; and in *all* forms of it, with petrification or loss of power by cold in the blood, whence the last Darwinian process of the witches' charm—'cool it with a baboon's blood, then the charm is firm and good.' The two frescoes in the colossal handbills which have lately decorated the streets of London (the baboon with the mirror, and the Maskelyne and Cooke decapitation) are the final English forms of Raphael's arabesque under this influence ; and it is well worth while to get the number for the week ending April 3, 1880, of *Young Folks*—'A magazine of instructive and entertaining literature for boys and girls of all ages,' containing 'A Sequel to Desdichado' (the modern development of *Ivanhoe*), in which a quite monumental example of the kind of art in question will be found as a leading illustration of this characteristic sentence, "See, good Cerberus," said Sir Rupert, "*my hand has been struck off. You must make me a hand of iron, one with springs in it, so that I can make it grasp a dagger.*" The text is also, as it professes to be, instructive ; being the ultimate degeneration of what I have above called the 'folly' of *Ivanhoe* ; for folly begets folly down, and down ; and whatever Scott and Turner did wrong has thousands of imitators—their wisdom none will so much as hear, how much less follow !

In both of the Masters, it is always to be remembered that the evil and good are alike conditions of literal *vision* : and therefore also, inseparably connected with the state of the health. I believe the first elements of all Scott's errors were in the milk of his consumptive nurse, which all but killed him as an infant, L. i. 19—and was without doubt the cause of the teething fever that ended in his lameness (L. i. 20). Then came (if the reader cares to know what I mean by Fors, let him read the page carefully) the fearful accidents to his only sister, and her death, L. i. 17 ; then the madness of his nurse, who planned his own murder (21), then the stories continually told him of the executions at Carlisle (24), his aunt's husband having seen them ; issuing, he himself scarcely knows how, in the unaccountable terror that came upon him at the sight of statuary, 31—especially Jacob's ladder ; then the murder of Mrs. Swinton, and finally the nearly fatal bursting of the bloodvessel at Kelso, with the succeeding nervous illness, 65-67—solaced, while he was being 'bled and blistered till he had scarcely a pulse left,' by that history of the Knights of Malta—fondly dwelt on and realised by actual modelling of their fortress, which returned to his mind for the theme of its last effort in passing away.

having its central root thus in the Ile de Paris—or historically and pre-eminently the ‘Cité de Paris’—is, when understood deeply, the precise counter-corruption of the religion of the Sainte Chapelle, just as the worst forms of bodily and mental ruin are the corruption of love. I have therefore called it ‘Fiction mécréoyante,’ with literal accuracy and precision; according to the explanation of the word which the reader may find in any good French dictionary,* and round its Arctic pole in the Morgue, he may gather into one Caina of gelid putrescence the entire product of modern infidel imagination, amusing itself with destruction of the body, and busying itself with aberration of the mind.

Aberration, palsy, or plague, observe, as distinguished from normal evil, just as the venom of rabies or cholera differs from that of a wasp or a viper. The life of the insect and serpent deserves, or at least permits, our thoughts; not so the stages of agony in the fury-driven hound. There is some excuse, indeed, for the pathologic labour of the modern novelist in the fact that he cannot easily, in a city population, find a healthy mind to vivisect: but the greater part of such amateur surgery is the struggle, in an epoch of wild literary competition, to obtain novelty of material. The varieties of aspect and colour in healthy fruit, be it sweet or sour, may be within certain limits described exhaustively. Not so the blotches of its conceivable blight: and while the symmetries of integral human character can only be traced by harmonious and tender skill, like the branches of a living tree, the faults and gaps of one gnawed away by corroding accident can be shuffled into senseless change like the wards of a Chubb lock.

V. It is needless to insist on the vast field for this dice-cast or card-dealt calamity which opens itself in the ignorance, money-interest, and mean passion, of city marriage. Peasants know each other as children—meet, as they grow up in testing labour; and if a stout farmer’s son marries a handless girl, it is his own fault. Also in the patrician families of the

* ‘Se dit par dénigrement, d’un chrétien qui ne croit pas les dogmes de sa religion.’—Fleming, vol. ii. p. 659.

field, the young people know what they are doing, and marry a neighbouring estate, or a covetable title, with some conception of the responsibilities they undertake. But even among these, their season in the confused metropolis creates licentious and fortuitous temptation before unknown; and in the lower middle orders, an entirely new kingdom of discomfort and disgrace has been preached to them in the doctrines of unbridled pleasure which are merely an apology for their peculiar forms of illbreeding. It is quite curious how often the catastrophe, or the leading interest, of a modern novel, turns upon the want, both in maid and bachelor, of the common self-command which was taught to their grandmothers and grandfathers as the first element of ordinarily decent behaviour. Rashly inquiring the other day the plot of a modern story from a female friend, I elicited, after some hesitation, that it hinged mainly on the young people's 'forgetting themselves in a boat;' and I perceive it to be accepted as nearly an axiom in the code of modern civic chivalry that the strength of amiable sentiment is proved by our incapacity on proper occasions to express, and on improper ones to control it. The pride of a gentleman of the old school used to be in his power of saying what he meant, and being silent when he ought, (not to speak of the higher nobleness which bestowed love where it was honourable, and reverence where it was due); but the automatic amours and involuntary proposals of recent romance acknowledge little further law of morality than the instinct of an insect, or the effervescence of a chemical mixture.

There is a pretty little story of Alfred de Musset's, *La Mouche*, which, if the reader cares to glance at it, will save me further trouble in explaining the disciplinarian authority of mere old-fashioned politeness, as in some sort protective of higher things. It describes, with much grace and precision, a state of society by no means pre-eminently virtuous, or enthusiastically heroic; in which many people do extremely wrong, and none sublimely right. But as there are heights of which the achievement is unattempted, there are abysses

to which fall is barred ; neither accident nor temptation will make any of the principal personages swerve from an adopted resolution, or violate an accepted principle of honour ; people are expected as a matter of course to speak with propriety on occasion, and to wait with patience when they are bid : those who do wrong, admit it ; those who do right don't boast of it ; everybody knows his own mind, and everybody has good manners.

Nor must it be forgotten that in the worst days of the self-indulgence which destroyed the aristocracies of Europe, their vices, however licentious, were never, in the fatal modern sense, 'unprincipled.' The vainest believed in virtue ; the vilest respected it. 'Chaque chose avait son nom,' * and the severest of English moralists recognises the accurate wit, the lofty intellect, and the unfretted benevolence, which redeemed from vitiated surroundings the circle of d'Alembert and Marmontel.†

I have said, with too slight praise, that the vainest, in those days, 'believed' in virtue. Beautiful and heroic examples of it were always before them ; nor was it without the secret significance attaching to what may seem the least accidents in the work of a master, that Scott gave to both his heroines of the age of revolution in England the name of the queen of the highest order of English chivalry.‡

It is to say little for the types of youth and maid which alone Scott felt it a joy to imagine, or thought it honourable to portray, that they act and feel in a sphere where they are

* 'À son nom,' properly. The sentence is one of Victor Cherbuliez's, in *Prosper Randonce*, which is full of other valuable ones. See the old nurse's 'ici bas les choses vont de travers, comme un chien qui va à vèpres,' p. 93 ; and compare Prosper's treasures, 'la petite Vénus, et le petit Christ d'ivoire,' p. 121 ; also Madame Brehanne's request for the divertissement of 'quelque belle batterie à coups de couteau' with Didier's answer. 'Hélas ! madame, vous jouez de malheur, ici dans la Drôme, l'on se massacre aussi peu que possible,' p. 33.

† Edgeworth's *Tales* (Hunter, 1827), 'Harrington and Ormond,' vol. iii. p. 260.

‡ Alice of Salisbury, Alice Lee, Alice Bridgnorth.

never for an instant liable to any of the weaknesses which disturb the calm, or shake the resolution, of chastity and courage in a modern novel. Scott lived in a country and time, when, from highest to lowest, but chiefly in that dignified and nobly severe* middle class to which he himself belonged, a habit of serene and stainless thought was as natural to the people as their mountain air. Women like Rose Bradwardine and Ailie Dinmont were the grace and guard of almost every household (God be praised that the race of them is not yet extinct, for all that Mall or Boulevard can do), and it has perhaps escaped the notice of even attentive readers that the comparatively uninteresting character of Sir Walter's heroes had always been studied among a class of youths who were simply incapable of doing anything seriously wrong; and could only be embarrassed by the consequences of their levity or imprudence.

But there is another difference in the woof of a Waverley novel from the cobweb of a modern one, which depends on Scott's larger view of human life. Marriage is by no means, in his conception of man and woman, the most important business of their existence; † nor love the only reward to be proposed to their virtue or exertion. It is not in his reading of the laws of Providence a necessity that virtue should, either by love or any other external blessing, be rewarded at all; ‡ and marriage is in all cases thought of as a constituent of the happiness of life, but not as its only interest, still less its only aim. And upon analysing with some care the motives of his

* Scott's father was habitually ascetic. 'I have heard his son tell that it was common with him, if any one observed that the soup was good, to taste it again, and say, "Yes—it is too good, bairns," and dash a tumbler of cold water into his plate.'—Lockhart's *Life* (Black, Edinburgh, 1869), vol. i. p. 312. In other places I refer to this book in the simple form of 'L.'

† A young lady sang to me just before I copied out this page for press, a Miss Somebody's 'great song,' 'Live, and Love, and Die.' Had it been written for nothing better than silkworms, it should at least have added—Spin.

‡ See passage of introduction to *Ivanhoe*, wisely quoted in L. vi. 106.

principal stories, we shall often find that the love in them is merely a light by which the sterner features of characters are to be irradiated, and that the marriage of the hero is as subordinate to the main bent of the story as Henry the Fifth's courtship of Katherine is to the battle of Agincourt. Nay, the fortunes of the person who is nominally the subject of the tale are often little more than a background on which grander figures are to be drawn, and deeper fates forth-shadowed. The judgments between the faith and chivalry of Scotland at Drunclog and Bothwell bridge owe little of their interest in the mind of a sensible reader to the fact that the captain of the Popinjay is carried a prisoner to one battle, and returns a prisoner from the other : and Scott himself, while he watches the white sail that bears Queen Mary for the last time from her native land, very nearly forgets to finish his novel, or to tell us—and with small sense of any consolation to be had out of that minor circumstance,—that ‘Roland and Catherine were united, spite of their differing faiths.’

Neither let it be thought for an instant that the slight, and sometimes scornful, glance with which Scott passes over scenes which a novelist of our own day would have analysed with the airs of a philosopher, and painted with the curiosity of a gossip, indicate any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal happiness. An era like ours, which has with diligence and ostentation swept its heart clear of all the passions once known as loyalty, patriotism, and piety, necessarily magnifies the apparent force of the one remaining sentiment which sighs through the barren chambers, or clings inextricably round the chasms of ruin ; nor can it but regard with awe the unconquerable spirit which still tempts or betrays the sagacities of selfishness into error or frenzy which is believed to be love.

That Scott was never himself, in the sense of the phrase as employed by lovers of the Parisian school, ‘ivre d’amour,’ may be admitted without prejudice to his sensibility,* and that

* See below, note, p. 23, on the conclusion of *Woodstock*.

he never knew 'l'amor che move 'l sol e l'altre stelle,' was the chief, though unrecognised, calamity of his deeply chequered life. But the reader of honour and feeling will not therefore suppose that the love which Miss Vernon sacrifices, stooping for an instant from her horse, is of less noble stamp, or less enduring faith, than that which troubles and degrades the whole existence of Consuelo; or that the affection of Jeanie Deans for the companion of her childhood, drawn like a field of soft blue heaven beyond the cloudy wrack of her sorrow, is less fully in possession of her soul than the hesitating and self-reproachful impulses under which a modern heroine forgets herself in a boat, or compromises herself in the cool of the evening.

I do not wish to return over the waste ground we have traversed, comparing, point by point, Scott's manner with those of Bermondsey and the Faubourgs; but it may be, perhaps, interesting at this moment to examine, with illustration from those *Waverley* novels which have so lately retracted the attention of a fair and gentle public, the universal conditions of 'style,' rightly so called, which are in all ages, and above all local currents or wavering tides of temporary manners, pillars of what is for ever strong, and models of what is for ever fair.

But I must first define, and that within strict horizon, the works of Scott, in which his perfect mind may be known, and his chosen ways understood.

His great works of prose fiction, excepting only the first half-volume of *Waverley*, were all written in twelve years, 1814-26 (of his own age forty-three to fifty-five), the actual time employed in their composition being not more than a couple of months out of each year; and during that time only the morning hours and spare minutes during the professional day. 'Though the first volume of *Waverley* was begun long ago, and actually lost for a time, yet the other two were begun and finished between the 4th of June and the first of July, during all which I attended my duty in court, and proceeded without loss of time or hindrance of business.' *

* L. iv. 177.

Few of the maxims for the enforcement of which, in *Modern Painters*, long ago, I got the general character of a lover of paradox, are more singular, or more sure, than the statement, apparently so encouraging to the idle, that if a great thing can be done at all, it can be done easily. But it is in that kind of ease with which a tree blossoms after long years of gathered strength, and all Scott's great writings were the recreations of a mind confirmed in dutiful labour, and rich with organic gathering of boundless resource.

Omitting from our count the two minor and ill-finished sketches of the *Black Dwarf* and *Legend of Montrose*, and, for a reason presently to be noticed, the unhappy *St. Ronan's*, the memorable romances of Scott are eighteen, falling into three distinct groups, containing six each.

The first group is distinguished from the other two by characters of strength and felicity which never more appeared after Scott was struck down by his terrific illness in 1819. It includes *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and *The Heart of Midlothian*.

The composition of these occupied the mornings of his happiest days, between the ages of 43 and 48. On the 8th of April, 1819 (he was 48 on the preceding 15th of August) he began for the first time to dictate—being unable for the exertion of writing—*The Bride of Lammermuir*, 'the affectionate Laidlaw beseeching him to stop dictating, when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as for giving over work, that can only be when I am in woollen." '* From this time forward the brightness of joy and sincerity of inevitable humour, which perfected the imagery of the earlier novels, are wholly absent, except in the two short intervals of health unaccountably restored, in which he wrote *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*.

It is strange, but only a part of the general simplicity of

Scott's genius, that these revivals of earlier power were unconscious, and that the time of extreme weakness in which he wrote *St. Ronan's Well*, was that in which he first asserted his own restoration.

It is also a deeply interesting characteristic of his noble nature that he never gains anything by sickness; the whole man breathes or faints as one creature; the ache that stiffens a limb chills his heart, and every pang of the stomach paralyses the brain. It is not so with inferior minds, in the workings of which it is often impossible to distinguish native from narcotic fancy, and throbs of conscience from those of indigestion. Whether in exaltation or languor, the colours of mind are always morbid, which gleam on the sea for the 'Ancient Mariner,' and through the casements on 'St. Agnes' Eve;' but Scott is at once blinded and stultified by sickness; never has a fit of the cramp without spoiling a chapter, and is perhaps the only author of vivid imagination who never wrote a foolish word but when he was ill.

It remains only to be noticed on this point that any strong natural excitement, affecting the deeper springs of his heart, would at once restore his intellectual powers in all their fullness, and that, far towards their sunset: but that the strong will on which he prided himself, though it could trample upon pain, silence grief, and compel industry, never could warm his imagination, or clear the judgment in his darker hours.

I believe that this power of the heart over the intellect is common to all great men: but what the special character of emotion was, that alone could lift Scott above the power of death, I am about to ask the reader, in a little while, to observe with joyful care.

The first series of romances then, above named, are all that exhibit the emphasis of his unharmed faculties. The second group, composed in the three years subsequent to illness all but mortal, bear every one of them more or less the seal of it.

They consist of the *Bride of Lammermuir*, *Ivanhoe*, the

Monastery, the *Abbot*, *Kenilworth*, and the *Pirate*.* The marks of broken health on all these are essentially twofold—prevailing melancholy, and fantastic improbability. Three of the tales are agonizingly tragic, the *Abbot* scarcely less so in its main event, and *Ivanhoe* deeply wounded through all its bright panoply; while even in that most powerful of the series, the impossible archeries and axestrokes, the incredibly opportune appearances of Locksley, the death of Ulrica, and the resuscitation of Athelstane, are partly boyish, partly feverish. Caleb in the *Bride*, Triptolemus and Halero in the *Pirate*, are all laborious, and the first incongruous; half a volume of the *Abbot* is spent in extremely dull detail of Roland's relations with his fellow-servants and his mistress, which have nothing whatever to do with the future story; and the lady of Avenel herself disappears after the first volume, 'like a snaw wreath when it's thaw, Jeanie.' The public has for itself pronounced on the *Monastery*, though as much too harshly as it has foolishly praised the horrors of *Ravenswood* and the nonsense of *Ivanhoe*; because the modern public finds in the torture and adventure of these, the kind of excitement which it seeks at an opera, while it has no sympathy whatever with the pastoral happiness of Glendearg, or with the lingering simplicities of superstition which give historical likelihood to the legend of the White Lady.

But both this despised tale and its sequel have Scott's heart in them. The first was begun to refresh himself in the intervals of artificial labour on *Ivanhoe*. 'It was a relief,' he said, 'to interlay the scenery most familiar to me† with the strange world for which I had to draw so much on imagination.'‡

* 'One other such novel, and there's an end; but who can last for ever? who ever lasted so long?'—Sydney Smith (of the *Pirate*) to Jeffrey, December 30, 1821. (*Letters*, vol. ii. p. 223.)

† L. vi. p. 188. Compare the description of Fairy Dean, vii. 192.

‡ All, alas! were now in a great measure so written. *Ivanhoe*, *The Monastery*, *The Abbot* and *Kenilworth* were all published between December 1819 and January 1821, Constable & Co. giving five thousand guineas for the remaining copyright of them, Scott clearing ten thousand before the bargain was completed; and before the *Fortunes of Nigel* issued from the press

Through all the closing scenes of the second he is raised to his own true level by his love for the queen. And within the code of Scott's work to which I am about to appeal for illustration of his essential powers, I accept the *Monastery* and *Abbot*, and reject from it the remaining four of this group.

The last series contains two quite noble ones, *Redgauntlet* and *Nigel*; two of very high value, *Durward* and *Woodstock*; the slovenly and diffuse *Peveril*, written for the trade; the sickly *Tales of the Crusaders*, and the entirely broken and diseased *St. Ronan's Well*. This last I throw out of count altogether, and of the rest, accept only the four first named as sound work; so that the list of the novels in which I propose to examine his methods and ideal standards, reduces itself to these following twelve (named in order of production): *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, the *Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, the *Heart of Midlothian*, the *Monastery*, the *Abbot*, the *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Quentin Durward*, and *Woodstock*.*

It is, however, too late to enter on my subject in this article, which I may fitly close by pointing out some of the merely verbal characteristics of his style, illustrative in little ways of the questions we have been examining, and chiefly of the one which may be most embarrassing to many readers, the difference, namely, between character and disease.

One quite distinctive charm in the *Waverleys* is their modified use of the Scottish dialect; but it has not generally been observed, either by their imitators, or the authors of different

Scott had exchanged instruments and received his bookseller's bills for no less than four 'works of fiction,' not one of them otherwise described in the deeds of agreement, to be produced in unbroken succession, *each of them to fill up at least three volumes, but with proper saving clauses as to increase of copy money in case any of them should run to four*; and within two years all this anticipation had been wiped off by *Peveril of the Peak*, *Quentin Durward*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *Redgauntlet*.

* *Woodstock* was finished 26th March, 1826. He knew then of his ruin; and wrote in bitterness, but not in weakness. The closing pages are the most beautiful of the book. But a month afterwards Lady Scott died; and he never wrote glad word more.

taste who have written for a later public, that there is a difference between the dialect of a language, and its corruption.

A dialect is formed in any district, where there are persons of intelligence enough to use the language itself in all its fineness and force, but under the particular conditions of life, climate, and temper, which introduce words peculiar to the scenery, forms of word and idioms of sentence peculiar to the race, and pronunciations indicative of their character and disposition.

Thus 'burn' (of a streamlet) is a word possible only in a country where there are brightly running waters, 'lassie,' a word possible only where girls are as free as the rivulets, and 'auld,' a form of the southern 'old,' adopted by a race of finer musical ear than the English.

On the contrary, mere deteriorations, or coarse, strident, and, in the ordinary sense of the phrase, 'broad' forms of utterance, are not dialects at all, having nothing dialectic in them, and all phrases developed in states of rude employment, and restricted intercourse, are injurious to the tone and narrowing to the power of the language they affect. Mere breadth of accent does not spoil a dialect as long as the speakers are men of varied idea and good intelligence; but the moment the life is contracted by mining, millwork, or any oppressive and monotonous labour, the accents and phrases become debased. It is part of the popular folly of the day to find pleasure in trying to write and spell these abortive, crippled, and more or less brutal forms of human speech.

Abortive, crippled, or brutal, are however not necessarily 'corrupted' dialects. Corrupt language is that gathered by ignorance, invented by vice, misused by insensibility, or minced and mouthed by affectation, especially in the attempt to deal with words of which only half the meaning is understood, or half the sound heard. Mrs. Gamp's 'aperiently so'—and the 'undermined' with primal sense of undermine, of—I forget which gossip, in the *Mill on the Floss*, are master- and mistress pieces in this latter kind. Mrs. Malaprop's 'alliegories on the banks of the Nile' are in a somewhat higher

order of mistake: Miss Tabitha Bramble's ignorance is vulgarised by her selfishness, and Winifred Jenkins' by her conceit. The 'wot' of Noah Claypole, and the other degradations of cockneyism (Sam Weller and his father are in nothing more admirable than in the power of heart and sense that can purify even these); the 'trewth' of Mr. Chadband, and 'natur' of Mr. Squeers, are examples of the corruption of words by insensibility: the use of the word 'bloody' in modern low English is a deeper corruption, not altering the form of the word, but defiling the thought in it.

Thus much being understood, I shall proceed to examine thoroughly a fragment of Scott's Lowland Scottish dialect; not choosing it of the most beautiful kind; on the contrary, it shall be a piece reaching as low down as he ever allows Scotch to go—it is perhaps the only unfair patriotism in him, that if ever he wants a word or two of really villanous slang, he gives it in English or Dutch—not Scotch.

I had intended in the close of this paper to analyse and compare the characters of Andrew Fairservice and Richie Moniplies for examples, the former of innate evil, unaffected by external influences, and undiseased, but distinct from natural goodness as a nettle is distinct from balm or lavender; and the latter of innate goodness, contracted and pinched by circumstance, but still undiseased, as an oak-leaf crisped by frost, not by the worm. This, with much else in my mind, I must put off; but the careful study of one sentence of Andrew's will give us a good deal to think of.

I take his account of the rescue of Glasgow Cathedral at the time of the Reformation.

Ah! it's a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and curlewurlies and opensteck hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hands and gunpowther aff it. It had amaist a clouncome lang syne at the Reformation, when they pu'd down the kirks of St. Andrews and Perth, and thereawa', to cleanse them o' Papery, and idolatry, and image-worship, and surplices, and sic-like rags o' the muckle hure that sitteth on seven hills, as if ane wasna bruid enough for her auld hinder end. Sae the commons o' Renfrew, and o' the Barony, and the Gorbals, and a' about, they behoved to come into Glasgow ae fair morning, to try their

hand on purging the High Kirk o' Popish nick-nackets. But the townsmen o' Glasgow, they were feared their auld edifice might slip the girths in gaun through siccan rough physic, sae they rang the common bell, and assembled the train-bands wi' took o' drum. By good luck, the worthy James Rabat was Dean o' Guild that year—(and a gude mason he was himsell, made him tae keener to keep up the auld bigging), and the trades assembled, and offered downright battle to the commons, rather than their kirk should coup the crans, as others had done elsewhere. It wasna for luve o' Paperie—na, na!—nane could ever say that o' the trades o' Glasgow—Sae they sune came to an agreement to take a' the idolatrous statues of sants (sorrow be on them!) out o' their neuks—And sae the bits o' stane idols were broken in pieces by Scripture warrant, and flung into the Molendinar burn, and the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kaimed aff her, and a'budy was alike pleased. And I hae heard wise folk say, that if the same had been done in ilka kirk in Scotland, the Reform wad just hae been as pure as it is e'en now, and we wad hae mair Christian-like kirks; for I hae been sae lang in England, that naething will drived out o' my head, that the dog-kennel at Osbaldistone-Hall is better than mony a house o' God in Scotland.

Now this sentence is in the first place a piece of Scottish history of quite inestimable and concentrated value. Andrew's temperament is the type of a vast class of Scottish—shall we call it '*sow-thistlian*'—mind, which necessarily takes the view of either Pope or saint that the thistle in Lebanon took of the cedar or lilies in Lebanon; and the entire force of the passions which, in the Scottish revolution, foretold and forearmed the French one, is told in this one paragraph; the coarseness of it, observe, being admitted, not for the sake of the laugh, any more than an onion in broth merely for its flavour, but for the meat of it; the inherent constancy of that coarseness being a fact in this order of mind, and an essential part of the history to be told.

Secondly, observe that this speech, in the religious passion of it, such as there may be, is entirely sincere. Andrew is a thief, a liar, a coward, and, in the Fair service from which he takes his name, a hypocrite; but in the form of prejudice, which is all that his mind is capable of in the place of religion, he is entirely sincere. He does not in the least pretend detestation of image worship to please his master, or any one else;

he honestly scorns the ‘carnal morality* as dowl and fusionless as rue-leaves at Yule’ of the sermon in the upper cathedral; and when wrapt in critical attention to the ‘real savour o’ doctrine’ in the crypt, so completely forgets the hypocrisy of his fair service as to return his master’s attempt to disturb him with hard punches of the elbow.

Thirdly. He is a man of no mean sagacity, quite up to the average standard of Scottish common sense, not a low one; and, though incapable of understanding any manner of lofty thought or passion, is a shrewd measurer of weaknesses, and not without a spark or two of kindly feeling. See first his sketch of his master’s character to Mr. Hammorgaw, beginning: ‘He’s no a’thegither sae void o’ sense, neither;’ and then the close of the dialogue: ‘But the lad’s no a bad lad after a’, and he needs some carefu’ body to look after him.’

Fourthly. He is a good workman; knows his own business well, and can judge of other craft, if sound, or otherwise.

All these four qualities of him must be known before we can understand this single speech. Keeping them in mind, I take it up, word by word.

You observe, in the outset, Scott makes no attempt whatever to indicate accents or modes of pronunciation by changed spelling, unless the word becomes a quite definitely new and scarcely writeable one. The Scottish way of pronouncing ‘James,’ for instance, is entirely peculiar, and extremely pleasant to the ear. But it is so, just because it does *not* change the word into Jeems, nor into Jims, nor into Jawms. A modern writer of dialects would think it amusing to use one or other of these ugly spellings. But Scott writes the name in pure English, knowing that a Scots reader will speak it rightly, and an English one be wise in letting it alone. On the other hand he writes ‘weel’ for ‘well,’ because that word is complete in its change, and may be very closely expressed by the double *e*. The ambiguous *u*’s in ‘gude’ and ‘sune’

* Compare Mr. Spurgeon’s not unfrequent orations on the same subject.

are admitted, because far liker the sound than the double *o* would be, and that in 'hure,' for grace' sake, to soften the word;—so also 'flaes' for 'fleas.' 'Mony' for 'many' is again positively right in sound, and 'neuk' differs from our 'nook' in sense, and is not the same word at all, as we shall presently see.

Secondly, observe, not a word is corrupted in any indecent haste, slowness, slovenliness, or incapacity of pronunciation. There is no lisping, drawling, slobbering, or snuffling: the speech is as clear as a bell and as keen as an arrow: and its elisions and contractions are either melodious, ('na,' for 'not,'—'pu'd,' for 'pulled,') or as normal as in a Latin verse. The long words are delivered without the slightest bungling; and 'bigging' finished to its last *g*.

I take the important words now in their places.

Brave. The old English sense of the word in 'to go brave' retained, expressing Andrew's sincere and respectful admiration. Had he meant to insinuate a hint of the church's being too fine, he would have said 'braw.'

Kirk. This is of course just as pure and unprovincial a word as 'Kirche,' or 'église.'

Whigmaleerie. I cannot get at the root of this word, but it is one showing that the speaker is not bound by classic rules, but will use any syllables that enrich his meaning. 'Nipperty-tipperty' (of his master's 'poetry-nonsense') is another word of the same class. 'Curlewurle' is of course just as pure as Shakespeare's 'Hurly-burly.' But see first suggestion of the idea to Scott at Blair-Adam (L. vi. 264).

Opensteek hems. More description, or better, of the later Gothic cannot be put into four syllables. 'Steek,' melodious for stitch, has a combined sense of closing or fastening. And note that the later Gothic, being precisely what Scott knew best (in Melrose) and liked best, it is, here as elsewhere, quite as much himself* as Frank, that he is laughing at, when he

* There are three definite and intentional portraits of himself, in the novels, each giving a separate part of himself: Mr. Oldbuck, Frank Osbaldistone, and Alan Fairford.

laughs *with* Andrew, whose ‘opensteek hems’ are only a ruder metaphor for his own ‘willow-wreaths changed to stone.’

Gunpowther. ‘-Ther’ is a lingering vestige of the French ‘-dre.’

Syne. One of the melodious and mysterious Scottish words which have partly the sound of wind and stream in them, and partly the range of softened idea which is like a distance of blue hills over border land (‘far in the distant Cheviot’s blue’). Perhaps even the least sympathetic ‘Englisher’ might recognise this, if he heard ‘Old Long Since’ vocally substituted for the Scottish words to the air. I do not know the root; but the word’s proper meaning is not ‘since,’ but before or after an interval of some duration, ‘as weel sune as syne.’ ‘But first on Sawnie gies a ca’, Syne, bauldly in she enters.’

Behoved (to come). A rich word, with peculiar idiom, always used more or less ironically of anything done under a partly mistaken and partly pretended notion of duty.

Siccan. Far prettier, and fuller in meaning than ‘such.’ It contains an added sense of wonder; and means properly ‘so great’ or ‘so unusual.’

Took (o’ drum). Classical ‘tuck’ from Italian ‘*toccata*,’ the prelude ‘touch’ or flourish, on any instrument (but see Johnson under word ‘tucket,’ quoting *Othello*). The deeper Scottish vowels are used here to mark the deeper sound of the bass drum, as in more solemn warning.

Bigging. The only word in all the sentence of which the Scottish form is less melodious than the English, ‘and what for no,’ seeing that Scottish architecture is mostly little beyond Bessie Bell’s and Mary Gray’s? ‘They biggit a bow’re by yon burnside, and thee kit it ow’re wi rashes.’ But it is pure Anglo-Saxon in roots; see glossary to Fairbairn’s edition of the Douglas *Virgil*, 1710.

Coup. Another of the much-embracing words; short for ‘upset,’ but with a sense of awkwardness as the inherent cause of fall; compare Richie Moniplies (also for sense of ‘behoved’): ‘Ae auld hirplin deevil of a potter behoved just to step in my way, and offer me a pig (earthen pot—etym.

dub.), as he said “just to put my Scotch ointment in;” and I gave him a push, as but natural, and the tottering deevil coupit owre amang his own pigs, and damaged a score of them.’ So also Dandie Dinmont in the postchaise: ‘Od! I hope they’ll no coup us.’

The Grans. Idiomatic; root unknown to me, but it means in this use, full, total, and without recovery.

Molendinar. From ‘molendinum,’ the grinding-place. I do not know if actually the local name,* or Scott’s invention. Compare Sir Piercie’s ‘Molinaras.’ But at all events used here with bye-sense of degradation of the formerly idle saints to grind at the mill.

Crouse. Courageous, softened with a sense of comfort.

Ilku. Again a word with azure distance, including the whole sense of ‘each’ and ‘every.’ The reader must carefully and reverently distinguish these comprehensive words, which gather two or more perfectly understood meanings into one *chord* of meaning, and are harmonies more than words, from the above-noted blunders between two half-bit meanings, struck as a bad piano-player strikes the edge of another note. In English we have fewer of these combined thoughts; so that Shakespeare rather plays with the distinct lights of his words, than melts them into one. So again Bishop Douglas spells, and doubtless spoke, the word ‘rose,’ differently, according to his purpose; if as the chief or governing ruler of flowers, ‘rois,’ but if only in her own beauty, rose.

Christian-like. The sense of the decency and order proper

* Andrew knows Latin, and might have coined the word in his conceit; but, writing to a kind friend in Glasgow, I find the brook was called ‘Molyndona’ even before the building of the Sub-dean Mill in 1446. See also account of the locality in Mr. George’s admirable volume, *Old Glasgow*, pp. 129, 149, &c. The Protestantism of Glasgow, since throwing that powder of saints into her brook Kidron, has presented it with other pious offerings; and my friend goes on to say that the brook, once famed for the purity of its waters (much used for bleaching), ‘has for nearly a hundred years been a crawling stream of loathsomeness. It is now bricked over, and a carriage-way made on the top of it; underneath the foul mess still passes through the heart of the city, till it falls into the Clyde close to the harbour.’

to Christianity is stronger in Scotland than in any other country, and the word 'Christian' more distinctly opposed to 'beast.' Hence the back-handed cut at the English for their over-pious care of dogs.

I am a little surprised myself at the length to which this examination of one small piece of Sir Walter's first-rate work has carried us, but here I must end for this time, trusting, if the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* permit me, yet to trespass, perhaps more than once, on his readers' patience; but, at all events, to examine in a following paper the technical characteristics of Scott's own style, both in prose and verse, together with Byron's, as opposed to our fashionably recent dialects and rhythms; the essential virtues of language, in both the masters of the old school, hinging ultimately, little as it might be thought, on certain unalterable views of theirs concerning the code called 'of the Ten Commandments,' wholly at variance with the dogmas of automatic morality which, summed again by the witches' line, 'Fair is foul, and foul is fair,' hover through the fog and filthy air of our prosperous England.

JOHN RUSKIN.

'He hated greetings in the market-place, and there were generally loiterers in the streets to persecute him either about the events of the day, or about some petty pieces of business.'

These lines, which the reader will find near the beginning of the sixteenth chapter of the first volume of the *Antiquary*, contain two indications of the old man's character, which, receiving the ideal of him as a portrait of Scott himself, are of extreme interest to me. They mean essentially that neither Monkbarns nor Scott had any mind to be called of men, Rabbi, in mere hearing of the mob; and especially that they hated to be drawn back out of their far-away thoughts, or forward out of their long-ago thoughts, by any manner of 'daily' news, whether printed or gabbled. Of which two vital characteristics, deeper in both the men, (for I must always speak of Scott's creations as if they were as real as himself,) than any

of their superficial vanities, or passing enthusiasms, I have to speak more at another time. I quote the passage just now, because there was one piece of the daily news of the year 1815 which did extremely interest Scott, and materially direct the labour of the latter part of his life; nor is there any piece of history in this whole nineteenth century quite so pregnant with various instruction as the study of the reasons which influenced Scott and Byron in their opposite views of the glories of the battle of Waterloo.

But I quote it for another reason also. The principal greeting which Mr. Oldbuck on this occasion receives in the market-place, being compared with the speech of Andrew Fairservice, examined in my first paper, will furnish me with the text of what I have mainly to say in the present one.

““Mr. Oldbuck,” said the town-clerk (a more important person, who came in front and ventured to stop the old gentleman), “the provost, understanding you were in town, begs on no account that you’ll quit it without seeing him; he wants to speak to ye about bringing the water frae the Fairwell spring through a part o’ your lands.”

““What the deuce!—have they nobody’s land but mine to cut and carve on?—I won’t consent, tell them.”

““And the provost,” said the clerk, going on, without noticing the rebuff, “and the council, wad be agreeable that you should hae the auld stanes at Donagild’s Chapel, that ye was wussing to hae.”

““Eh?—what?—Oho! that’s another story—Well, well, I’ll call upon the provost, and we’ll talk about it.”

““But ye maun speak your mind on’t forthwith, Monkbarns, if ye want the stanes; for Deacon Harlewalls thinks the carved through-stanes might be put with advantage on the front of the new council-house—that is, the twa cross-legged figures that the callants used to ca’ Robin and Bobbin, ane on ilka door-check; and the other stane, that they ca’d Ailie Dailie, abune the door. It will be very tastefu’, the Deacon says, and just in the style of modern Gothic.”

““Good Lord deliver me from this Gothic generation!”

exclaimed the Antiquary,—“a monument of a knight-templar on each side of a Grecian porch, and a Madonna on the top of it!—*O crimini!*—Well, tell the provost I wish to have the stones, and we’ll not differ about the water-course.—It’s lucky I happened to come this way to-day.”

‘They parted mutually satisfied; but the wily clerk had most reason to exult in the dexterity he had displayed, since the whole proposal of an exchange between the monuments (which the council had determined to remove as a nuisance, because they encroached three feet upon the public road) and the privilege of conveying the water to the burgh, through the estate of Monkarns, was an idea which had originated with himself upon the pressure of the moment.’

In this single page of Scott, will the reader please note the kind of prophetic instinct with which the great men of every age mark and forecast its destinies? The water from the Fairwell is the future Thirlmere carried to Manchester; the ‘auld stanes’* at Donagild’s Chapel, removed as a *nuisance*, foretell

* The following fragments out of the letters in my own possession, written by Scott to the builder of Abbotsford, as the outer decorations of the house were in process of completion, will show how accurately Scott had pictured himself in Monkarns.

‘Abbotsford: April 21, 1817.

‘Dear Sir,—Nothing can be more obliging than your attention to the old stones. You have been as true as the sundial itself.’ [The sundial had just been erected.] ‘Of the two I would prefer the larger one, as it is to be in front of a parapet quite in the old taste. But in case of accidents it will be safest in your custody till I come to town again on the 12th of May. Your former favours (which were weighty as acceptable) have come safely out here, and will be disposed of with great effect.’

‘Abbotsford: July 30.

‘I fancy the Tolbooth still keeps its feet, but, as it must soon descend, I hope you will remember me. I have an important use for the niche above the door; and though many a man has got a niche *in* the Tolbooth by building, I believe I am the first that ever got a niche out of it on such an occasion. For which I have to thank your kindness, and to remain very much your obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.’

‘August 16.

‘My dear Sir,—I trouble you with this [*sic*] few lines to thank you for the very accurate drawings and measurements of the Tolbooth door, and for

the necessary view taken by modern cockneyism, Liberalism, and progress, of all things that remind them of the noble dead, of their father's fame, or of their own duty; and the public road becomes their idol, instead of the saint's shrine. Finally, the roguery of the entire transaction—the mean man seeing the weakness of the honourable, and 'besting' him—in modern slang, in the manner and at the pace of modern trade—'on the pressure of the moment.'

But neither are these things what I have at present quoted the passage for.

I quote it, that we may consider how much wonderful and various history is gathered in the fact, recorded for us in this piece of entirely fair fiction, that in the Scottish borough of Fairport, (Montrose, really,) in the year 17— of Christ, the knowledge given by the pastors and teachers provided for its children by enlightened Scottish Protestantism, of their fathers' history, and the origin of their religion, had resulted

your kind promise to attend to my interest and that of Abbotsford in the matter of the Thistle and Fleur de Lis. Most of our scutcheons are now mounted, and look very well, as the house is something after the model of an old hall (not a castle), where such things are well in character.' [Alas—Sir Walter, Sir Walter!] 'I intend the old lion to predominate over a well which the children have christened the Fountain of the Lions. His present den, however, continues to be the hall at Castle Street.'

'September 5.

'Dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for securing the stone. I am not sure that I will put up the gate quite in the old form, but I would like to secure the means of doing so. The ornamental stones are now put up, and have a very happy effect. If you will have the kindness to let me know when the Tolbooth door comes down, I will send in my carts for the stones; I have an admirable situation for it. I suppose the door itself' [he means, the wooden one] 'will be kept for the new jail; if not, and not otherwise wanted, I would esteem it curious to possess it. Certainly I hope so many sore hearts will not pass through the celebrated door when in my possession as heretofore.'

'September 8.

'I should esteem it very fortunate if I could have the door also, though I suppose it is modern, having been burned down at the time of Porteous-mob.

'I am very much obliged to the gentlemen who thought these remains of the Heart of Midlothian are not ill bestowed on their intended possessor.'

in this substance and sum ;—that the statues of two crusading knights had become, to their children, Robin and Bobbin ; and the statue of the Madonna, Ailie Dailie.

A marvellous piece of history, truly : and far too comprehensive for general comment here. Only one small piece of it I must carry forward the readers' thoughts upon.

The pastors and teachers aforesaid, (represented typically in another part of this errorless book by Mr. Blattergowl) are not, whatever else they may have to answer for, answerable for these names. The names are of the children's own choosing and bestowing, but not of the children's own inventing. 'Robin' is a classically endearing cognomen, recording the *errant* heroism of old days—the name of the Bruce and of Rob Roy. 'Bobbin' is a poetical and symmetrical fulfilment and adornment of the original phrase. 'Ailie' is the last echo of 'Ave,' changed into the softest Scottish Christian name familiar to the children, itself the beautiful feminine form of royal 'Louis ;' the 'Dailie' again symmetrically added for kinder and more musical endearment. The last vestiges, you see, of honour for the heroism and religion of their ancestors, lingering on the lips of babes and sucklings.

But what is the meaning of this necessity the children find themselves under of completing the nomenclature rhythmically and rhymingly ? Note first the difference carefully, and the attainment of both qualities by the couplets in question. Rhythm is the syllabic and quantitative measure of the words, in which Robin, both in weight and time, balances Bobbin ; and Dailie holds level scale with Ailie. But rhyme is the added correspondence of sound ; unknown and undesired, so far as we can learn, by the Greek Orpheus, but absolutely essential to, and, as special virtue, becoming titular of, the Scottish Thomas.

The 'Ryme,'* you may at first fancy, is the especially childish part of the work. Not so. It is the especially chivalric and Christian part of it. It characterises the Christian

* Henceforward, not in affectation, but for the reader's better convenience, I shall continue to spell 'Ryme' without our wrongly added *h*.

chant or canticle, as a higher thing than a Greek ode, melos, or hymnos, or than a Latin carmen.

Think of it, for this again is wonderful! That these children of Montrose should have an element of music in their souls which Homer had not,—which a melos of David the Prophet and King had not,—which Orpheus and Amphion had not,—which Apollo's unrymed oracles became mute at the sound of.

A strange new equity this,—melodious justice and judgment as it were,—in all words spoken solemnly and ritualistically by Christian human creatures;—Robin and Bobbin—by the Crusader's tomb, up to 'Dies iræ, dies illa,' at judgment of the crusading soul.

You have to understand this most deeply of all Christian minstrels, from first to last; that they are more musical, because more joyful, than any others on earth: ethereal minstrels, pilgrims of the sky, true to the kindred points of heaven and home; their joy essentially the sky-lark's, in light, in purity; but, with their human eyes, looking for the glorious appearing of something in the sky, which the bird cannot.

This it is that changes Etruscan murmur into Terza rima—Horatian Latin into Provençal troubadour's melody; not, because less artful, less wise.

Here is a little bit, for instance, of French ryming just before Chaucer's time—near enough to our own French to be intelligible to us yet.

' O quant très-glorieuse vie,
Quant cil quit out peut et maistrie,
Veult esprouver pour nécessaire,
Ne pour quant il ne blasma mie
La vie de Marthe sa mie :
Mais il lui donna exemple
D'autrement vivre, et de bien plaire
A Dieu ; et plut de bien à faire :
Pour se conclut-il que Marie
Qui estoit à ses piedz sans braire,
Et pensait d'entendre et de taire,
Estleut la plus saine partie.

La meilleur partie esleut-elle
 Et la plus saine et la plus belle,
 Qui jà ne luy sera ostée
 Car par vérité se fut celle
 Qui fut tousjours fresche et nouvelle,
 D'aymer Dieu et d'en estre aymée ;
 Car jusqu'au cueur fut entamée
 Et si ardamment enflamée,
 Que tous-jours ardoit l'estincelle ;
 Par quoi elle fut visitée
 Et de Dieu premier confortée ;
 Car charité est trop ysnelle.'

The only law of *metre*, observed in this song, is that each line shall be octosyllabic :

Qui fut | tousjours | fresche et | nouvelle,
 D'autre | ment vi | vret de | bien (ben) plaire.
 Et pen | soit den | tendret | de taire

But the reader must note that words which were two-syllabled in Latin mostly remain yet so in the French.

La *vi* | e de | Marthe | sa mie,

though *mie*, which is pet language, loving abbreviation of *amica* through *amie*, remains monosyllabic. But *rie* elides its *i* before a vowel :

Car Mar- | the me | naît *vie* | active
 Et Ma- | ri-e | contemp | lative ;

and custom endures many exceptions. Thus *Marie* may be three-syllabled as above, or answer to *mie* as a dissyllable ; but *vierge* is always, I think, dissyllabic, *vier-ge*, with even stronger accent on the *-ge*, for the Latin *-go*.

Then, secondly, of quantity, there is scarcely any fixed law. The metres may be timed as the minstrel chooses—fast or slow—and the rambic current checked in reverted eddy, as the words chance to come.

But, thirdly, there is to be rich ryming and chiming, no matter how simply got, so only that the words jingle and tangle together with due art of interlacing and answering in

different parts of the stanza, correspondent to the involution of tracery and illumination. The whole twelve-line stanza is thus constructed with two rymes only, six of each, thus arranged :

AAB | AAB | BBA | BBA |

dividing the verse thus into four measures, reversed in ascent and descent, or *descant* more properly ; and doubtless with correspondent phases in the voice-given, and duly accompanying, or following, music ; Thomas the Rymer's own precept that 'tong is chefe in mynstrelsy,' being always kept faithfully in mind.*

Here then you have a sufficient example of the pure character of the Christian ages ; which is always at heart joyful, and divides itself into the four great forms, Song of Praise, Song of Prayer, Song of Love, and Song of Battle ; praise, however being the keynote of passion through all the four forms ; according to the first law which I have already given in the law of Fesolé ; 'all great Art is Praise,' of which the contrary is also true, all foul or miscreant Art is accusation, *διαβολή* ; 'She gave me of the tree and I did eat' being an entirely museless expression on Adam's part, the briefly essential contrary of Love-song.

With these four perfect forms of Christian chant, of which we may take for pure examples the 'Te Deum,' the 'Te Lucis Ante,' the 'Amor che nella mente,'† and the 'Chant de Roland,' are mingled songs of mourning, of Pagan origin (whether Greek or Danish), holding grasp still of the races that have once learned them, in times of suffering and sorrow and songs of Christian humiliation or grief, regarding chiefly

* L. ii. 278.

† 'Che nella mente mia ragiona.' Love—you observe, the higher *Reasonableness*, instead of French *ivresse*, or even Shakespearian 'merrily' ; and Beatrice as the Goddess of Wisdom in this third song of the *Convito*, to be compared with the Revolutionary Goddess of Reason remembering of the whole poem chiefly the line :—

'Costei penso chi che mosso l'universo.'

(See Lyell's *Canzoniere*, p. 104.)

the sufferings of Christ, or the conditions of our own sin : while through the entire system of these musical complaints are interwoven moralities, instructions, and related histories, in illustration of both, passing into Epic and Romantic verse, which gradually, as the forms and learnings of society increase, becomes less joyful, and more didactic, or satiric, until the last echoes of Christian joy and melody vanish in the ‘Vanity of human wishes.’

And here I must pause for a minute or two to separate the different branches of our inquiry clearly from one another. For one thing, the reader must please put for the present out of his head all thought of the progress of ‘civilisation’—that is to say, broadly, of the substitution of wigs for hair, gas for candles, and steam for legs. This is an entirely distinct matter from the phases of policy and religion. It has nothing to do with the British Constitution, or the French Revolution, or the unification of Italy. There are, indeed, certain subtle relations between the state of mind, for instance, in Venice, which makes her prefer a steamer to a gondola, and that which makes her prefer a gazetteer to a duke ; but these relations are not at all to be dealt with until we solemnly understand that whether men shall be Christians and poets, or infidels and dunces, does not depend on the way they cut their hair, tie their breeches, or light their fires. Dr. Johnson might have worn his wig in fulness conforming to his dignity, without therefore coming to the conclusion that human wishes were vain ; nor is Queen Antoinette’s civilised hair-powder, as opposed to Queen Bertha’s savagely loose hair, the cause of Antoinette’s laying her head at last in scaffold dust, but Bertha in a pilgrim-haunted tomb.

Again, I have just now used the words ‘poet’ and ‘dunce,’ meaning the degree of each quality possible to average human nature. Men are eternally divided into the two classes of poet (believer, maker, and praiser) and dunce (or unbeliever, un-maker, and dispraiser). And in process of ages they have the power of making faithful and formative creatures of themselves, or unfaithful and *de*formative. And this distinction

between the creatures who, blessing, are blessed, and evermore *benedicti*, and the creatures who, cursing, are cursed, and evermore *maledicti*, is one going through all humanity; antediluvian in Cain and Abel, diluvian in Ham and Shem. And the question for the public of any given period is not whether they are a constitutional or unconstitutional vulgus, but whether they are a benignant or malignant vulgus. So also, whether it is indeed the gods who have given any gentleman the grace to despise the rabble, depends wholly on whether it is indeed the rabble, or he, who are the malignant persons.

But yet again. This difference between the persons to whom Heaven, according to Orpheus, has granted 'the hour of delight,'* and those whom it has condemned to the hour of detestableness, being, as I have just said, of all times and nations,—it is an interior and more delicate difference which we are examining in the gift of *Christian*, as distinguished from unchristian, song. Orpheus, Pindar, and Horace are indeed distinct from the prosaic rabble, as the bird from the snake; but between Orpheus and Palestrina, Horace and Sidney, there is another division, and a new power of music and song given to the humanity which has hope of the Resurrection.

This is the root of all life and all righteousness in Christian harmony, whether of word or instrument; and so literally, that in precise manner as this hope disappears, the power of song is taken away, and taken away utterly. When the Christian falls back out of the bright hope of the Resurrection, even the Orpheus song is forbidden him. Not to have known the hope is blameless; one may sing, unknowing, as the swan, or Philomela. But to have known and fall away from it, and to declare that the human wishes, which are summed in that one—'Thy kingdom come'—are vain! The Fates ordain there shall be no singing after that denial.

For observe this, and earnestly. The old Orphic song, with

* ὥρα τῆς τέφρας—Plato, *Laws*, ii., Steph. 669. 'Hour' having here nearly the power of 'Fate' with added sense of being a daughter of Themis.

its dim hope of yet once more Eurydice,—the Philomela song—granted after the cruel silence,—the Halcyon song—with its fifteen days of peace, were all sad, or joyful only in some vague vision of conquest over death. But the Johnsonian vanity of wishes is on the whole satisfactory to Johnson—accepted with gentlemanly resignation by Pope—triumphantly and with bray of penny trumpets and blowing of steam-whistles, proclaimed for the glorious discovery of the civilised ages, by Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Adam Smith, and Co. There is no God, but have we not invented gunpowder?—who wants a God, with that in his pocket? * There is no Resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but have we not paper and pens, and cannot every blockhead print his opinions, and the Day of Judgment become Republican, with everybody for a judge, and the flat of the universe for the throne? There is no law, but only gravitation and congelation, and we are stuck together in an everlasting hail, and melted together in everlasting mud, and great was the day in which our worships were born. And there is no Gospel, but only, whatever we've got, to get more, and wherever we are, to go somewhere else. And are not these discoveries, to be sung of, and drummed of, and fiddled of, and generally made melodiously indubitable in the eighteenth century song of praise?

The Fates will not have it so. No word of song is possible, in that century, to mortal lips. Only polished versification, sententious pentameter and hexameter, until, having turned

* 'Gunpowder is one of the greatest inventions of modern times, and that has given such a superiority to civilised nations over barbarous'! (*Evenings at Home*—fifth evening.) No man can owe more than I both to Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth; and I only wish that in the substance of what they wisely said, they had been more listened to. Nevertheless, the terms of all modern conceit and error respecting manufacture and industry, as rivals to Art and to Genius, are concentrated in '*Evenings at Home*' and '*Harry and Lucy*'—being all the while themselves works of real genius, and prophetic of things that have yet to be learned and fulfilled. See for instance the paper, 'Things by their Right Names,' following the one from which I have just quoted (*The Ship*), and closing the first volume of the old edition of the *Evenings*.

out its toes long enough without dancing, and pattered with its lips long enough without piping, suddenly Astræa returns to the earth, and a Day of Judgment of a sort, and there bursts out a song at last again, a most curtly melodious triplet of Amphisbænic ryme. ‘*Ça ira.*’

Amphisbænic, fanged in each ryme with fire, and obeying Ercildoune’s precept, ‘Tong is chefe of mynstrelsy,’ to the syllable.—Don Giovanni’s hitherto fondly chanted ‘Andiam andiam,’ become suddenly impersonal and prophetic: It shall go, and you also. A cry—before it is a song, then song and accompaniment together—perfectly done; and the march ‘towards the field of Mars. The two hundred and fifty thousand—they to the sound of stringed music—preceded by young girls with tricolor streamers, they have shouldered soldier-wise their shovels and picks, and with one throat are singing *Ça ira.*’ *

Through all the springtime of 1790, ‘from Brittany to Burgundy, on most plains of France, under most city walls, there march and constitutionally wheel to the *Ça-iraing* mood of fife and drum—our clear glancing phalanxes;—the song of the two hundred and fifty thousand, virgin led, is in the long light of July.’ Nevertheless, another song is yet needed, for phalanx, and for maid. For, two springs and summers having gone—amphisbænic,—on the 28th of August 1792, ‘Dumouriez rode from the camp of Maulde, eastwards to *Sedan.*’†

And Longwi has fallen basely, and Brunswick and the Prussian king will beleaguer Verdun, and Clairfait and the Austrians press deeper in over the northern marches, Cimmerian Europe behind. And on that same night Dumouriez assembles council of war at his lodgings in Sedan. Prussian here, Austrians there, triumphant both. With broad highway to Paris and little hindrance—we scattered, helpless here and there—what to advise? The generals advise retreating, and retreating till Paris be sacked at the latest day possible

* Carlyle, *French Revolution* (Chapman, 1869), vol. ii. p. 70; conf. p. 25 and the *Ça ira* at Arras, vol. iii. p. 276.

† *Ibid.* iii. 26.

Dumouriez, silent, dismisses *them*,—keeps only, with a sign, Thouvenot. Silent, thus, when needful, yet having voice, it appears, of what musicians call tenor-quality, of a rare kind. Rubini-esque, even, but scarcely producible to fastidious ears at opera. The seizure of the forest of Argonne follows—the cannonade of Valmy. The Prussians do not march on Paris *this* time, the autumnal hours of fate pass on—*ça ira*—and on the 6th of November, Dumouriez meets the Austrians also.

Dumouriez wide-winged, they wide-winged—at and around Jemappes, its green heights fringed and maned with red fire. And Dumouriez is swept back on this wing and swept back on that, and is like to be swept back utterly, when he rushes up in person, speaks a prompt word or two, and then, with clear tenor-pipe, uplifts the hymn of the Marseillaise, ten thousand tenor or bass pipes joining, or say some forty thousand in all, for every heart leaps up at the sound; and so, with rhythmic march melody, they rally, they advance, they rush death-defying, and like the fire whirlwind sweep all manner of Austrians from the scene of action.’ Thus, through the lips of Dumouriez, sings Tyrtaeus, Rouget de Lisle,* ‘Aux armes—marchons!’ Iambic measure with a witness! in what wide trope here beginning—in what unthought-of antistrophe returning to that council chamber in Sedan!

While these two great songs were thus being composed, and sung, and danced to in cometary cycle, by the French nation, here in our less giddy island there rose, amidst hours of business in Scotland and of idleness in England, three troubadours of quite different temper. Different also themselves, but not opponent; forming a perfect chord, and adverse all the three of them alike to the French musicians, in this main point—that while the *Ça ira* and Marseillaise were essentially songs of blame and wrath, the British bards wrote, virtually, always songs of praise, though by no means psalmody in the ancient sense. On the contrary, all the three are alike moved by a

* Carlyle, *French Revolution*, iii. 106, the last sentence altered in a word or two.

singular antipathy to the priests, and are pointed at with fear and indignation by the pietists, of their day;—not without latent cause. For they are all of them, with the most loving service, servants of that world which the Puritan and monk alike despised; and, in the triple chord of their song, could not but appear to the religious persons around them as respective and specifically the praisers—Scott of the world, Burns of the flesh, and Byron of the devil.

To contend with this carnal orchestra, the religious world having long ago rejected its Catholic Psalms as antiquated and unscientific, and finding its Puritan melodies sunk into faint jangle and twangle from their native trumpet-tone, had nothing to oppose but the innocent, rather than religious, verses of the school recognised as that of the English Lakes; very creditable to them; domestic at once and refined; observing the errors of the world outside of the Lakes with a pitying and tender indignation, and arriving in lacustrine seclusion at many valuable principles of philosophy, as pure as the tarns of the mountains, and of corresponding depth.*

I have lately seen, and with extreme pleasure, Mr. Matthew Arnold's arrangement of Wordsworth's poems; and read with sincere interest his high estimate of them. But a great poet's work never needs arrangement by other hands; and though it is very proper that Silver How should clearly understand and brightly praise its fraternal Rydal Mount, we must not forget that, over yonder, are the Andes, all the while.

Wordsworth's rank and scale among poets were determined by himself, in a single exclamation:—

‘What was the great Parnassus’ self to thee,
Mount Skiddaw?’

Answer his question faithfully, and you have the relation between the great masters of the Muse's teaching, and the pleasant fingerer of his pastoral flute among the reeds of Rydal.

* I have been greatly disappointed, in taking soundings of our most majestic mountain pools, to find them, in no case, verge on the unfathomable.

Wordsworth is simply a Westmoreland peasant, with considerably less shrewdness than most border Englishmen or Scotsmen inherit; and no sense of humour: but gifted (in this singularly) with vivid sense of natural beauty, and a pretty turn for reflections, not always acute, but, as far as they reach, medicinal to the fever of the restless and corrupted life around him. Water to parched lips may be better than Samian wine, but do not let us therefore confuse the qualities of wine and water. I much doubt there being many inglorious Miltons in our country churchyards; but I am very sure there are many Wordsworths resting there, who were inferior to the renowned one only in caring less to hear themselves talk.

With an honest and kindly heart, a stimulating egoism, a wholesome contentment in modest circumstances, and such sufficient ease, in that accepted state, as permitted the passing of a good deal of time in wishing that daisies could see the beauty of their own shadows, and other such profitable mental exercises, Wordsworth has left us a series of studies of the graceful and happy shepherd life of our lake country, which to me personally, for one, are entirely sweet and precious; but they are only so as the mirror of an existent reality in many ways more beautiful than its picture.

But the other day I went for an afternoon's rest into the cottage of one of our country people of old statesman class; cottage lying nearly midway between two village churches, but more conveniently for downhill walk towards one than the other. I found, as the good housewife made tea for me, that nevertheless she went up the hill to church. 'Why do not you go to the nearer church?' I asked. 'Don't you like the clergyman?' 'Oh no, sir,' she answered, 'it isn't that; but you know I couldn't leave my mother.' 'Your mother! she is buried at II—— then?' 'Yes, sir; and you know I couldn't go to church anywhere else.'

That feelings such as these existed among the peasants, not of Cumberland only, but of all the tender earth that gives forth her fruit for the living, and receives her dead to peace, might perhaps have been, to our great and endless comfort, discov-

ered before now, if Wordsworth had been content to tell us what he knew of his own villages and people, not as the leader of a new and only correct school of poetry, but simply as a country gentleman of sense and feeling, fond of primroses, kind to the parish children, and reverent of the spade with which Wilkinson had tilled his lands: and I am by no means sure that his influence on the stronger minds of his time was anywise hastened or extended by the spirit of tunefulness under whose guidance he discovered that heaven rhymed to seven, and Foy to boy.

Tuneful nevertheless at heart, and of the heavenly choir, I gladly and frankly acknowledge him; and our English literature enriched with a new and a singular virtue in the aerial purity and healthful rightness of his quiet song;—but *aerial* only,—not ethereal; and lowly in its privacy of light.

A measured mind, and calm; innocent, unrepentant; helpful to sinless creatures and scatheless, such of the flock as do not stray. Hopeful at least, if not faithful; content with intimations of immortality such as may be in skipping of lambs, and laughter of children,—incurious to see in the hands the print of the Nails.

A gracious and constant mind; as the herbage of its native hills, fragrant and pure;—yet, to the sweep and the shadow, the stress and distress, of the greater souls of men, as the tufted thyme to the laurel wilderness of Tempe,—as the gleaming euphrasy to the dark branches of Dodona.

[I am obliged to defer the main body of this paper to next month,—revises penetrating all too late into my lacustrine seclusion; as chanced also unluckily with the preceding paper, in which the reader will perhaps kindly correct the consequent misprints, p. 27, l. 24, of ‘scarcely’ to ‘securely,’ and p. 30, l. 7, ‘full,’ with comma, to ‘fall,’ without one; noticing besides that *Redgauntlet* has been omitted in the italicised list, p. 23, l. 18; and that the reference to note ‡ should not be at the word ‘imagination,’ p. 22, but at the word ‘trade,’ p. 23, l. 8. My dear old friend, Dr. John Brown, sends me, from Jamieson’s *Dictionary*, the following satisfactory end to one of my difficulties:—‘Coup the crans.’ The language is borrowed from the ‘cran,’ or trivet on which small pots are placed in cookery, which is sometimes turned with its feet uppermost by an awkward assistant. Thus it signifies to be *completely* upset.]

JOHN RUSKIN.

[BYRON.]

‘Parching summer hath no warrant
 To consume this crystal well ;
 Rains, that make each brook a torrent,
 Neither sully it, nor swell.’

So was it, year by year, among the unthought-of hills. Little Duddon and child Rotha ran clear and glad ; and laughed from ledge to pool, and opened from pool to mere, translucent, through endless days of peace.

But eastward, between her orchard plains, Loire locked her embracing dead in silent sands ; dark with blood rolled Iser ; glacial-pale, Beresina-Lethe, by whose shore the weary hearts forgot their people, and their father’s house.

Nor unsullied, Tiber ; nor unswoln, Arno and Aufidus ; and Euroclydon high on Helle’s wave ; meantime, let our happy piety glorify the garden rocks with snowdrop circlet, and breathe the spirit of Paradise, where life is wise and innocent.

Maps many have we, now-a-days clear in display of earth constituent, air current, and ocean tide. Shall we ever engrave the map of meaner research, whose shadings shall content themselves in the task of showing the depth, or drought, —the calm, or trouble, of Human Compassion ?

For this is indeed all that is noble in the life of Man, and the source of all that is noble in the speech of Man. Had it narrowed itself then, in those days, out of all the world, into this peninsula between Cockermouth and Shap ?

Not altogether so ; but indeed the *Vocal* piety seemed conclusively to have retired (or excursed ?) into that mossy hermitage, above Little Langdale. The *Unvocal* piety, with the uncomplaining sorrow, of Man, may have had a somewhat wider range, for aught we know : but history disregards those items ; and of firmly proclaimed and sweetly canorous religion, there really seemed at that juncture *none* to be reckoned upon, east of Ingleborough, or north of Criffel. Only under Furness Fells, or by Bolton Priory, it seems we can still write Ecclesiastical Sonnets, stanzas on the force of Prayer, Odes to

Duty, and complimentary addresses to the Deity upon His endurance for adoration. Far otherwise, over yonder, by Spezzia Bay, and Ravenna Pineta, and in ravines of Hartz. There, the softest voices speak the wildest words; and Keats discourses of Endymion, Shelley of Demogorgon, Goethe of Lucifer, and Bürger of the Resurrection of Death unto Death—while even Puritan Scotland and Episcopal Anglia produce for us only these three minstrels of doubtful tone, who show but small respect for the ‘unco guid,’ put but limited faith in gifted Gilfillan, and translate with unflinching frankness the *Morgante Maggiore*.*

Dismal the aspect of the spiritual world, or at least the sound of it, might well seem to the eyes and ears of Saints (such as we had) of the period—dismal in angels’ eyes also assuredly! Yet is it possible that the dismalness in angelic sight may be otherwise quartered, as it were, from the way of mortal heraldry; and that seen, and heard, of angels,—again I say—hesitatingly—*is* it possible that the goodness of the Unco Guid, and the gift of Gilfillan, and the word of Mr. Blattergowl, may severally not have been the goodness of God, the gift of God, nor the word of God: but that in the much blotted and broken efforts at goodness, and in the careless gift which they themselves despised,† and in the sweet ryme and murmur of their unpurposed words, the Spirit of the Lord

* ‘It must be put by the original, stanza for stanza, and verse for verse; and you will see what was permitted in a Catholic country and a bigoted age to Churchmen, on the score of Religion—and so tell those buffoons who accuse me of attacking the Liturgy.’

‘I write in the greatest haste, it being the hour of the Corso, and I must go and buffoon with the rest. My daughter Allegra is just gone with the Countess G. in Count G.’s coach and six. Our old Cardinal is dead, and the new one not appointed yet—but the masquing goes on the same.’ (Letter to Murray, 355th in Moore, dated Ravenna, Feb. 7, 1828.) ‘A dreadfully moral place, for you must not look at anybody’s wife, except your neighbour’s.’

† See quoted *infra* the mock, by Byron, of himself and all other modern poets, *Jann*, canto iii. stanza 86, and compare canto xiv. stanza 8. In reference of future quotations the first numeral will stand always for canto; the second for stanza; the third, if necessary, for line.

had, indeed, wandering, as in chaos days on lightless waters, gone forth in the hearts and from the lips of those other three strange prophets, even though they ate forbidden bread by the altar of the poured-out ashes, and even though the wild beast of the desert found them, and slew.

This, at least, I know, that it had been well for England, though all her other prophets, of the Press, the Parliament, the Doctor's chair, and the Bishop's throne, had fallen silent; so only that she had been able to understand with her heart here and there the simplest line of these, her despised.

I take one at mere chance :

‘ Who thinks of self, when gazing on the sky ? ’ *

Well, I don't know; Mr. Wordsworth certainly did, and observed, with truth, that its clouds took a sober colouring in consequence of his experiences. It is much if, indeed, this sadness be unselfish, and our eyes *have* kept loving watch o'er Man's Mortality. I have found it difficult to make any one now-a-days believe that such sobriety can be; and that Turner saw deeper crimson than others in the clouds of Goldau. But that any should yet think the clouds brightened by Man's *Immortality* instead of dulled by his death,—and, gazing on the sky, look for the day when every eye must gaze also—for behold, He cometh with the clouds—this it is no more possible for Christian England to apprehend, however exhorted by her gifted and guid.

‘ But Byron was not thinking of such things ! ’—He, the reprobate ! how should such as he think of Christ ?

Perhaps not wholly as you or I think of him. Take, at chance, another line or two, to try :

‘ Carnage (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter ; †
If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and
Just now, behaved as in the Holy Land.’

* *Island*, ii. 16, where see context.

† *Juan*, viii. 5 ; but, by your Lordship's quotation, Wordsworth says ‘ instrument ’—not ‘ daughter.’ Your Lordship had better have said ‘ Infant ’ and taken the Woolwich authorities to witness : only Infant would not have rymed.

Blasphemy, cry you, good reader? Are you sure you understand it? The first line I gave you was easy Byron—almost shallow Byron—these are of the man in his depth, and you will not fathom them, like a tarn,—nor in a hurry.

‘Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.’ How *did* Car-nage behave in the Holy Land then? You have all been greatly questioning, of late, whether the sun, which you find to be now going out, ever stood still. Did you in any lagging minute, on those scientific occasions, chance to reflect what he was bid stand still *for*? or if not—will you please look—and what, also, going forth again as a strong man to run his course, he saw, rejoicing?

‘Then Joshua passed from Makkedah unto Libnah—and fought against Libnah. And the Lord delivered it and the king thereof into the hand of Israel, and he smote it with the edge of the sword, and all the souls that were therein.’ And from Lachish to Eglon, and from Eglon to Kirjath-Arba, and Sarah’s grave in the Amorites’ land, ‘and Joshua smote all the country of the hills and of the south—and of the vale and of the springs, and all their kings; he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed—as the Lord God of Israel commanded.’

Thus ‘it is written:’ though you perhaps do not so often hear *these* texts preached from, as certain others about taking away the sins of the world. I wonder how the world would like to part with them! hitherto it has always preferred parting first with its Life—and God has taken it at its word. But Death is not *His* Begotten Son, for all that; nor is the death of the innocent in battle carnage *His* ‘instrument for working out a pure intent’ as Mr. Wordsworth puts it; but Man’s instrument for working out an impure one, as Byron would have you to know. Theology perhaps less orthodox, but certainly more reverent;—neither is the Woolwich Infant a Child of God; neither does the iron-clad ‘Thunderer’ utter thunders of God—which facts, if you had had the grace or sense to learn from Byron, instead of accusing him of blasphemy, it had been better at this day for *you*, and for many

a savage soul also, by Euxine shore, and in Zulu and Afghan lands.

It was neither, however, for the theology, nor the use, of these lines that I quoted them; but to note this main point of Byron's own character. He was the first great Englishman who felt the cruelty of war, and, in its cruelty, the shame. Its guilt had been known to George Fox—its folly shown practically by Penn. But the *compassion* of the pious world had still for the most part been shown only in keeping its stock of Barabbases unchanged if possible: and, till Byron came, neither Kunersdorf, Eylau, nor Waterloo, had taught the pity and the pride of men that

‘The drying up a single tear has more
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.’*

Such pacific verse would not indeed have been acceptable to the Edinburgh volunteers on Portobello sands. But Byron can write a battle song too, when it is *his* cue to fight. If you look at the introduction to the *Isles of Greece*, namely the 85th and 86th stanzas of the 3rd canto of *Don Juan*,—you will find—what will you *not* find, if only you understand them! ‘He’ in the first line, remember, means the typical modern poet.

‘Thus usually, when he was asked to sing,
He gave the different nations something national.
’Twas all the same to him—“God save the King”
Or “Ça ira” according to the fashion all;
His muse made increment of anything
From the high lyric down to the low rational:
If Pindar sang horse-races, what should hinder
Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

‘In France, for instance, he would write a chanson;
In England a six-canto quarto tale;
In Spain, he’d make a balance or romance on
The last war—much the same in Portugal;

* *Juan*, viii. 3; compare 14 and 63, with all its lovely context 61—68; then 82, and afterwards slowly and with thorough attention, the Devil's speech, beginning, ‘Yes, Sir, you forget’ in scene 2 of *The Deformed Transformed*: then Sardanapalus's, act i. scene 2, beginning ‘he is gone, and on his finger bears my signet,’ and finally, the *Vision of Judgment*, stanzas 3 to 5.

In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on
 Would be old Goethe's—(see what says de Staël)
 In Italy he'd ape the 'Trecentisti ;'
 In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn like this t' ye.

Note first here, as we did in Scott, the concentrating and foretelling power. The 'God Save the Queen' in England, fallen hollow now, as the 'Ça ira' in France—not a man in France knowing where either France or 'that' (whatever 'that' may be) is going to; nor the Queen of England daring, for her life, to ask the tiniest Englishman to do a single thing he doesn't like;—nor any salvation, either of Queen or Realm, being any more possible to God, unless under the direction of the Royal Society: then, note the estimate of height and depth in poetry, swept in an instant, 'high lyric to low rational.' Pindar to Pope (knowing Pope's height, too, all the while, no man better); then, the poetic power of France—resumed in a word—Béranger; then the cut at Marmion, entirely deserved, as we shall see, yet kindly given, for everything he names in these two stanzas is the best of its kind; then Romance in Spain on—the *last* war, (*present* war not being to Spanish poetical taste), then, Goethe the real heart of all Germany, and last, the aping of the Trecentisti which has since consummated itself in Pre-Raphaelitism! that also being the best thing Italy has done through England, whether in Rossetti's 'blessed damozels' or Burne Jones's 'days of creation.' Lastly comes the mock at himself—the modern English Greek—(followed up by the 'degenerate into hands like mine' in the song itself); and then—to amazement, forth he thunders in his Achilles voice. We have had one line of him in his clearness—five of him in his depth—sixteen of him in his play. Hear now but these, out of his whole heart:—

'What,—silent yet? and silent *all*?
 Ah no, the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let *one* living head,
 But one, arise—we come—we come :"
 —'Tis but the living who are dumb.'

Resurrection, this, you see like Bürger's ; but not of death unto death.

'Sound like a distant torrent's fall.' I said the *whole* heart of Byron was in this passage. First its compassion, then its indignation, and the third element, not yet examined, that love of the beauty of this world in which the three—unholy—children, of its Fiery Furnace were like to each other ; but Byron the widest-hearted. Scott and Burns love Scotland more than Nature itself : for Burns the moon must rise over Cunnock Hills,—for Scott, the Rymer's glen divide the Eildons ; but, for Byron, Loch-na-Gar *with Ida*, looks o'er Troy, and the soft murmurs of the Dee and the Bruar change into voices of the dead on distant Marathon.

Yet take the parallel from Scott, by a field of homelier rest :—

'And silence aids—though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills ;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep ;
Your horse's hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.

Naught living meets the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead are near ;
For though, in feudal strife, a foe
Hath laid our Lady's Chapel low,
Yet still beneath the hallowed soil,
The peasant rests him from his toil,
And, dying, bids his bones be laid
Where erst his simple fathers prayed.'

And last take the same note of sorrow—with Burns's finger on the fall of it :

'Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens,
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens,
Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foamin' strang wi' hasty stens
Frae lin to lin.'

As you read, one after another, these fragments of chant by the great masters, does not a sense come upon you of some

element in their passion, no less than in their sound, different, specifically, from that of ‘Parching summer hath no warrant’? Is it more profane, think you—or more tender—nay, perhaps, in the core of it, more true?

For instance, when we are told that

‘Wharfe, as he moved along,
To matins joined a mournful voice,’

is this disposition of the river’s mind to pensive psalmody quite logically accounted for by the previous statement, (itself by no means rhythmically dulcet,) that

‘The boy is in the arms of Wharfe,
And strangled by a merciless force’?

Or, when we are led into the improving reflection,

‘How sweet were leisure, could it yield no more
Than ’mid this wave-washed churchyard to recline,
From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine!’

—is the divinity of the extract assured to us by its being made at leisure, and in a reclining attitude—as compared with the meditations of otherwise active men, in an erect one? Or are we perchance, many of us, still erring somewhat in our notions alike of Divinity and Humanity,—poetical extraction, and moral position?

On the chance of its being so, might I ask hearing for just a few words more of the school of Belial?

Their occasion, it must be confessed, is a quite unjustifiable one. Some very wicked people—mutineers, in fact—have retired, misanthropically, into an unfrequented part of the country, and there find themselves safe, indeed, but extremely thirsty. Whereupon Byron thus gives them to drink:

‘A little stream came tumbling from the height
And straggling into ocean as it might.
Its bounding crystal frolicked in the ray
And gushed from cliff to crag with saltless spray,
Close on the wild wide ocean,—yet as pure
And fresh as Innocence; and more secure.

Its silver torrent glittered o'er the deep
 As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the steep,
 While, far below, the vast and sullen swell
 Of ocean's Alpine azure rose and fell.*

Now, I beg, with such authority as an old workman may take concerning his trade, having also looked at a waterfall or two in my time, and not unfrequently at a wave, to assure the reader that here *is* entirely first-rate literary work. Though Lucifer himself had written it, the thing is itself good, and not only so, but unsurpassably good, the closing line being probably the best concerning the sea yet written by the race of the sea-kings.

But Lucifer himself *could* not have written it; neither any servant of Lucifer. I do not doubt but that most readers were surprised at my saying, in the close of my first paper, that Byron's 'style' depended in any wise on his views respecting the Ten Commandments. That so all-important a thing as 'style' should depend in the least upon so ridiculous a thing as moral sense: or that Allegra's father, watching her drive by in Count G.'s coach and six, had any remnant of so ridiculous a thing to guide,—or check,—his poetical passion, may alike seem more than questionable to the liberal and chaste philosophy of the existing British public. But, first of all, putting the question of who writes, or speaks, aside, do you, good reader, *know* good 'style' when you get it? Can you say of half-a-dozen given lines taken anywhere out of a novel, or poem, or play, That is good, essentially, in style, or bad, essentially? and can you say why such half-dozen lines are good, or bad?

I imagine that in most cases the reply would be given with hesitation, yet if you will give me a little patience, and take some accurate pains, I can show you the main tests of style in the space of a couple of pages.

I take two examples of absolutely perfect, and in manner highest, *i. e.* kingly, and heroic, style: the first example in expression of anger, the second of love.

* *Island*, iii. 3, and compare, of shore surf, the 'slings its high flakes, shivered into sleet' of stanza 7.

- (1) 'We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us,
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.'
- (2) 'My gracious Silence, hail !
Wouldst thou have laughed, had I come coffin'd home
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.'

Let us note, point by point, the conditions of greatness common to both these passages, so opposite in temper.

A. Absolute command over all passion, however intense; this the first-of-first conditions, (see the King's own sentence just before, 'We are no tyrant, but a Christian King, Unto *whose grace* our passion is as subject As are our wretches fettered in our prisons'); and with this self-command, the supremely surveying grasp of every thought that is to be uttered, before its utterance; so that each may come in its exact place, time, and connection. The slightest hurry, the misplacing of a word, or the unnecessary accent on a syllable, would destroy the 'style' in an instant.

B. Choice of the fewest and simplest words that can be found in the compass of the language, to express the thing meant: these few words being also arranged in the most straightforward and intelligible way; allowing inversion only when the subject can be made primary without obscurity: (thus, 'his present, and your pains, we thank you for' is better than 'we thank you for his present and your pains,' because the Dauphin's gift is by courtesy put before the Ambassador's pains; but 'when to these balls our rackets we have matched' would have spoiled the style in a moment, because—I was going to have said, ball and rackets are of equal rank, and therefore only the natural order proper; but also here the natural order is the desired one, the English racket to have precedence of the French ball. In the fourth line the 'in France' comes first, as announcing the most important resolu-

tion of action; the 'by God's grace' next, as the only condition rendering resolution possible; the detail of issue follows with the strictest limit in the final word. The King does not say 'danger,' far less 'dishonour,' but 'hazard' only; of *that* he is, humanly speaking, sure.

C. Perfectly emphatic and clear utterance of the chosen words; slowly in the degree of their importance, with omission however of every word not absolutely required; and natural use of the familiar contractions of final dissyllable. Thus 'play a set shall strike' is better than 'play a set *that* shall strike,' and 'match'd' is kingly short—no necessity could have excused 'matched' instead. On the contrary, the three first words, 'We are glad,' would have been spoken by the king more slowly and fully than any other syllables in the whole passage, first pronouncing the kingly 'we' at its proudest, and then the 'are' as a continuous state, and then the 'glad,' as the exact contrary of what the ambassadors expected him to be.*

D. Absolute spontaneity in doing all this, easily and necessarily as the heart beats. The king *cannot* speak otherwise than he does—nor the hero. The words not merely come to them, but are compelled to them. Even lisping numbers 'come,' but mighty numbers are ordained, and inspired.

E. Melody in the words, changeable with their passion fitted to it exactly and the utmost of which the language is capable—the melody in prose being Eolian and variable—in verse, nobler by submitting itself to stricter law. I will enlarge upon this point presently.

F. Utmost spiritual contents in the words; so that each carries not only its instant meaning, but a cloudy companionship of higher or darker meaning according to the passion—nearly always indicated by metaphor: 'play a set'—some-

* A modern editor—of whom I will not use the expressions which occur to me—finding the 'we' a redundant syllable in the iambic line, prints 'we're.' It is a little thing—but I do not recollect, in the forty years of my literary experience, any piece of editor's retouch quite so base. But I don't read the new editions much; that must be allowed for.

times by abstraction—(thus in the second passage ‘silence’ for silent one) sometimes by description instead of direct epithet (‘coffined’ for dead) but always indicative of there being more in the speaker’s mind than he has said, or than he can say, full though his saying be. On the quantity of this attendant fulness depends the majesty of style; that is to say, virtually, on the quantity of contained thought in briefest words, such thought being primarily loving and true: and this the sum of all—that nothing can be well said, but with truth, nor beautifully, but by love.

These are the essential conditions of noble speech in prose and verse alike, but the adoption of the form of verse, and especially rymed verse, means the addition to all these qualities of one more; of music, that is to say, not Eolian merely, but Apolline; a construction or architecture of words fitted and befitting, under external laws of time and harmony.

When Byron says ‘rhyme is of the rude,’* he means that Burns needs it,—while Henry the Fifth does not, nor Plato,

* *Island*, ii. 5. I was going to say, ‘Look to the context,’ but am fain to give it here; for the stanza, learned by heart, ought to be our school-introduction to the literature of the world.

‘Such was this ditty of Tradition’s days,
Which to the dead a lingering fame conveys
In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign
Beyond the sound whose charm is half divine;
Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,
But yields young history all to harmony;
A boy Achilles, with the centaur’s lyre
In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.
For one long-cherish’d ballad’s simple stave
Rung from the rock, or mingled with the wave,
Or from the bubbling streamlet’s grassy side,
Or gathering mountain echoes as they glide,
Hath greater power o’er each true heart and ear,
Than all the columns Conquest’s minions rear;
Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme
For sages’ labours or the student’s dream;
Attracts, when History’s volumes are a toil—
The first, the freshest bud of Feeling’s soil.
Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of the rude,
But such inspired the Norseman’s solitude,
Who came and conquer’d; such, wherever rise
Lands which no foes destroy or civilise,
Exist; and what can our accomplish’d art
Of verse do more than reach the awaken’d heart?’

nor Isaiah—yet in this need of it by the simple, it becomes all the more religious: and thus the loveliest pieces of Christian language are all in ryme—the best of Dante, Chaucer, Douglas, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Sidney.

I am not now able to keep abreast with the tide of modern scholarship; (nor, to say the truth, do I make the effort, the first edge of its waves being mostly muddy, and apt to make a shallow sweep of the shore refuse;) so that I have no better book of reference by me than the confused essay on the antiquity of ryme at the end of Turner's *Anglo-Saxons*. I cannot however conceive a more interesting piece of work, if not yet done, than the collection of sifted earliest fragments known of rymed song in European languages. Of Eastern I know nothing; but, this side Hellespont, the substance of the matter is all given in King Canute's impromptu

‘Gaily (or is it sweetly?—I forget which, and it's no matter) sang the monks
of Ely,
As Knut the king came sailing by;’

much to be noted by any who make their religion lugubrious, and their Sunday the eclipse of the week. And observe further, that if Milton does not ryme, it is because his faculty of Song was concerning Loss, chiefly; and he has little more than faculty of Croak, concerning Gain; while Dante, though modern readers never go further with him than into the Pit, is stayed only by Casella in the ascent to the Rose of Heaven. So, Gibbon can write in *his* manner the Fall of Rome; but Virgil, in *his* manner, the rise of it; and finally Douglas, in *his* manner, bursts into such rymed passion of praise both of Rome and Virgil, as befits a Christian Bishop, and a good subject of the Holy See.

‘Master of Masters—sweet source, and springing well,
Wide where over all ringes thy heavenly bell;

Why should I then with dull forehead and vain,
With rude ingene, and barane, emptive brain,
With bad harsh speech, and lewit barbare tongue
Presume to write, where thy sweet bell is rung,

Or counterfeit thy precious wordis dear?
 Na, na—not so; but kneel when I them hear.
 But farther more—and lower to descend
 Forgive me, Virgil, if I thee offend
 Pardon thy scolar, suffer him to ryme
 Since *thou* wast but ane mortal man sometime.'

'Before honour is humility.' Does not clearer light come for you on that law after reading these nobly pious words? And note you *whose* humility? How is it that the sound of the bell comes so instinctively into his chiming verse? This gentle singer is the son of—Archibald Bell-the-Cat!

And now perhaps you can read with right sympathy the scene in *Marmion* between his father and King James.

'His hand the monarch sudden took—
 Now, by the Bruce's soul,
 Angus, my hasty speech forgive,
 For sure as doth his spirit live
 As he said of the Douglas old
 I well may say of you,—
 That never king did subject hold,
 In speech more free, in war more bold,
 More tender and more true :
 And while the king his hand did strain
 The old man's tears fell down like rain.'

I believe the most infidel of scholastic readers can scarcely but perceive the relation between the sweetness, simplicity, and melody of expression in these passages, and the gentleness of the passions they express, while men who are not scholastic, and yet are true scholars, will recognise further in them that the simplicity of the educated is lovelier than the simplicity of the rude. Hear next a piece of Spenser's teaching how rudeness itself may become more beautiful even by its mistakes, if the mistakes are made lovingly.

'Ye shepherds' daughters that dwell on the green,
 Hye you there apace ;
 Let none come there but that virgins been
 To adorn her grace :
 And when you come, whereas she in place,
 See that your rudeness do not you disgrace ;

Bind your fillets fast,
 And gird in your waste,
 For more fineness, with a taudry lace.’
 ‘Bring hither the pink and purple cullumbine
 With gylliflowers ;
 Bring coronatiöns, and sops in wine,
 Worn of paramours ;
 Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies
 And cowslips, and kingcups, and loved lilies ;
 The pretty paunce
 And the chevisaunce
 Shall match with the fair flowre-delice.’ *

Two short pieces more only of master song, and we have enough to test all by.

- (2) ‘No more, no more, since thou art dead,
 Shall we e’er bring coy brides to bed,
 No more, at yearly festivals,
 We cowslip balls
 Or chains of columbines shall make,
 For this or that occasion’s sake.
 No, no! our maiden pleasures be
 Wrapt in thy winding-sheet with thee.’ †
- (3) ‘Death is now the phœnix rest,
 And the turtle’s loyal breast
 To eternity doth rest.
 Truth may seem, but cannot be;
 Beauty brag, but ’tis not she:
 Truth and beauty buried be.’ ‡

If now, with the echo of these perfect verses in your mind, you turn to Byron, and glance over, or recall to memory, enough of him to give means of exact comparison, you will, or should, recognise these following kinds of mischief in him. First, if any one offends him—as for instance Mr. Southey, or

* *Shepherd’s Calendar*. ‘Coronatiön,’ loyal-pastoral for Carnation ; ‘sops in wine,’ jolly pastoral for double pink ; ‘paunce,’ thoughtless pastoral for pansy ; ‘chevisaunce’ I don’t know, (not in Gerarde) ; ‘flowre-delice’—pronounce *dellice*—half made up of ‘delicate’ and ‘delicious.’

† Herrick, *Dirge for Jephthah’s Daughter*.

‡ *Passionate Pilgrim*.

Lord Elgin—‘his manners have not that repose that marks the caste,’ etc. *This* defect in his Lordship’s style, being myself scrupulously and even painfully reserved in the use of vituperative language, I need not say how deeply I deplore.*

Secondly. In the best and most violet-bedded bits of his work there is yet, as compared with Elizabethan and earlier verse, a strange taint; and indefinable—evening flavour of Covent Garden, as it were;—not to say, escape of gas in the Strand. That is simply what it proclaims itself—London air. If he had lived all his life in Green-head Ghyll, things would of course have been different. But it was his fate to come to town—modern town—like Michael’s son; and modern London (and Venice) are answerable for the state of their drains, not Byron.

Thirdly. His melancholy is without any relief whatsoever: his jest sadder than his earnest; while, in Elizabethan work all lament is full of hope, and all pain of balsam.

Of this evil he has himself told you the cause in a single line, prophetic of all things since and now. ‘Where *he* gazed a gloom pervaded space.’†

So that, for instance, while Mr. Wordsworth, on a visit to town, being an exemplary early riser, could walk, felicitous on Westminster Bridge, remarking how the city now did like a garment wear the beauty of the morning; Byron, rising somewhat later, contemplated only the garment which the beauty of the morning had by that time received for wear from the city: and again, while Mr. Wordsworth, in irrepressible religious rapture, calls God to witness that the houses seem asleep, Byron, lame demon as he was, flying smoke drifted, unroofs the houses at a glance, and sees what the

* In this point, compare the *Curse of Minerva* with the *Tears of the Muses*.

† ‘He,’—Lucifer; (*Vision of Judgment*, 24). It is precisely because Byron was *not* his servant, that he could see the gloom. To the Devil’s true servants, their Master’s presence brings both cheerfulness and prosperity;—with a delightful sense of their own wisdom and virtue; and of the ‘progress’ of things in general:—in smooth sea and fair weather,—and with no need either of helm touch, or oar toil: as when once one is well within the edge of Maclstrom.

mighty cockney heart of them contains in the still lying of it, and will stir up to purpose in the waking business of it.

‘The sordor of civilisation, mixed
With all the passions which Man’s fall hath fixed.’*

Fourthly, with this steadiness of bitter melancholy, there is joined a sense of the material beauty, both of inanimate nature, the lower animals, and human beings, which in the iridescence, colour-depth, and morbid (I use the word deliberately) mystery and softness of it,—with other qualities indescribable by any single words, and only to be analysed by extreme care,—is found, to the full, only in five men that I know of in modern times; namely Rousseau, Shelley, Byron, Turner, and myself,—differing totally and throughout the entire group of us, from the delight in clear-struck beauty of Angelico and the Trecentisti; and separated, much more singularly, from the cheerful joys of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Scott, by its unaccountable affection for ‘Rokkes blak’ and other forms of terror and power, such as those of the ice-oceans, which to Shakespeare were only Alpine rheum; and the Via Malas and Diabolic Bridges which Dante would have condemned none but lost souls to climb, or cross;—all this love of impending mountains, coiled thunder-clouds, and dangerous sea, being joined in us with a sulky, almost ferine, love of retreat in valleys of Charmettes, gulphs of Spezzia, ravines of Olympus, low lodgings in Chelsea, and close brushwood at Coniston.

And, lastly, also in the whole group of us, glows volcanic instinct of Astræan justice returning not to, but up out of, the earth, which will not at all suffer us to rest any more in Pope’s serene ‘whatever is, is right;’ but holds, on the contrary, profound conviction that about ninety-nine hundredths of whatever at present is, is wrong: conviction making four of us, accord-

* *Island*, ii. 4; perfectly orthodox theology, you observe; no denial of the fall,—nor substitution of Bacterian birth for it. Nay, nearly Evangelical theology, in contempt for the human heart; but with deeper than Evangelical humility, acknowledging also what is sordid in its civilisation.

ing to our several manners, leaders of revolution for the poor, and declarers of political doctrine monstrous to the ears of mercenary mankind; and driving the fifth, less sanguine, into mere painted-melody of lament over the fallacy of Hope and the implacableness of Fate.

In Byron the indignation, the sorrow, and the effort are joined to the death: and they are the parts of his nature (as of mine also in its feebleness), which the selfishly comfortable public have, literally, no conception of whatever; and from which the piously sentimental public, offering up daily the pure emotion of divine tranquillity, shrink with anathema not unembittered by alarm.

Concerning which matters I hope to speak further and with more precise illustration in my next paper; but, seeing that this present one has been hitherto somewhat sombre, and perhaps, to gentle readers, not a little discomposing, I will conclude it with a piece of light biographic study, necessary to my plan, and as conveniently admissible in this place as afterwards;—namely, the account of the manner in which Scott—whom we shall always find, as aforesaid, to be in salient and palpable elements of character, of the World, worldly, as Burns is of the Flesh, fleshly, and Byron of the Dence, damnable,—spent his Sunday.

As usual, from Lockhart's farrago we cannot find out the first thing we want to know,—whether Scott worked after his week-day custom, on the Sunday morning. But, I gather, not at all events his household and his cattle rested (L. iii. 108). I imagine he walked out into his woods, or read quietly in his study. Immediately after breakfast, whoever was in the house, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read prayers at eleven when I expect you all to attend' (vii. 306). Question of college and other externally unanimous prayers settled for us very briefly: 'if you have no faith, have at least manners.' He read the Church of England service, lessons and all, the latter if interesting, eloquently (*ibid.*). After the service, one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons (vi. 188). After the sermon, if the weather was fine, walk with his family, dogs included and

guests, to *cold* picnic (iii. 109), followed by short extempore biblical novelettes; for he had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart, it having been his mother's last gift to him (vi. 174). These lessons to his children in Bible history were always given, whether there was picnic or not. For the rest of the afternoon he took his pleasure in the woods with Tom Purdie, who also always appeared at his master's elbow on Sunday after dinner was over, and drank long life to the laird and his lady and all the good company, in a quaiigh of whiskey or a tumbler of wine, according to his fancy (vi. 195). Whatever might happen on the other evenings of the week, Scott always dined at home on Sunday; and with old friends: never, unless inevitably, receiving any person with whom he stood on ceremony (v. 335). He came into the room rubbing his hands like a boy arriving at home for the holidays, his Peppers and Mustards gambolling about him, 'and even the stately Maida grinning and wagging his tail with sympathy.' For the usquebaugh of the less honoured week-days, at the Sunday board he circulated the champagne briskly during dinner, and considered a pint of claret each man's fair share afterwards (v. 339). In the evening, music being to the Scottish worldly mind indecorous, he read aloud some favourite author, for the amusement or edification of his little circle. Shakespeare it might be, or Dryden,—Johnson, or Joanna Baillic,—Crabbe, or Wordsworth. But in those days 'Byron was pouring out his spirit fresh and full, and if a new piece from *his* hand had appeared, it was *sure to be read by Scott the Sunday evening afterwards*; and that with such delighted emphasis as showed how completely the elder bard had kept up his enthusiasm for poetry at pitch of youth, and all his admiration of genius, free, pure, and unstained by the least drop of literary jealousy' (v. 341).

With such necessary and easily imaginable varieties as chanced in having Dandy Dinmont or Captain Brown for guests at Abbotsford, or Colonel Mannering, Counsellor Pleydell, and Dr. Robertson in Castle Street, such was Scott's habitual Sabbath: a day, we perceive, of eating the fat, (*dinner*, presuma-

bly not cold, being a work of necessity and mercy—thou also, even thou, Saint Thomas of Trumbull, hast thine !) and drinking the sweet, abundant in the manner of Mr. Southey's cataract of Lodore,—‘Here it comes, sparkling.’ A day bestrewn with coronations and sops in wine ; deep in libations to good hope and fond memory ; a day of rest to beast, and mirth to man, (as also to sympathetic beasts that can be merry,) and concluding itself in an Orphic hour of delight, signifying peace on Tweed-side, and goodwill to men, there or far away ;—always excepting the French, and Boney.

‘ Yes, and see what it all came to in the end.’

Not so, dark-virulent Minos-Mucklewrath ; the end came of quite other things : of *these*, came such length of days and peace as Scott had in his Fatherland, and such immortality as he has in all lands.

Nathless, firm, though deeply courteous, rebuke, for his sometimes overmuch light-mindedness, was administered to him by the more grave and thoughtful Byron. For the Lord Abbot of Newstead knew his Bible by heart as well as Scott, though it had never been given him by his mother as her dearest possession. Knew it, and, what was more, had thought of it, and sought in it what Scott had never cared to think, nor been fain to seek.

And loving Scott well, and always doing him every possible pleasure in the way he sees to be most agreeable to him—as, for instance, remembering with precision, and writing down the very next morning, every blessed word that the Prince Regent had been pleased to say of him before courtly audience,—he yet conceived that such cheap ryming as his own *Bride of Abydos*, for instance, which he had written from beginning to end in four days, or even the travelling reflections of Harold and Juan on men and women, were scarcely steady enough Sunday afternoon's reading for a patriarch-Merlin like Scott. So he dedicates to him a work of a truly religious tendency, on which for his own part he has done his best,—the drama of *Cain*. Of which dedication the virtual significance to Sir Walter might be translated thus. Dearest and last of Border

soothsayers, thou hast indeed told us of Black Dwarfs, and of White Maidens, also of Grey Friars, and Green Fairies ; also of sacred hollies by the well, and haunted crooks in the glen. But of the bushes that the black dogs rend in the woods of Phlegethon ; and of the crooks in the glen, and the bickerings of the burnie where ghosts meet the mightiest of us ; and of the black misanthrope, who is by no means yet a dwarfed one, and concerning whom wiser creatures than Hobbie Elliot may tremblingly ask ‘Gude guide us, what’s yon?’ hast thou yet known, seeing that thou hast yet told, *nothing*.

Scott may perhaps have his answer. We shall in good time hear.

JOHN RUSKIN.

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS.

STUDIES OF MOUNTAIN FORM

AND OF ITS VISIBLE CAUSES.

COLLECTED AND COMPLETED OUT OF

“MODERN PAINTERS.”

BY

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NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

PREFACE.

I RECEIVE at present with increasing frequency requests or counsels from people whose wishes and advice I respect, for the reprinting of 'Modern Painters.' When I formerly stated my determination not to republish that work in its original form, it was always with the purpose of giving its scientific sections with farther illustration in 'Deucalion' and 'Proserpina,' and extracts from those relating to art and education in my Oxford Lectures. But finding, usually, for these last, subjects more immediately interesting; and seeing that Deucalion and Proserpina have quite enough to do in their own way—for the time they have any chance of doing it in—I am indeed minded now to reprint the three scientific sections of 'Modern Painters' in their original terms, which, very thankfully I find, cannot much be bettered, for what they intend or attempt. The scientific portions, divided prospectively, in the first volume, into four sections, were meant to define the essential forms of sky, earth, water, and vegetation: but finding that I had not the mathematical knowledge required for the analysis of wave-action, the chapters on Sea-painting were never finished, the materials for them being partly used in the 'Harbours of England,' and the rest of the design remitted till I could learn more dynamics. But it was never abandoned, and the corrections already given in 'Deucalion' of the errors of Agassiz and Tyndall on the glacier theory, are based on studies of wave-motion which I hope still to complete the detail of in that work.

My reprints from 'Modern Painters' will therefore fall only into three divisions, on the origin of form in clouds, mountains, and trees. They will be given in the pages and

type now chosen for my Oxford Lectures; and the two lectures on existing Storm-cloud already published will form a proper introduction to the cloud-studies of former times, of which the first number is already in the press. In like manner, the following paper, prepared to be read before the Mineralogical Society on the occasion of their meeting in Edinburgh this year, and proposing, in brief abstract, the questions which are at the root of rock-science, may not unfitly introduce the chapters of geological enquiry, begun at the foot of the Matterhorn thirty years ago, enquiries which were the proper sequel of those instituted by Saussure, and from which the fury of investigation in extinct zoology has since so far diverted the attention of mineralogists, that I have been virtually left to pursue them alone; not without some results, for which, fortified as they are by the recent advance of rock-chemistry, I might claim, did I care to claim, the dignity of Discoveries. For the separate enumeration of these, the reader is referred to the postscript to the opening paper.

The original woodcuts will all be used in this edition, but in order not to add to the expense of the republished text, I have thought it best that such of the steel plates as are still in a state to give fair impressions, should be printed and bound apart; purchaseable either collectively or in separate parts, illustrative of the three several sections of text. These will be advertised when ready.

The text of the old book, as in the already reprinted second volume, will be in nothing changed, and only occasionally explained or amplified by notes in brackets.

It is also probable that a volume especially devoted to the subject of Education may be composed of passages gathered out of the entire series of my works; and since the parts of 'Modern Painters' bearing on the principles of art will be incorporated in the school lectures connected with my duty at Oxford, whatever is worth preservation in the whole book will be thus placed at the command of the public.

BRANTWOOD,

16th September, 1884.

IN MONTIBUS SANCTIS.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE DISTINCTIONS OF FORM IN SILICA.

(Read before the Mineralogical Society, July 24th, 1884.)

As this paper, by the courtesy of the secretaries, stands first on the list of those to be read at the meeting, I avail myself of the privilege thus granted me of congratulating the Society on this occasion of its meeting in the capital of a country which is itself one magnificent mineralogical specimen, reaching from Cheviot to Cape Wrath; thus gathering into the most convenient compass, and presenting in the most instructive forms, examples of nearly every mineralogical process and phenomenon which have taken place in the construction of the world.

May I be permitted, also, to felicitate myself, on the permission thus given me, to bring before the Mineralogical Society a question which, in Edinburgh of all cities of the world, it should be easiest to solve, namely, the methods of the construction and painting of a Scotch pebble?

I am the more happy in this unexpected privilege, because, though an old member of the Geological Society, my geological observations have always been as completely ignored by that Society, as my remarks on political economy by the Directors of the Bank of England; and although I have repeatedly solicited from them the charity of their assistance in so small a matter as the explanation of an agate stone on the forefinger of an alderman, they still, as I stated the case in

closing my first volume of 'Deucalion,' discourse on the catastrophes of chaos, and the processes of creation, without being able to tell why a slate splits, or how a pebble is coloured.

Pebble,—or crystal; here in Scotland the main questions respecting these two main forms of silica are put to us, with a close solicitude, by the beautiful conditions of agate, and the glowing colours of the Cairngorm, which have always variegated and illuminated the favourite jewellery of Scottish laird and lassie.

May I hope, with especial reference to the

“ favourite gem
Of Scotland's mountain diadem,”

to prevail on some Scottish mineralogist to take up the hitherto totally neglected subject of the relation of colour in minerals to their state of substance: why, for instance, large and well-developed quartz crystals are frequently topaz colour or smoke colour,—never rose-colour; while massive quartz may be rose-colour, and pure white or grey, but never smoke colour;—again, why amethyst quartz may continually, as at Schemnitz and other places, be infinitely complex and multiplex in crystallization, but never warped; while smoky quartz may be continually found warped, but never, in the amethystine way, multiplex;—why, again, smoky quartz and Cairngorm are continually found in short crystals, but never in long slender ones,—as, to take instance in another mineral, white beryl is usually short or even tabular, and green beryl long, almost in proportion to its purity?

And, for the better solution, or at least proposition, of the many questions, such as these, hitherto undealt with by science, might I also hope that the efforts of the Mineralogical Society may be directed, among other quite feasible objects not yet attained, to the formation of a museum of what might be called mineral-geology, showing examples of all familiar minerals in association with their native rocks, on a sufficiently large and intelligible scale. There may be, perhaps, by this time, in the museum of Edinburgh, but there is not in the

British Museum, nor have I ever myself seen,—either a specimen of pure Cairngorm in the gangue, or a block of trap containing agates of really high quality, whether from Scotland, Germany, or India.

Knowing the value of time to the meeting, I leave this, to my thinking, deeply important subject of the encouragement of geognostic mineralogy, to their own farther consideration; and pass to a point of terminology which is of extreme significance in the study of siliceous minerals, namely, the desirableness, and I should myself even say the necessity, of substituting the term ‘spheroidal’ for ‘reniform’ in mineralogical description. Every so-called ‘kidney-shaped’ mineral is an aggregate of spheroidal crystallizations, and it would be just as rational and elegant to call sea-foam kidney-shaped, as to call chalcedony so. The word ‘Botryoidal’ is yet more objectionable, because it is wholly untrue. There are many minerals that resemble kidneys; but there is no substance in the whole mineral kingdom that resembles a bunch of grapes. The pisolitic aggregations which a careless observer might think grape-like, are only like grape-*shot*, and lie in heaps, not clusters.

But the change I would propose is not a matter of mere accuracy or elegance in description. For want of observing that the segmental surfaces of so-called reniform and botryoidal minerals are spheroidal, the really crystalline structure producing that external form has been overlooked, and in consequence, minerals have been continually described either as amorphous, or as mixtures of different substances, which are neither formless nor mingled, but are absolutely defined in structure, and absolutely homogeneous in substance.

There are at least six states of siliceous substance which are thus entirely distinct,—flint, jasper, chalcedony, hyalite, opal, and quartz. They are only liable to be confused with each other in bad specimens; each has its own special and separate character, and needs peculiar circumstances for its production and development. The careful history of the forms of these six minerals, and the careful collection of the facts respecting

the mode of their occurrence, would require a volume as large as any that are usually issued by way of complete systems of mineralogy. Whereas, sufficient account is usually supposed to be rendered of them in a few sentences, and moreover every sentence of these concise abstracts usually contains, or implies, an unchallenged fallacy.

I take, for example, from the account of "chalcedonic varieties of quartz" given in Dana's octavo of 456 close-printed pages, (Trübner, 1879),—the entire account occupies no more than a page and three lines,—the following sentences :—

"Chalcedony often occurs lining or filling cavities in amygdaloidal rocks, and sometimes in other kinds. These cavities are nothing but little caverns, into which siliceous waters have filtrated at some period. The stalactites are 'icicles' of chalcedony, hung from the roof of the cavity.

"Agate, a variegated chalcedony. The colours are distributed in clouds, spots, or concentric lines. These lines take straight, circular, or zig-zag forms, and when the last, it is called fortification agate, so named from the resemblance to the angular outlines of a fortification. These lines are the edges of layers of chalcedony, and these layers are successive deposits during the process of its formation.

"Mocha stone, or moss agate, is a brownish agate, consisting of chalcedony with dendritic or moss-like delineations, of an opaque yellowish brown colour."

Now, with respect to the first of these statements, it is true that cavities in amygdaloidal rocks are nothing but little caverns, just as caverns in any rocks are nothing but large cavities. But the rocks are called 'amygdaloidal,' because their cavities are in the shape of almonds, and there must be a reason for this almond shape, which will bear on the structure of their contents. It is also true that in the rocks of Iceland there are cavities lined with stalactites of chalcedony. But I believe no member of this Society has ever seen a cavity in Scotch trap lined with stalactites of chalcedony; nor a Scotch pebble which gave the slightest evidence of the direction of its infiltration.

The second sentence is still more misleading, for in no sense is it true that agate is a 'variegated chalcedony.' It is chalcedony separated into bands of various consistence, and associated with parallel bands of jasper and quartz. And whether these bands are successive deposits during the process of formation or not, must be questionable until we produce the resemblance of an agate by a similar operation, which I would very earnestly request some of the members of the Mineralogical Society to do, before allowing statements of this positive kind to be made on the subject in popular text-books.

The third sentence confounds Mocha stone with moss agate, they being entirely different minerals. The delineations in Mocha stone are dendritic, and produced by mechanical dissemination of metallic oxides, easily imitable by dropping earthy colours into paste. But moss agates are of two kinds, brown and green, the one really like moss, the other filiform and like seaweed; and neither of them is at present explicable or imitable.

The inaccuracy of the statements thus made in so elaborate a work on mineralogy as Dana's, may, I think, justify me in asking the attention of the Mineralogical Society to the distinctions in the forms of silica which they will find illustrated by the chosen examples from my own collection, placed on the table for their inspection. I place, first, side by side, No. 1, the rudest, and No. 7, the most delicate, conditions of pure chalcedony; the first, coarsely spheroidal, and associated with common flint; the second, filiform, its threads and rods combining into plates,—each rod, on close examination, being seen to consist of associated spheroidal concretions.

Next to these I place No. 2, a common small-globed chalcedony formed on the common quartzite of South England, with opaque concentric zones developing themselves subsequently over its translucent masses. I have not the slightest idea how any of these three specimens can have been formed, and simply lay them before the Society in hope of receiving some elucidatory suggestions about them.

My ignorance need not have remained so abject, had my

other work left me leisure to follow out the deeply interesting experiments instituted by Mr. E. A. Pankhurst and Mr. J. I'Anson, of which the first results, being indeed the beginning of the true history of silica, were published by those gentlemen in the 'Mineralogical Magazine' for 1882. I have laid their paper, kindly then communicated to me, on the table, for immediate comparison of its plates with the specimens, and I have arranged the first two groups of these, adopting from that paper the terms *exogenous* and *endogenous*, for the two great families of agates, so as to illustrate the principal statements made in its pages.

It would materially facilitate the pursuit of their discoveries if some of the members of the Society would register and describe the successive phenomena of crystallization in any easily soluble or fusible minerals. The history of a mineral is not given by ascertainment of the number or the angles of the planes of its crystals, but by ascertaining the manner in which those crystals originate, increase, and associate. The ordinary mineralogist is content to tell us that gold, silver, and diamond are all cubic;—it is for the mineralogist of the future to say why gold associates its countless cubes into arborescent laminæ, and silver into capillary wreaths; while diamond condemns its every octahedron to monastic life, and never, except by accident, permits one of them to crystallize beside another.

At pages 5 and 6 of Mr. J. I'Anson's paper will be found explanations, more or less complete, of the forms which I have called folded 'agates' and 'lake' agates, reaching to No. 40. The specimens from 40 to 60 then illustrate the conditions of siliceous action which I am still alone among modern mineralogists in my mode of interpreting.

The minor points of debate concerning them are stated in the descriptions of each in the catalogue; but there are some examples among them from which branch lines of observation leading far beyond the history of siliceous pebbles. To these I venture here to direct your special attention.

No. 3 is a fragment of black flint on which blue chalcedony is deposited as a film extending itself in circles, exactly like

the growth of some lichens. I have never seen this form of chalcedony solidify from circles into globes, and it is evident that for this condition we must use the term 'cycloidal,' instead of 'spheroidal.' I need not point out that 'reniform' would be here entirely absurd.

This apparently common specimen, (and, as far as regards frequency of occurrence, indeed common enough,) is nevertheless one of the most profoundly instructive of the whole series. It is, to begin with, a perfect type of the finest possible *flint*, properly so called. Its surface, eminently characteristic of the forms of flint-concretion, is literally a white dust of organic fragments, while the narrow fissure which has opened in it, apparently owing to the contraction of its mass, is besprinkled and studded, as closely, with what might not unfitly be called pearl-chalcedony, or seed-chalcedony, or hail-chalcedony; for seen through the lens, it exactly resembles the grains of minute hail, sticking together as they melt; in places, forming very solid crests,—in others, and especially in the rifted fissure, stalactites, possibly more or less vertical to the plane in which the flint lay.

In No. 5 the separation into concentric films is a condition peculiar to flint-chalcedony, and *never found in true agates*.

In No. 6 (chalcedony in stalactitic coats, on amethyst) the variation of the stalactites in direction, and their modes of agglutination, are alike unintelligible.

No. 8 is only an ordinary specimen of chalcedony on hæmatite, in short, closely combined vertical stalactites, each with a central stalactite of black iron-oxide; but it is to be observed, in comparing it with No. 6, that when chalcedony is thus formed on rods of hæmatite, the stalactites are almost unexceptionally vertical, and quite straight. The radiate ridge at one side of this example is, however, entirely anomalous.

No. 9. The succeeding specimen, though small, is a notable one, consisting of extremely minute and delicate shells or crusts of spheroidal hæmatite, establishing themselves in the heart of quartz. I have no idea of the method, or successions

in time, of this process. These I leave to the consideration of the Society, but I point to the specimen as exquisitely exhibiting the laws of true spheroidal crystallization, in a mineral which both in its massive and crystalline state is continually associated with quartz. And it cannot but be felt that this spheroidal structure of hæmatite could as little be explained by calling or supposing it a mixture of micaceous hæmatite with amorphous hæmatite, as that of chalcedony by calling it a mixture of hexagonal with amorphous quartz.

No. 10. Next follows a beautiful and perfectly characteristic example of massively spheroidal agate, in which first grey and then white chalcedony, peculiarly waved and faulted by a tendency to become quartz, surrounds earthy centres, and is externally coated with pure quartz. And here I must ask the Society to ratify for me the general law, that in all solid globular or stalactitic conditions of chalcedony, if any foreign substance occurs mixed with them, it is thrown to their centres, while the pure quartz is always found on the outside.* On the other hand, the usual condition of geodes of chalcedony found in the cavities of rocks, is to purify themselves towards the interior, and either coat themselves with quartz on the interior surface, or entirely fill the central cavity with quartz.

No. 46 is a most literally amygdaloidal,—almond-shaped—mass of silica; only, not poured into an almond-shaped cavity in basalt, but gathered into a knot out of Jurassic limestone, as flint is out of chalk.

It is, however, banded quite otherwise than flint, the bands giving occasion to its form, and composed of different substances. Whereas those of flint are of the flint itself in different states, and always independent of external form.

Secondly. It seems to me a question of considerable interest, why the coarse substance of flint and of this dull hornstone can be stained with black, but not chalcedony, nor quartz.

* It is to be noticed also that often in stalactitic or tubular concretions the purest chalcedony immediately surrounds the centre.

The blackest so-called quartz is only a clear umber, and opaque quartz is never so stained at all. Natural black onyx is of extreme rarity, the onyx of commerce being artificially stained; the black band in the lake agate, No. 32, is probably bituminous. And in connection with this part of the enquiry, it seems to be the peculiar duty of the mineralogist to explain the gradual darkening of the limestones towards the central metamorphic chains.

Thirdly, and principally. This stone gives us an example of waved or contorted strata which are unquestionably produced by concretion and partial crystallization, not compression, or any kind of violence. I shall take occasion, in concluding, to insist farther on the extreme importance of this character.

The specimen was found by my good publisher, Mr. Allen, on the southern slope of the Salève; and it is extremely desirable that geologists in Savoy should obtain and describe more pebbles of the same sort, this one being, as far as my knowledge goes, hitherto unique.

71—77. These seven examples of opal have been chosen merely to illustrate farther the modes of siliceous solution and segregation, not with that of illustrating opal itself,—every one of the seven examples presenting phenomena more or less unusual. The two larger blocks, 71, 72, (Australian) give examples in one or two places of obscurely nodular and hollow concretion, before unknown in opal, but of which a wonderful specimen, partly with a vitreous superficial glaze, has been sent me by Mr. Henry Willett, of Arnold House, Brighton, a most accurate investigator of the history of silica. It is to be carefully noted, however, that the moment the opal shows a tendency to nodular concretion, its colours vanish.

No. 73 is sent only as an example of the normal state of Australian opal, disseminated in a rock of which it seems partly to have opened for itself the shapeless spaces it fills. In No. 71, it may be observed, there is a tendency in them to become tabular. No. 74, an apparently once fluent state of opal in veins, shows in perfection the arrangement in straight zones *transverse* to the vein, which I pointed out in my ear-

liest papers on silica as a constant distinctive character in opal-crystallization. No. 75 is the only example I ever saw of stellar crystallization in opal. No. 76, from the same locality, is like a lake agate associated with a brecciate condition of the gangue; while No. 77, though small, will be found an extremely interesting example of hydrophane. The blue bloom seen in some lights on it, when dry, as opposed to the somewhat vulgar vivacity of its colours when wet, is a perfect example of the opal's faculty of *selecting* for its lustre the most lovely combinations of the separated rays. A diamond, or a piece of fissured quartz, reflects indiscriminately all the colours of the prism; an opal, only those which are most delightful to human sight and mental association.

78—80. These three geological specimens are placed at the term of the series, that the importance of the structure already illustrated by No. 46 may be finally represented to the Society; No. 46 being an undulated chalcedony; No. 78, an undulated jasper; No. 79, a hornstone; and No. 80 a fully developed gneiss.

I have no hesitation in affirming,—though it is not usual with me to affirm anything I have not seen, and seen close,—that every one of these types of undulated structure has been produced by crystallization only, and absolutely without compression or violence. But the transition from the contorted gneiss which has been formed by crystallization only, to that which has been subjected to the forces of upheaval, or of lateral compression, is so gradual and so mysterious, that all the chemistry and geology of modern science is hitherto at fault in its explanation; and this meeting would confer a memorable benefit on future observers by merely determining for them the *conditions* of the problem. Up to a certain point, however, these were determined by Saussure, from whose frequent and always acutely distinct descriptions of contorted rocks I select the following, because it refers to a scene of which the rock structure was a subject of constant interest to the painter Turner; the ravine, namely, by which,

on the Italian side of the St. Gothard, the Ticino escapes from the valley of Airolo.

“At a league from Faido the traveller ascends by a road carried on a cornice above the Ticino, which precipitates itself between the rocks with the greatest violence. I made the ascent on foot, in order to examine with care the beautiful rocks, worthy of all the attention of a rock-lover. The veins of that granite form in many places redoubled zig-zags, precisely like the ancient tapestries known as point of Hungary, and there it is impossible to say whether the veins of the stone are, or are not, parallel to the beds; while finally I observed several beds which in the middle of their thickness appeared filled with veins in zig-zag, while near their borders they were arranged all in straight lines. This observation proves that the zig-zags are the effect of crystallization, and not that of a compression of the beds when they were in a state of softness. In effect, the middle of a bed could not be pushed together (*‘refoulé’*) unless the upper and lower parts of it were pushed at the same time.”

This conclusive remark of Saussure renders debate impossible respecting the cause of the contortions of gneiss on a small scale; and a very few experiments with clay, dough, or any other ductile substance, such as those of which I have figured the results in the VIth plate of *‘Deucalion,’* will prove, what otherwise is evident on sufficient reflection, that minutely rhythmic undulations of beds cannot be obtained by compression on a large scale. But I am myself prepared to go much farther than this. During half a century of various march among the Alps, I never saw the gneiss yet, which I could believe to have been wrinkled by pressure, and so far am I disposed to carry this denial of external force, that I live in hopes of hearing the Matterhorn itself, whose contorted beds I engraved thirty years ago in the fourth volume of *‘Modern Painters’* (the book is laid on the table, open at the plate), pronounced by the Mineralogical Society to be nothing else than a large gneissitic crystal, curiously cut!

Whether this hope be vain or not, I believe it will soon be felt by the members of this Society, that an immense field of observation is opened to them by recent chemistry, peculiarly their own: and that mineralogy, instead of being merely the servant of geology, must be ultimately her guide. No movement of rocks on a large scale can ever be explained until we understand rightly the formation of a quartz vein, and the growth, to take the most familiar of fusible minerals, of an ice-crystal.*

And I would especially plead with the younger members of the Society, that they should quit themselves of the idea that they need large laboratories, fine microscopes, or rare minerals, for the effective pursuit of their science. A quick eye, a candid mind, and an earnest heart, are all the microscopes and laboratories which any of us need; and with a little clay, sand, salt, and sugar, a man may find out more of the methods of geological phenomenon than ever were known to Sir Charles Lyell. Of the interest and entertainment of such unpretending science I hope the children of this generation may know more than their fathers, and that the study of the Earth, which hitherto has shown them little more than the monsters of a chaotic past, may at last interpret for them the beautiful work of the creative present, and lead them day by day to find a loveliness, till then unthought of, in the rock, and a value, till then uncounted, in the gem.

* A translation into English of Dr. Schumacher's admirable essay, "*Die Krystallisation des Eises*," Leipzig, 1844, is extremely desirable.

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER I.

I believe that one of the causes which has prevented my writings on subjects of science from obtaining the influence with the public which they have accorded to those on art, though precisely the same faculties of eye and mind are concerned in the analysis of natural and of pictorial forms, may have been my constant practice of teaching by question rather than assertion. So far as I am able, I will henceforward mend this fault as I best may ; beginning here with the assertion of the four facts for which, being after long observation convinced of them, I claim now, as I said in the Preface, the dignity of Discoveries.

I. That a large number of agates, and other siliceous substances, hitherto supposed to be rolled pebbles in a conglomerate paste, are in truth crystalline secretions out of that paste in situ, as garnets out of mica-slate.

II. That a large number of agates, hitherto supposed to be formed by broken fragments of older agate, cemented by a gelatinous chalcedony, are indeed secretions out of a siliceous fluid containing miscellaneous elements, and their apparent fractures are indeed produced by the same kind of tranquil division which terminates the bands in banded flints.

III. That the contortions in gneiss and other metamorphic rocks, constantly ascribed by geologists to pressure, are only modes of crystallization.

And IV. That many of the faults and contortions produced on a large scale in metamorphic rocks, are owing to the quiet operation of similar causes.

These four principles, as aforesaid, I have indeed worked out and discovered for myself, not in hasty rivalry with other mineralogists, but continually laying before them what evidence I had noted, and praying them to carry forward the inquiry themselves. Finding they would not, I have given much time this year to the collection of the data in my journals, and to the arrangement of various collections of siliceous and metallic minerals, illustrating such phenomena, of which the primary one is that just completed and catalogued in the British Museum, (Nat. Hist.), instituting there, by the permission of the Trustees, the description of specimens by separate numbers: the next in importance is that at St. George's Museum in Sheffield; the third is one which I presented this spring to the Museum of Kirkeudbright; the fourth that placed at St. David's School, Reigate; and a fifth is in course of arrangement for the Mechanics' Institute here at Coniston: the sixth, described in the preceding chapter, may probably, with some modification, be placed at Edinburgh, but remains for the present at Brantwood, with unchanged numbers.

The six catalogues describing these collections will enable any student to follow out the history of siliceous minerals with reference to the best possible cabinet examples; but for a guide to their localities and the modes of their occurrence, he will find the following extracts from Pinkerton's "Petralogy"* more useful than anything in modern books; and I am entirely happy to find that my above-claimed discoveries were all anticipated by him and are by his close descriptions, in all points confirmed. His general term 'Glutenites,' for stones apparently formed of cemented fragments, entirely deserves restoration and future acceptance.

"The division of glutenites into bricias and pudding-stones, the former consisting of angular fragments, the latter of round or oval pebbles, would not be unadvisable, were it in strict conformity with nature. But there are many rocks of this kind; as, for example, the celebrated Egyptian bricia, in which the fragments are partly round and partly angular; while the term glutenite is liable to no such objections, and the several structures identify the various substances.

"The celebrated English pudding stone, found nowhere in the world but in Hertfordshire, appears to me to be rather an original rock, formed in the manner of amygdalites, because the pebbles do not seem to have been rolled by water, which would have worn off the substances in various directions; while, on the contrary, the white, black, brown, or red circlets, are always entire, and parallel with the surface, like those of agates. Pebbles therefore, instead of being united to form such rocks, may, in many circumstances, proceed from their decomposition; the circumjacent sand also arising from the decomposition of the cement.

"Mountains or regions of real glutenite often, however, accompany the skirts of extensive chains of mountains, as on the north-west and south-east sides of the Grampian mountains in Scotland, in which instance the cement is affirmed by many travellers to be ferruginous, or sometimes argillaceous. The largeness or minuteness of the pebbles or particles cannot be said to alter the nature of the substance; so that a fine sandstone is also a glutenite, if viewed by the microscope. They may be divided into two structures: the large-grained, comprising bricias and pudding stones; and the small-grained, or sandstones.

"At Dunstaffnage, in Scotland,† romantic rocks of a singularly abrupt appearance, in some parts resembling walls, are formed by glutenite, in which the kernels consist of white quartz, with green or black trap porphyries, and basalts.

"In the Glutenite from the south of the Grampians, from Ayrshire, from

* Two vols. 8vo, Cochrane & Co., Fleet Street, 1811. A quite invaluable book for clearness of description, usefulness of suggestion, and extent of geognostic reference. It has twenty beautiful little vignettes also, which are models of steel engraving.

† For convenience in quotation, I occasionally alter Pinkerton's phrase, but, it will be found by reference to the original, without the slightest change in, or loss of, their meaning.

Inglestone bridge, on the road between Edinburgh and Lanark, the cement is often siliceous, as in those at the foot of the Alps observed by Saussure.

“ Another Glutenite consists of fragments of granite, cemented by trap.

“ Siderous glutenite, or pudding-stone of the most modern formation, is formed around cannons, pistols, and other instruments of iron, by the sand of the sea.

“ Glutenite of small quartz pebbles, in a red ferruginous cement, is found in the coal-mines near Bristol, etc.

“ Porphyritic bricia (*Linn. a Gmelin*, 247), from Dalccarlia in Sweden, and Saxony. Calton-hill, Edinburgh ?

“ The entirely siliceous glutenites will comprehend many important substances of various structures, from the celebrated Egyptian bricia, containing large pebbles of jasper, granite, and porphyry, to the siliceous sandstone of Stonehenge. These glutenites are of various formations ; and the pudding-stone of England would rather seem, as already mentioned, to be an original rock, the pebbles or rather kernels having no appearance of having been rolled in water. Patrin* has expressed the same idea concerning those pudding-stones which so much embarrassed Saussure, as he found their beds in a vertical position, while he argues that they could only have been formed on a horizontal level. This curious question might, as would seem, be easily decided by examining if the kernels have been rolled, or if, on the contrary, they retain their uniform concentric tints, observable in the pudding-stone of England, and well represented in the specimen which Patrin has engraved. But the same idea had arisen to me before I had seen Patrin's ingenious system of mineralogy. In like manner rocks now universally admitted to consist of granular quartz, or that substance crystallised in the form of sand, were formerly supposed to consist of sand agglutinated. Several primitive rocks contain glands of the same substance, and that great observer, Saussure, has called them Glandulites, an useful denomination, when the glands are of the same substance with the rock ; while Amygdalites are those rocks which contain kernels of quite a different nature. He observes, that in such a rock a central point of crystallization may attract the circumjacent matter into a round or oval form, perfectly defined and distinct ; while other parts of the substance, having no point of attraction, may coalesce into a mass. The agency of iron may also be suspected, that metal, as appears from its ores, often occurring in detached round and oval forms of many sizes, and even a small proportion having a great power.

“ On the other hand, many kinds of pudding-stone consist merely of rounded pebbles. Saussure describes the Rigi-berg, near the lake of Lucerne, a mountain not less than 5,800 feet in height above the sea, and said to be eight leagues in circumference, which consists entirely of rolled pebbles, and among them some of pudding-stone, probably original, disposed in regular layers, and imbedded in a calcareous cement. The pudding

rocks around the great lake Baikal, in the centre of Asia, present the same phenomenon ; but it has not been observed whether the fragments be of an original or derivative rock.

“ The siliceous sandstones form another important division of this class. They may sometimes, as already mentioned, be confounded with granular quarz, which must be regarded as a primary crystallization. The sand which has also been found in micaceous schistus, and at a vast depth in many mines, may be well regarded as belonging to this formation ; for it is well known, that if the crystallization be much disturbed, the substance will descend in small irregular particles.

“ Siliceous sandstones are far more uncommon than the calcareous or argillaceous. The limits of the chalk country in England are singularly marked by large masses of siliceous sandstone, irregularly dispersed. Those of Stonchenge afford remarkable examples of the size and nature of those fragments, but the original rock has not been discovered. Trap or basaltic often reposes on siliceous sandstone.

“ But the most eminent and singular pudding-stones are those occurring in Egypt, in the celebrated bricia of the Valley of Cosseir, and in the siliceous bricia of the same chain, in which are imbedded those curious pebbles known by the name of Egyptian jasper ; and which also sometimes contain agates. Bricias, with red jasper, also occur in France, Switzerland, and other countries ; but the cement is friable, and they seldom take a good polish. All these rocks present both round and angular fragments, which shows that the division into bricias and pudding-stones cannot be accepted : a better division, when properly ascertained, would be into original and derivative glutenites. In a geological point of view, the most remarkable pudding-stones, which might more classically be called Kollanites, from the Greek,* are those which border the chains of primitive mountains, as already mentioned. The English Hertfordshire pudding-stone is unique ; and beautiful specimens are highly valued in France, and other countries. It is certainly an original rock, arising from a peculiar crystallization, being composed of round and oval kernels of a red, yellow, brown, or grey tint in a base consisting of particles of the same, united by a siliceous cement.

“ Of small-grained argillaceous glutenite, the most celebrated rock is the Grison, or Bergmanite, just mentioned, being composed of grains of sand various in size, sometimes even kernels of quartz ; which, with occasional bits of hard clay slate, are imbedded in an argillaceous cement, of the nature of common grey clay slate. When the particles are very fine, it assumes the slaty structure, and forms the grauwack slate of the Germans. It is the chief of Werner's transitive rocks, nearly approaching to the primitive while at the same time it sometimes contains shells, and other petrifications.

“ This important rock was formerly considered as being almost peculiar to the Hartz, where it contains the richest mines ; but has since been observed in many other countries. The slaty grison, or Bergmanite, has been

* Κόλλα, cement ; the more proper, as it also implies iron, often the chief agent.

confounded with a clay slate ; and we are obliged to Mr. Jameson for the following distinctions : 1. It is commonly of a bluish, ash, or smoke grey, and rarely presents the greenish or light yellowish grey colour of primitive clay slate. 2. Its lustre is sometimes glimmering from specks of mica, but it never shows the silky lustre of clay slate. 3. It never presents siderite nor garnets. 4. It alternates with massive grauwack. But is not the chief distinction its aspect of a sandstone, which has led to the trivial French name of *gris-gris*, and the English *rubble-stone*, which may imply that it was formed of rubbed fragments, or of the rubbish of other rocks? The fracture is also different ; and three specimens of various fineness, which I received from Daubuisson at Paris, could never be confounded with clay slate.

“ This rock is uncommonly productive of metals, not only in beds but also in veins, which latter are frequently of great magnitude. Thus almost the whole of the mines in the Hartz are situated in greywack. These mines afford principally argentiferous lead-glance, which is usually accompanied with blend, fahl ore, black silver ore, and copper pyrites. A more particular examination discloses several distinct venigenous formations that traverse the mountains of the Hartz. The greywack of the Saxon Erzgebirge, of the Rhine at Rheinbreidenbach, Andernach, etc., of Leogang in Salzburg, is rich in ores, particularly those of lead and copper. At Vorospatak and Facebay, in Transylvania, the greywack is traversed by numerous small veins of gold.”

These passages from Pinkerton, with those translated at p. 9 from Sausure, are enough to do justice to the clear insight of old geologists, respecting matters still at issue among younger ones ; and I must therefore ask the reader's patience with the hesitating assertions in the following chapters of many points on which a wider acquaintance with the writings of the true Fathers of the science might have enabled me to speak with grateful confidence.

CHAPTER II.

THE DRY LAND.

‘*Modern Painters*,’ Vol. IV., chap. vii.

“*And God said, Let the waters which are under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear.*”

WE do not, perhaps, often enough consider the deep significance of this sentence. We are too apt to receive it as the description of an event vaster only in its extent, not in its nature, than the compelling the Red Sea to draw back, through which Israel might pass by. We imagine the Deity in like manner rolling the waves of the greater ocean together on an heap, and setting bars and doors to them eternally.

But there is a far deeper meaning than this in the solemn words of Genesis, and in the correspondent verse of the Psalm: “His hands prepared the dry land.” Up to that moment the earth had been *cold*, for it had been *without form*. The command that the waters should be *gathered*, was the command that the earth should be *sculptured*. The sea was driven to his place in suddenly restrained rebellion, but was drawn to his place in perfect and patient obedience. The dry land appeared, not in level sands, forsaken by the surges which those surges might again claim for their own; but in a range beyond range of swelling hill and iron rock, for ever unclaim kindred with the firmament, and be companioned by the clouds of heaven.

2. What space of time was in reality occupied by the “day” of Genesis, is not, at present, of any importance to us to consider. By what furnaces of fire the adamant was melted, and by what wheels of earthquake it was torn, and

what teeth of glacier* and weight [of sea-waves it was engraved and finished into its perfect form, we may perhaps hereafter endeavour to conjecture; but here, as in few words the work is summed by the historian, so in few broad thoughts it should be comprehended by us; and as we read the mighty sentence, "Let the dry land appear," we should try to follow the finger of God, as it engraved upon the stone tables of the earth the letters and the law of its everlasting form; as, gulf by gulf, the channels of the deep were ploughed; and, cape by cape, the lines were traced, with Divine foreknowledge, of the shores that were to limit the nations; and, chain by chain, the mountain walls were lengthened forth, and their foundations fastened for ever; and the compass was set upon the face of the depth, and the fields, and the highest part of the dust of the world were made; and the right hand of Christ first strewed the snow on Lebanon, and smoothed the slopes of Calvary.

3. It is not, I repeat, always needful, in many respects it is not possible, to conjecture the manner, or the time, in which this work was done; but it is deeply necessary for all men to consider the magnificence of the accomplished purpose, and the depth of the wisdom and love which are manifested in the ordinances of the hills. For observe, in order to bring the world into the form which it now bears, it was not mere *sculpture* that was needed; the mountains could not stand for a day unless they were formed of materials altogether different from those which constitute the lower hills, and the surfaces of the valleys. A harder substance had to be prepared for every mountain chain; yet not so hard but that it might be capable of crumbling down into earth fit to nourish the Alpine forest and the Alpine flower; not so hard but that, in the midst of the utmost majesty of its enthroned strength, there should be seen on it the seal of death, and the

* Though I had already learned from James Forbes the laws of glacier motion, I still fancied that ice could drive imbedded blocks and wear down rock surfaces. See for correction of this error, 'Arrows of the Chase,' vol. i., pp. 255—273, and 'Deucalion,' *passim*.

writing of the same sentence that had gone forth against the human frame, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." * And with this perishable substance the most majestic forms were to be framed that were consistent with the safety of man; and the peak was to be lifted, and the cliff rent, as high and as steeply as was possible, in order yet to permit the shepherd to feed his flocks upon the slope, and the cottage to nestle beneath their shadow.

4. And observe, two distinct ends were to be accomplished in the doing this. It was, indeed, absolutely necessary that such eminences should be created, in order to fit the earth in any wise for human habitation: for without mountains the air could not be purified, nor the flowing of the rivers sustained, and the earth must have become for the most part desert plain, or stagnant marsh. But the feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working,—to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment,—are their higher missions. They are as a great and noble architecture; first giving shelter, comfort, and rest; and covered also with mighty sculpture and painted legend. It is impossible to examine in their connected system the features of even the most ordinary mountain scenery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man. "As far as *possible*;" that is, as far as is consistent with the fulfilment of the sentence of condemnation on the whole earth. Death must be upon the hills; and the cruelty of the tempests smite them, and the briar and thorn spring up upon them: but they so smite, as to bring their rocks into the fairest forms; and so spring, as to make the very desert blossom as the rose. Even among

* "Surely the mountain falling cometh to nought, and the rock is removed out of his place. The waters wear the stones: thou wastest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth, and thou destroyest the hope of man."—*Job* xiv. 18, 19.

our own hills of Scotland and Cumberland, though often too barren to be perfectly beautiful, and always too low to be perfectly sublime, it is strange how many deep sources of delight are gathered into the compass of their glens and vales; and how, down to the most secret cluster of their far-away flowers, and the idlest leap of their straying streamlets, the whole heart of Nature seems thirsting to give, and still to give, shedding forth her everlasting beneficence with a profusion so patient, so passionate, that our utmost observance and thankfulness are but, at last, neglect of her nobleness, and apathy to her love.

But among the true mountains of the greater orders the Divine purpose of appeal at once to all the faculties of the human spirit becomes still more manifest. Inferior hills ordinarily interrupt, in some degree, the richness of the valleys at their feet; the grey downs of southern England, and treeless coteaux of central France, and grey swells of Scottish moor, whatever peculiar charm they may possess in themselves, are at least destitute of those which belong to the woods and fields of the lowlands. But the great mountains *lift* the lowlands *on their sides*. Let the reader imagine, first, the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain with its infinite treasures of natural beauty and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment; and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant

against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges; and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens; and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of greensward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air; and he will have as yet, in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps. And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change: the trees which grew heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves against the mountain side; they breathe more freely, and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree: the flowers which on the arable plain fell before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship, and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach.

5. And although this beauty seems at first, in its wildness, inconsistent with the service of man, it is in fact more necessary to his happy existence than all the level and easily subdued land which he rejoices to possess. It seems almost an insult to the reader's intelligence to ask him to dwell (as if they could be doubted) on the uses of the hills, and yet so little until lately have those uses been understood, that in the seventeenth century, one of the most enlightened of the religious men of his day (Fleming), himself a native of a mountain country, casting about for some reason to explain to himself the existence of mountains, and prove their harmony with the providential government of creation, can light upon this reason only, "They are inhabited by the beasts."

6. It may not, therefore, even at this day, be profitless to review briefly the nature of the three great offices which

mountain ranges are appointed to fulfil, in order to preserve the health and increase the happiness of mankind.

I. Their first use is of course *to give motion to* (fresh) *water*.

Every fountain and river, from the inch-deep streamlet that crosses the village lane in trembling clearness, to the massy and silent march of the everlasting multitude of waters in Amazon or Ganges, owe their play and purity and power to the ordained elevations of the Earth. Gentle or steep, extended or abrupt, some determined slope of the earth's surface is of course necessary, before any wave can so much as overtake one sedge in its pilgrimage; and how seldom do we enough consider, as we walk beside the margins of our pleasant brooks, how beautiful and wonderful is that ordinance, of which every blade of grass that waves in their clear water is a perpetual sign; that the dew and rain fallen on the face of the earth shall find *no* resting-place; shall find, on the contrary, fixed channels traced for them, from the ravines of the central crests down which they roar in sudden ranks of foam, to the dark hollows beneath the banks of lowland pasture, round which they must circle slowly among the stems and beneath the leaves of the lilies;—paths prepared for them, by which, at some appointed rate of journey, they must evermore descend, sometimes slow and sometimes swift, but never pausing; the daily portion of the earth they have to glide over marked for them at each successive sunrise, the place which has known them knowing them no more, and the gateways of guarding mountains opened for them in cleft and chasm, none letting them in their pilgrimage; and, from far off, the great heart of the sea calling them to itself! Deep calleth unto deep.

I know not which of the two is the more wonderful,—that calm, gradated, invisible slope* of the champaign land, which gives motion to the stream; or that passage cloven for it

* (Only true on a large scale. I have perhaps not allowed enough for the mere secession of flowing water, supplying the evaporation of the sea, whether the plains be level or not;—it must find its way to the place where there *is* a fall, as through a mill pond to the weir.)

through the ranks of hill, which, necessary for the health of the land immediately around them, would yet, unless so supernaturally divided, have fatally intercepted the flow of the waters from far-off countries. When did the great spirit of the river first knock at those adamantine gates? When did the porter open to it, and cast his keys away for ever, lapped in whirling sand? I am not satisfied—no one should be satisfied with that vague answer,—the river *cut* its way. Not so. The river *found* its way.* I do not see that rivers, in their own strength, can do much in cutting their way; they are nearly as apt to choke their channels up, as to carve them out. Only give a river some little sudden power in a valley, and see how it will use it. Cut itself a bed? Not so, by any means, but fill up its bed, and look for another, in a wild, dissatisfied, inconsistent manner. Any way, rather than the old one, will better please it; and even if it is banked up and forced to keep to the old one, it will not deepen, but do all it can to raise it, and leap out of it. And although, wherever water has a steep fall, it will swiftly cut itself a bed deep into the rock or ground, it will not, when the rock is hard, cut a wider channel than it actually needs; so that if the existing river beds, through ranges of mountain, had in reality been cut by the streams, they would be found, wherever the rocks are hard, only in the form of narrow and profound ravines,—like the well-known channel of the Niagara, below the fall; not in that of extended valleys. And the actual work of true mountain rivers, though often much greater in proportion to their body of water than that of the Niagara, is quite insignificant when compared with the area and depth of the valleys through which they flow; so that, although in many cases it appears that those larger valleys have been excavated at earlier periods by more powerful streams, or by the existing stream in a more powerful condition, still the great fact remains always equally plain, and equally admirable, that, whatever the nature and

(* It is very delightful to me,—at least to the proud spirit in me,—to find myself thus early perceiving and clearly announcing a fact of which modern geology is still incognizant; see the postscript to this chapter.)

duration of the agencies employed, the earth was so shaped at first as to direct the currents of its rivers in the manner most healthy and convenient for man. The valley of the Rhone may, though it is not likely, have been in great part excavated in early time by torrents a thousand times larger than the Rhone; but it could not have been excavated at all, unless the mountains had been thrown at first into two chains, between which the torrents were set to work in a given direction. And it is easy to conceive how, under any less beneficent dispositions of their masses of hill, the continents of the earth might either have been covered with enormous lakes, as parts of North America actually are covered; or have become wildernesses of pestiferous marsh; or lifeless plains, upon which the water would have dried as it fell, leaving them for great part of the year desert. Such districts do exist, and exist in vastness: the *whole* earth is not prepared for the habitation of man; only certain small portions are prepared for him,—the houses, as it were, of the human race, from which they are to look abroad upon the rest of the world, not to wonder or complain that it is not all house, but to be grateful for the kindness of the admirable building, in the house itself, as compared with the rest. It would be as absurd to think it an evil that all the world is not fit for us to inhabit, as to think it an evil that the globe is no larger than it is. As much as we shall ever need is evidently assigned to us for our dwelling-place; the rest, covered with rolling waves or drifting sands, fretted with ice, or crested with fire, is set before us for contemplation in an uninhabitable magnificence; and that part which we are enabled to inhabit owes its fitness for human life chiefly to its mountain ranges, which, throwing the superfluous rain off as it falls, collect it in streams or lakes, and guide it into given places, and in given directions; so that men can build their cities in the midst of fields which they know will be always fertile, and establish the lines of their commerce upon streams which will not fail.

7. Nor is this giving of motion to water to be considered as confined only to the *surface* of the earth. A no less

important function of the hills is in directing the flow of the fountains and springs, from subterranean reservoirs. There is no miraculous springing up of water out of the ground at our feet; but every fountain and well is supplied from a reservoir among the hills, so placed as to involve some slight fall or pressure, enough to secure the constant flowing of the stream. And the incalculable blessing of the power given to us in most valleys, of reaching by excavation some point whence the water will rise to the surface of the ground in perennial flow, is entirely owing to the concave disposition of the beds of clay or rock raised from beneath the bosom of the valley into ranks of enclosing hills.

8. II. The second great use of mountains is to maintain a constant change in the currents and nature of the *air*. Such change would, of course, have been partly caused by differences in soils and vegetation, even if the earth had been level; but to a far less extent than it is now by the chains of hills, which, exposing on one side their masses of rock to the full heat of the sun (increased by the angle at which the rays strike on the slope), and on the other casting a soft shadow for leagues over the plains at their feet, divide the earth not only into districts, but into climates, and cause perpetual currents of air to traverse their passes,* and ascend or descend their ravines, altering both the temperature and nature of the air as it passes, in a thousand different ways; moistening it with the spray of their waterfalls, sucking it down and beating it hither and thither in the pools of their torrents, closing it within clefts and caves, where the sunbeams never reach till it is as cold as November mists, then sending it forth again to breathe softly across the slopes of velvet fields, or to be scorched among sunburnt shales and grassless crags; then drawing it back in moaning swirls through clefts of ice, and up into dewy wreaths above the snow-fields; then piercing it with strange electric darts and flashes of mountain fire, and

* This second division of my subject, compressed into one paragraph, is treated with curious insufficiency. See again postscript to this chapter.

tossing it high in fantastic storm-cloud, as the dried grass is tossed by the mower, only suffering it to depart at last, when chastened and pure, to refresh the faded air of the far-off plains.

9. III. The third great use of mountains is to cause perpetual change in the *soils* of the earth. Without such provision, the ground under cultivation would in a series of years become exhausted, and require to be upturned laboriously by the hand of man. But the elevations of the earth's surface provide for it a perpetual renovation. The higher mountains suffer their summits to be broken into fragments and to be cast down in sheets of massy rock, full, as we shall see presently, of every substance necessary for the nourishment of plants: these fallen fragments are again broken by frost, and ground by torrents, into various conditions of sand and clay—materials which are distributed perpetually by the streams farther and farther from the mountain's base. Every shower which swells the rivulets enables their waters to carry certain portions of earth into new positions, and exposes new banks of ground to be mined in their turn. That turbid foaming of the angry water,—that tearing down of bank and rock along the flanks of its fury,—are no disturbances of the kind course of nature; they are beneficent operations of laws necessary to the existence of man and to the beauty of the earth. The process is continued more gently, but not less effectively, over all the surface of the lower undulating country; and each filtering thread of summer rain which trickles through the short turf of the uplands is bearing its own appointed burden of earth to be thrown down on some new natural garden in the dingles below.

And it is not, in reality, a degrading, but a true, large, and ennobling view of the mountain ranges of the world, if we compare them to heaps of fertile and fresh earth, laid up by a prudent gardener beside his garden beds, whence, at intervals, he casts on them some scattering of new and virgin ground. That which we so often lament as convulsion or destruction is

nothing else* than the momentary shaking of the dust from the spade. The winter floods, which inflict a temporary devastation, bear with them the elements of succeeding fertility; the fruitful field is covered with sand and shingle in momentary judgment, but in enduring mercy; and the great river, which chokes its mouth with marsh, and tosses terror along its shore, is but scattering the seeds of the harvests of futurity, and preparing the seats of unborn generations.

10. I have not spoken of the local and peculiar utilities of mountains; I do not count the benefit of the supply of summer streams from the moors of the higher ranges,—of the various medicinal plants which are nested among their rocks,—of the delicate pasturage which they furnish for cattle,†—of the forests in which they bear timber for shipping,—the stones they supply for building, or the ores of metal which they collect into spots open to discovery, and easy for working. All these benefits are of a secondary or a limited nature. But the three great functions which I have just described,—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth,—are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which, in nearly all ages of the world, men have looked upon with aversion or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are, in reality, sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulnesses of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea wave, with all its beneficence, is yet

* (I should call it a good deal else, now! but must leave the text untouched; being, in its statements of pure fact,—putting its theology aside for the moment,—quite one of the best pieces I have ever done.)

† The *highest* pasturages (at least so say the Savoyards) being always the best and richest.

devouring and terrible ; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy ; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its faithfulness, for ever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism,

“THY JUSTICE IS LIKE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS :

THY JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP.”

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER II.

THE subject of erosion by water, referred to in the note at p. 24, is treated of at length in the 12th chapter of 'Deucalion,' of which the conclusions may be summed in the warning to young geologists not to suppose that because Shanklin Chine was 'chined' by its central gutter, therefore Salisbury Craigs were cut out by the Water of Leith,—Ingleborough by the Ribbles, or Monte Rosa by the Rhone.

The subject has since been farther illustrated by the admirable drawings and sections given by Mr. Collingwood in his 'Limestone Alps of Savoy,' 1884.

The paragraph at p. 26 is chiefly, and enormously, defective in speaking only of the changes effected by mountains in the nature of air, and not following out their good offices in lifting the mountaineer nations to live in the air they purify, or rise into, already pure.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE MATERIALS OF MOUNTAINS.

'Modern Painters,' Part V., the beginning of chap. viii.

IN the early days of geological science, the substances which composed the crust of the earth, as far as it could be examined, were supposed to be referable to three distinct classes: the first consisting of rocks which not only supported all the rest, but from which all the rest were derived, therefore called "Primary;" the second class consisting of rock formed of the broken fragments or altered substance of the primary ones, therefore called "Secondary;" and, thirdly, rocks or earthy deposits formed by the ruins and detritus of both primary and secondary rocks, called therefore "Tertiary." This classification was always, in some degree, uncertain; and has been lately superseded by more complicated systems, founded on the character of the fossils contained in the various deposits, and on the circumstances of position, by which their relative ages are more accurately ascertainable. But the original rude classification, though of little, if any, use for scientific purposes, was based on certain broad and conspicuous phenomena, which it brought clearly before the popular mind. In this way it may still be serviceable, and ought, I think, to be permitted to retain its place, as an introduction to systems more defined and authoritative.*

2. For the fact is, that in approaching any large mountain

* I am still entirely of this opinion. See postscript to chapter. These opening paragraphs are to my mind extremely well put, and should be read to young people by their tutors as an introduction to geological study. I have here and there retouched a loose sentence, and leave them as good as I could do now.

range, the ground over which the spectator passes, if he examine it with any intelligence, will almost always arrange itself in his mind under three great heads. There will be, first, the ground of the plains or valleys he is about to quit, composed of sand, clay, gravel, rolled stones, and variously mingled soils ; which, when there is opportunity, at the banks of a stream, or the sides of a railway cutting, to examine to any depth, he will find arranged in beds exactly resembling those of modern sandbanks or sea-beaches, and appearing to have been formed under natural laws such as are in operation daily around us. At the outskirts of the hill district, he may, perhaps, find considerable eminences, formed of these beds of loose gravel and sand ; but, as he enters into it farther, he will soon discover the hills to be composed of some harder substance, properly deserving the name of rock, sustaining itself in picturesque forms, and appearing, at first, to owe both its hardness and its outlines to the action of laws such as do not hold at the present day. He can easily explain the nature, and account for the distribution of the banks which overhang the lowland road, or of the dark earthy deposits which enrich the lowland pasture ; but he cannot so distinctly imagine how the limestone hills of Derbyshire and Yorkshire were hardened into their stubborn whiteness, or raised into their cavernous cliffs. Still, if he carefully examine the substance of these more noble rocks, he will, in nine cases out of ten, discover them to be composed of fine calcareous dust, or closely united particles of sand ; and will be ready to accept as possible, or even probable, the suggestion of their having been formed, by slow deposit, at the bottom of deep lakes and ancient seas, and then gradually consolidated under such laws of Nature as are still in operation.

3. But, as he advances yet farther into the hill district, he finds the rocks around him assuming a gloomier and more majestic condition. Their tint darkens ; their outlines become wild and irregular ; and whereas before they had only appeared at the roadside in narrow ledges among the turf, or glanced out from among the thickets above the brooks in

white walls and fantastic towers, they now rear themselves up in solemn and shattered masses far and near; softened, indeed, with strange harmony of clouded * colours, but possessing the whole scene with their iron spirit; and rising, in all probability, into eminences as much prouder in actual elevation than those of the intermediate rocks, as more powerful in their influence over every minor feature of the landscape.

4. And when the traveller proceeds to observe closely the materials of which these nobler ranges are composed, he finds also a complete change in their internal structure. They are no longer formed of delicate sand or dust—each particle of that dust the same as every other, and the whole mass depending for its hardness merely on their closely cemented unity; but they are now formed of several distinct substances, visibly unlike each other; and not *pressed*, but *crystallized* into one mass,—crystallized into a unity far more perfect than that of the dusty limestone, but yet without the least mingling of their several natures with each other. Such a rock, freshly broken, has a spotty, granulated, and, in almost all instances, sparkling, appearance; it requires a much harder blow to break it than the limestone or sandstone; but when once thoroughly shattered, it is easy to separate from each other the various substances of which it is composed, and to examine them in their individual grains or crystals; of which each variety will be found to have a different degree of hardness, a different shade of colour, a different character of form, and a different chemical composition.

But this examination will not enable the observer to comprehend the method either of their formation or aggregation, at least by any process such as he now sees taking place around him; he will at once be driven to admit that some strange

* ‘*Clouded*’ referring to the peculiar softness and richness of the dark lichens on many primitive rocks, as opposed to the whiteness or gray yellow of many among the secondaries. ‘*Iron spirit*,’ just after, meaning a strength having the toughness of iron in it, unassailable; but I find with pleasant surprise in extremely ‘old English’ geology, a large family of these rocks called ‘siderous,’ from the quantity of latent iron they contain.

and powerful operation has taken place upon these rocks, different from any of which he is at present cognizant.*

5. Now, although these three great groups of rocks do indeed often pass into each other by imperceptible gradations, and although their peculiar aspect is never a severe indication of their relative ages, yet their characters are for the most part so defined as to make a strong impression on the mind of an ordinary observer; and their age is also for the most part approximately indicated by their degrees of hardness, and crystalline aspect. It does, indeed, sometimes† happen that a soft and slimy clay will pass into a rock like Aberdeen granite by transitions so subtle that no point of separation can be determined; and it very often happens that rocks like Aberdeen granite are of more recent formation than certain beds of sandstone and limestone. But in spite of all these uncertainties and exceptions, I believe that unless actual pains be taken to efface from the mind its natural impressions, the idea of three great classes of rocks and earth will maintain its ground in the thoughts of the generally intelligent observer; that, whether he desire it or not, he will find himself throwing the soft and loose clays and sands together under one head; placing the hard rocks, of a dull, compact, homogeneous substance, under another head; and the hardest rocks, of a crystalline, glittering, and various substance, under a third head; and having done this, he will also find that, with certain easily admissible exceptions, these three classes of rocks are, in every district which he examines, of three different ages; that the softest are the youngest, the hard and homogeneous ones are older, and the crystalline are the oldest; and he will, perhaps, in the end, find it a somewhat inconvenient piece of

* The original text proceeded thus—‘and farther inquiry will probably induce him to admit, as more than probable, the supposition that their structure is in great part owing to the action of enormous heat prolonged for indefinite periods,’—which sentence I remove into this note to prevent the lucidity and straightforward descriptive truth of these paragraphs to be soiled with conjecture.

† Very rarely! I forget what instance I was thinking of—any how the sentence is too strongly put.

respect to the complexity and accuracy of modern geological science, if he refuse to the three classes, thus defined in his imagination, their ancient titles of Tertiary, Secondary, and Primary.

6. But however this may be, there is one lesson evidently intended to be taught by the different characters of these rocks, which we must not allow to escape us. We have to observe, first, the state of perfect powerlessness, and loss of all beauty, exhibited in those beds of earth in which the separated pieces or particles are entirely independent of each other, more especially in the gravel whose pebbles have all been *rolled into one shape*: secondly, the greater degree of permanence, power, and beauty possessed by the rocks whose component atoms have some affection and attraction for each other, though all of one kind; and, lastly, the utmost form and highest beauty of the rocks in which the several atoms have all *different shapes, characters, and offices*; but are inseparably united by some fiery, or baptismal,* process which has purified them all.

It can hardly be necessary to point out how these natural ordinances seem intended† to teach us the great truths which are the basis of all political science; how the polishing friction which separates, the affection that binds, and the affliction that fuses and confirms, are accurately symbolized by the processes to which the several ranks of hills appear to owe their present aspect; and how, even if the knowledge of those processes be denied to us, that present aspect may in itself seem no imperfect image of the various states of mankind: first, that which is powerless through total disorganization; secondly, that which, though united, and in some degree powerful, is yet incapable of great effort, or result, owing to the too great similarity and confusion of offices, both in ranks and individ-

* The words 'or baptismal' now inserted.

† Most people being unable to imagine intention under the guise of fixed law, I should have said now, rather than 'seem intended to teach us,' 'do, if we will consider them, teach us.' See however, below, the old note to § 9. This 6th paragraph is the germ, or rather bulb, of 'Ethics of the Dust.'

uals; and finally, the perfect state of brotherhood and strength in which each character is clearly distinguished, separately perfected, and employed in its proper place and office.

7. I shall not, however, so oppose myself to the views of our leading geologists as to retain here the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary rocks. But as I wish the reader to keep the ideas of the three classes clearly in his mind, I will ask his leave to give them names which involve no theory, and can be liable, therefore, to no grave objections. We will call the hard, and (generally) central, masses, Crystalline Rocks, because they almost always present an appearance of crystallization.* The less hard substances, which appear compact and homogeneous, we will call Coherent Rocks, and for the scattered débris we will use the general term Diluvium.

8. All these orders of substance agree in one character, that of being more or less frangible or soluble. One material, indeed, which enters largely into the composition of most of them, *flint*, is harder than iron; but even this, their chief source of strength, is easily broken by a sudden blow; and it is so combined in the large rocks with softer substances, that time and the violence or chemical agency of the weather invariably produce certain destructive effects on their masses. Some of them become soft, and moulder away; others break, little by little, into angular fragments or slaty sheets; but all yield in some way or other; and the problem to be solved in every mountain range appears to be, that under these conditions of decay, the cliffs and peaks may be raised as high and thrown into as noble forms, as is possible, consistently with an effective, though not perfect permanence, and a general, though not absolute security.

9. Perfect permanence and absolute security were evidently in nowise intended.† It would have been as easy for

* Not strongly enough put, this time. They always are crystalline whether they present the appearance of it or not.

† I am well aware that to the minds of many persons nothing bears a greater appearance of presumption than any attempt at reasoning respecting

the Creator to have made mountains of steel as of granite, of adamant as of lime; but this was clearly no part of the Divine counsels: mountains were to be destructible and frail,—to melt under the soft lambency of the streamlet,—to shiver before the subtle wedge of the frost,—to wither with untraceable decay in their own substance;—and yet, under all these conditions of destruction, to be maintained in magnificent eminence before the eyes of men.

Nor is it in anywise difficult for us to perceive the beneficent reasons for this appointed frailness of the mountains. They appear to be threefold: the first, and the most important, that successive soils might be supplied to the plains, in the manner explained in the last chapter, and that men might be furnished with a material for their works of architecture and sculpture, at once soft enough to be subdued, and hard enough to be preserved; the second, that some sense of danger might always be connected with the most precipitous forms, and thus increase their sublimity; and the third, that a subject of perpetual interest might be opened to the human mind in observing the changes of form brought about by time on these monuments of Creation.

10. In order, therefore, to understand the method in which these various substances break, so as to produce the forms which are of chief importance in landscape, as well as the exquisite adaptation of all their qualities to the service of men, it will be well that I should take some note of them in their order; not with any far-followed mineralogical detail, but

the purposes of the Divine Being: and that in many cases it would be thought more consistent with the modesty of humanity to limit its endeavour to the ascertaining of physical causes than to form conjectures respecting Divine intentions. But I believe this feeling to be false and dangerous. Wisdom can only be demonstrated in its ends, and goodness only perceived in its motives. He who in a morbid modesty supposes that he is incapable of apprehending any of the purposes of God, renders himself also incapable of witnessing His wisdom; and he who supposes that favours may be bestowed without intention, will soon learn to receive them without gratitude.

with care enough to enable me hereafter to explain, without obscurity, any phenomena dependent upon such peculiarities of substance.

(I have cut the eighth chapter of the old book in half here for better arrangement of subject. The reader will perhaps forego, once in a way, without painful sense of loss, my customary burst of terminal eloquence.)

POSTSCRIPT TO CHAPTER III.

For many reasons, which will appear one by one in the course of this work, I think it well to give, for postscript to this chapter, a translation of Saussure's introductory account of granite, published in 1803, at Neuchatel, Chez Louis Fauche-Borel, Imprimeur *du Roi*, (King of Prussia), '*Voyages dans les Alpes*,' vol. i., chap. v. Les Roches Composées. Granit.

'Granites belong to that class of stones which naturalists name composed stones, or rocks, or living rock, *roc vif*.* the *saxa mixta* of Wallerius. This class includes stones which are composed of two, three, or four different species of stones, intermixed under the form of angular grains, or *folia* (*feuilletés*) *united by the intimacy of their contact, without the help of any stronger gluten*.

'Those which divide themselves by *folia* are called schistous rocks, or foliated rocks (*Roches schisteuses* ou *Roches feuilletées*). *Saxa fissilia*, Wall. Those which appear composed of grains, and which present neither *folia* nor sensible veins, are named Rocks in mass. *Saxa solida*, Wall. Such are the granites.

'It is these two species of rocks which form the matter of the most elevated mountains, such as the central chains of the Alps, the Cordillera, the Ural, Caucasus, and Altaic mountains. One never finds them seated upon (*assises sur*) mountains of slate (*ardoise*) or of calcareous stone; they serve, on the contrary, for base to these, and have consequently existed before them. They bear then, by just claim, the name of primitive mountains, while those of slate and calcareous stone are qualified as secondary.'

The young reader will do well to fix these simple statements in his head, and by no means let them be shaken in it. Modern geologists will tell him that Mont Blanc is young; but the date of a mountain's elevation is not that of its substance. Granite no more becomes a secondary rock in lifting a bed of chalk than an old man becomes a boy in throwing off his bedclothes. Also modern geologists will tell you that granite and basalt are pretty much the same thing, that each may become the other, and any come to the top. Recollect simply, to begin with, that granite forms delightful and healthy countries, basalt gloomy and oppressive ones, and that, if you have the misfortune to live under Etna or Hecla, you and your house may both be buried in basalt to-morrow morning; but that nobody was ever buried in

* The modern reader passes as merely poetical the words '*living rock*' of former good writers. But living rock is as distinct from dead, as heart of oak from dry rot. In accuracy, '*living*' is the word used by the natural human sense to express the difference between a crystalline rock, and one of mere coagulated sand or slime.

granite, unless somebody paid for his tomb. Recollect farther that granite is for the most part visibly composed of three substances, always easily recognisable—quartz, felspar, and mica ; but basalt may be made of any thing on the face or in the stomach of the Earth. And recollect finally that there was assuredly a time when the Earth had no animals upon it, another time when it had only nasty and beastly animals upon it, and that at this time it has a great many beautiful and angelic animals upon it, tormenting out of their lives by one extremely foolish two-legged one. Through these three periods, the first of chaotic solitude, the second of rampant monstrosity, and the third of ruthless beauty, the names of Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary may justly hold for ever—be the Fourth Age what it may.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

CAMBRIDGE SCHOOL OF ART,

OCTOBER 29TH, 1858.

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.,

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NEW EDITION.

NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

NO. 15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

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OCTOBER 29TH, 1858.

I SUPPOSE the persons interested in establishing a School of Art for workmen may in the main be divided into two classes, namely, first, those who chiefly desire to make the men themselves happier, wiser, and better; and secondly, those who desire to enable them to produce better and more valuable work. These two objects may, of course, be kept both in view at the same time; nevertheless, there is a wide difference in the spirit with which we shall approach our task, according to the motives of these two which weighs most with us—a difference great enough to divide, as I have said, the promoters of any such scheme into two distinct classes; one philanthropic in the gist of its aim, and the other commercial in the gist of its aim; one desiring the workman to be better informed chiefly for his own sake, and the other chiefly that he may be enabled to produce for us commodities precious in themselves, and which shall successfully compete with those of other countries.

And this separation in motives must lead also to a distinction in the machinery of the work. The philanthropists address themselves, not to the artisan merely, but to the labourer in general, desiring in any possible way to refine the habits or increase the happiness of our whole working population, by giving them new recreations or new thoughts: and the

principles of Art-education adopted in a school which has this wide but somewhat indeterminate aim, are, or should be, very different from those adopted in a school meant for the special instruction of the artisan in his own business. I do not think this distinction is yet firmly enough fixed in our minds, or calculated upon in our plans of operation. We have hitherto acted, it seems to me, under a vague impression that the arts of drawing and painting might be, up to a certain point, taught in a general way to every one, and would do every one equal good; and that each class of operatives might afterwards bring this general knowledge into use in their own trade, according to its requirements. Now, that is not so. A wood-carver needs for his business to learn drawing in quite a different way from a china-painter, and a jeweller from a worker in iron. They must be led to study quite different characters in the natural forms they introduce in their various manufacture. It is of no use to teach an iron-worker to observe the down on a peach, and of none to teach laws of atmospheric effect to a carver in wood. So far as their business is concerned, their brains would be vainly occupied by such things, and they would be prevented from pursuing, with enough distinctness or intensity, the qualities of Art which can alone be expressed in the materials with which they each have to do.

Now, I believe it to be wholly impossible to teach special application of Art principles to various trades in a single school. That special application can be only learned rightly by the experience of years in the particular work required. The power of each material, and the difficulties connected with its treatment, are not so much to be taught as to be felt; it is only by repeated touch and continued trial beside the forge or the furnace, that the goldsmith can find out how to govern his gold, or the glass-worker his crystal; and it is only by watching and assisting the actual practice of a master in the business, that the apprentice can learn the efficient secrets of manipulation, or perceive the true limits of the involved conditions of design. It seems to me, therefore, that

all idea of reference to definite businesses should be abandoned in such schools as that just established : we can have neither the materials, the conveniences, nor the empirical skill in the master, necessary to make such teaching useful. All specific Art-teaching must be given in schools established by each trade for itself : and when our operatives are a little more enlightened on these matters, there will be found, as I have already stated in my lectures on the political economy of Art, absolute necessity for the establishment of guilds of trades in an active and practical form, for the purposes of ascertaining the principles of Art proper to their business, and instructing their apprentices in them, as well as making experiments on materials, and on newly-invented methods of procedure ; besides many other functions which I cannot now enter into account of. All this for the present, and in a school such as this, I repeat, we cannot hope for : we shall obtain no satisfactory result, unless we give up such hope, and set ourselves to teaching the operative, however employed—be he farmer's labourer, or manufacturer's ; be he mechanic, artificer, shopman, sailor, or ploughman—teaching, I say, as far as we can, one and the same thing to all ; namely, Sight.

Not a slight thing to teach, this : perhaps, on the whole, the most important thing to be taught in the whole range of teaching. To be taught to read—what is the use of that, if you know not whether what you read is false or true ? To be taught to write or to speak—but what is the use of speaking, if you have nothing to say ? To be taught to think—nay, what is the use of being able to think, if you have nothing to think of ? But to be taught to see is to gain word and thought at once, and both true. There is a vague acknowledgment of this in the way people are continually expressing their longings for light, until all the common language of our prayers and hymns has sunk into little more than one monotonous metaphor, dimly twisted into alternate languages,—asking first in Latin to be illuminated ; and then in English to be enlightened ; and then in Latin again to be delivered out of obscurity ; and then in English to be delivered out of

darkness; and then for beams, and rays, and suns, and stars, and lamps, until sometimes one wishes that, at least for religious purposes, there were no such words as light or darkness in existence. Still, the main instinct which makes people endure this perpetuity of repetition is a true one; only the main thing they want and ought to ask for is, not light, but Sight. It doesn't matter how much light you have if you don't know how to use it. It may very possibly put out your eyes, instead of helping them. Besides, we want, in this world of ours, very often to be able to see in the dark—that's the great gift of all;—but at any rate to see; no matter by what light, so only we can see things as they are. On my word, we should soon make it a different world, if we could get but a little—ever so little—of the dervish's ointment in the Arabian Nights, not to show us the treasures of the earth, but the facts of it.

However, whether these things be generally true or not, at all events it is certain that our immediate business, in such a school as this, will prosper more by attending to eyes than to hands; we shall always do most good by simply endeavouring to enable the student to see natural objects clearly and truly. We ought not even to try too strenuously to give him the power of representing them. That power may be acquired more or less, by exercises which are no wise conducive to accuracy of sight: and, *vice versâ*, accuracy of sight may be gained by exercises which in no wise conduce to ease of representation. For instance, it very much assists the power of drawing to spend many hours in the practice of washing in flat tints; but all this manual practice does not in the least increase the student's power of determining what the tint of a given object actually is. He would be more advanced in the knowledge of the facts by a single hour of well-directed and well-*corrected* effort, rubbing out and putting in again, lightening, and darkening, and scratching, and blotching, in patient endeavours to obtain concordance with fact, issuing perhaps after all, in total destruction or unrepresentability of the drawing; but also in acute perception of the things he has been

attempting to copy in it. Of course, there is always a vast temptation, felt both by the master and student, to struggle towards visible results, and obtain something beautiful, creditable, or saleable, in way of actual drawing: but the more I see of schools, the more reason I see to look with doubt upon those which produce too many showy and complete works by the pupils. A showy work will always be found, on stern examination of it, to have been done by some conventional rule;—some servile compliance with directions which the student does not see the reason for; and representation of truths which he has not himself perceived: the execution of such drawings will be found monotonous and lifeless; their light and shade specious and formal, but false. A drawing which the pupil has learned much in doing, is nearly always full of blunders and mishaps, and it is highly necessary for the formation of a truly public or universal school of Art, that the masters should not try to conceal or anticipate such blunders, but only seek to employ the pupil's time so as to get the most precious results for his understanding and his heart, not for his hand.

For, observe, the best that you can do in the production of drawing, or of draughtsmanship, must always be nothing in itself, unless the whole life be given to it. An amateur's drawing, or a workman's drawing—anybody's drawing but an artist's, is always valueless in itself. It may be, as you have just heard Mr. Redgrave tell you, most precious as a memorial, or as a gift, or as a means of noting useful facts; but as *Art*, an amateur's drawing is always wholly worthless; and it ought to be one of our great objects to make the pupil understand and feel that, and prevent his trying to make his valueless work look, in some superficial, hypocritical, eye-catching, penny-catching way, like work that is really good.

If, therefore, we have to do with pupils belonging to the higher ranks of life, our main duty will be to make them good judges of Art, rather than artists; for though I had a month to speak to you, instead of an hour, time would fail me if I tried to trace the various ways in which we suffer,

nationally, for want of powers of enlightened judgment of Art in our upper and middle classes. Not that this judgment can ever be obtained without discipline of the hand : no man ever was a thorough judge of painting who could not draw ; but the drawing should only be thought of as a means of fixing his attention upon the subtleties of the Art put before him, or of enabling him to record such natural facts as are necessary for comparison with it. I should also attach the greatest importance to severe limitation of choice in the examples submitted to him. To study one good master till you understand him will teach you more than a superficial acquaintance with a thousand : power of criticism does not consist in knowing the names or the manner of many painters, but in discerning the excellence of a few.

If, on the contrary, our teaching is addressed more definitely to the operative, we need not endeavour to render his powers of criticism very acute. About many forms of existing Art, the less he knows the better. His sensibilities are to be cultivated with respect to nature chiefly ; and his imagination, if possible, to be developed, even though somewhat to the disadvantage of his judgment. It is better that his work should be bold, than faultless ; and better that it should be delightful, than discreet.

And this leads me to the second, or commercial, question ; namely, how to get from the workman, after we have trained him, the best and most precious work, so as to enable ourselves to compete with foreign countries, or develop new branches of commerce in our own.

Many of us, perhaps, are under the impression that plenty of schooling will do this ; that plenty of lecturing will do it ; that sending abroad for patterns will do it ; or that patience, time, and money, and goodwill may do it. And, alas, none of these things, nor all of them put together, will do it. If you want really good work, such as will be acknowledged by all the world, there is but one way of getting it, and that is a difficult one. You may offer any premium you choose for it—but you will find it can't be done for premiums. You may

send for patterns to the antipodes—but you will find it can't be done upon patterns. You may lecture on the principles of Art to every school in the kingdom—and you will find it can't be done upon principles. You may wait patiently for the progress of the age—and you will find your Art is unprogressive. Or you may set yourselves impatiently to urge it by the inventions of the age—and you will find your chariot of Art entirely immovable either by screw or paddle. There's no way of getting good Art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to enjoy it. Examine the history of nations, and you will find this great fact clear and unmistakable on the front of it—that good Art has only been produced by nations who rejoiced in it; fed themselves with it, as if it were bread; basked in it, as if it were sunshine; shouted at the sight of it; danced with the delight of it; quarrelled for it; fought for it; starved for it; did, in fact, precisely the opposite with it of what we want to do with it—they made it to keep, and we to sell.

And truly this is a serious difficulty for us as a commercial nation. The very primary motive with which we set about the business, makes the business impossible. The first and absolute condition of the thing's ever becoming saleable is, that we shall make it without wanting to sell it; nay, rather with a determination not to sell it at any price, if once we get hold of it. Try to make your Art popular, cheap—a fair article for your foreign market; and the foreign market will always show something better. But make it only to please yourselves, and even be resolved that you won't let anybody else have any; and forthwith you will find everybody else wants it. And observe, the insuperable difficulty is this making it to please ourselves, while we are incapable of pleasure. Take, for instance, the simplest example, which we can all understand, in the art of dress. We have made a great fuss about the patterns of silk lately; wanting to vie with Lyons, and make a Paris of London. Well, we may try for ever: so long as we don't really enjoy silk patterns, we shall never get any. And we don't enjoy them. Of course, all ladies like

their dresses to sit well, and be becoming; but of real enjoyment of the beauty of the silk, for the silk's own sake, I find none; for the test of that enjoyment is, that they would like it also to sit well, and look well, on somebody else. The pleasure of being well dressed, or even of seeing well-dressed people—for I will suppose in my fair hearers that degree of unselfishness—be that pleasure great or small, is quite a different thing from delight in the beauty and play of the silken folds and colours themselves, for their own gorgeousness or grace.

I have just had a remarkable proof of the total want of this feeling in the modern mind. I was staying part of this summer in Turin, for the purpose of studying one of the Paul Veroneses there—the presentation of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. Well, one of the most notable characters in this picture is the splendour of its silken dresses: and, in particular, there was a piece of white brocade, with designs upon it in gold, which it was one of my chief objects in stopping at Turin to copy. You may, perhaps, be surprised at this; but I must just note in passing, that I share this weakness of enjoying dress patterns with all good students and all good painters. It doesn't matter what school they belong to—Fra Angelico, Perugino, John Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Tintoret, Veronese, Leonardo da Vinci—no matter how they differ in other respects, all of them like dress patterns; and what is more, the nobler the painter is, the surer he is to do his patterns well.

I stayed then, as I say, to make a study of this white brocade. It generally happens in public galleries that the best pictures are the worst placed: and this Veronese is not only hung at considerable height above the eye, but over a door, through which, however, as all the visitors to the gallery must pass, they cannot easily overlook the picture, though they would find great difficulty in examining it. Beside this door, I had a stage erected for my work, which being of some height and rather in a corner, enabled me to observe, without being observed myself, the impression made by the picture on

the various visitors. It seemed to me that if ever a work of Art caught popular attention, this ought to do so. It was of very large size; of brilliant colour, and of agreeable subject. There are about twenty figures in it, the principal ones being life size: that of Solomon, though in the shade, is by far the most perfect conception of the young king in his pride of wisdom and beauty which I know in the range of Italian art; the queen is one of the loveliest of Veronese's female figures; all the accessories are full of grace and imagination; and the finish of the whole so perfect that one day I was upwards of two hours vainly trying to render, with perfect accuracy, the curves of two leaves of the brocaded silk. The English travellers used to walk through the room in considerable numbers; and were invariably directed to the picture by their *laquais de place*, if they missed seeing it themselves. And to this painting—in which it took me six weeks to examine rightly two figures—I found that on an average, the English traveller who was doing Italy conscientiously, and seeing everything as he thought he ought, gave about half or three quarters of a minute; but the flying or fashionable traveller, who came to do as much as he could in a given time, never gave more than a single glance, most of such people turning aside instantly to a bad landscape hung on the right, containing a vigorously painted white wall, and an opaque green moat. What especially impressed me, however, was that none of the ladies ever stopped to look at the dresses in the Veronese. Certainly they were far more beautiful than any in the shops in the great square, yet no one ever noticed them. Sometimes when any nice, sharp-looking, bright-eyed girl came into the room, I used to watch her all the way, thinking—"Come, at least *you'll* see what the Queen of Sheba has got on." But no—on she would come carelessly, with a little toss of the head, apparently signifying "nothing in *this* room worth looking at—except myself," and so trip through the door, and away.

The fact is, we don't care for pictures: in very deed we don't. The Academy exhibition is a thing to talk of and

to amuse vacant hours; those who are rich amongst us buy a painting or two, for mixed reasons, sometimes to fill the corner of a passage—sometimes to help the drawing-room talk before dinner—sometimes because the painter is fashionable—occasionally because he is poor—not unfrequently that we may have a collection of specimens of painting, as we have specimens of minerals or butterflies—and in the best and rarest case of all, because we have really, as we call it, taken a fancy to the picture; meaning the same sort of fancy which one would take to a pretty arm-chair or a newly shaped decanter. But as for real love of the picture, and joy of it when we have got it, I do not believe it is felt by one in a thousand.

I am afraid this apathy of ours will not be easily conquered; but even supposing it should, and that we should begin to enjoy pictures properly, and that the supply of good ones increased as in that case it *would* increase—then comes another question. Perhaps some of my hearers this evening may occasionally have heard it stated of me that I am rather apt to contradict myself. I hope I am exceedingly apt to do so. I never met with a question yet, of any importance, which did not need, for the right solution of it, at least one positive and one negative answer, like an equation of the second degree. Mostly, matters of any consequence are three-sided, or four-sided, or polygonal; and the trotting round a polygon is severe work for people any way stiff in their opinions. For myself, I am never satisfied that I have handled a subject properly till I have contradicted myself at least three times, but once must do for this evening. I have just said that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we delight in it: next I say, and just as positively, that there is no chance of our getting good Art unless we resist our delight in it. We must love it first, and restrain our love for it afterwards.

This sounds strange; and yet I assure you it is true. In fact whenever anything does not sound strange, you may generally doubt its being true; for all truth is wonderful. But take an instance in physical matters, of the same kind of contradiction. Suppose you were explaining to a young

student in astronomy how the earth was kept steady in its orbit; you would have to state to him—would you not?—that the earth always had a tendency to fall to the sun; and that also it always had a tendency to fly away from the sun. These are two precisely contrary statements for him to digest at his leisure, before he can understand how the earth moves. Now, in like manner, when art is set in its true and serviceable course, it moves under the luminous attraction of pleasure on the one side, and with a stout moral purpose of going about some useful business on the other. If the artist works without delight, he passes away into space, and perishes of cold: if he works only for delight, he falls into the sun, and extinguishes himself in ashes. On the whole, this last is the fate, I do not say the most to be feared, but which Art has generally hitherto suffered, and which the great nations of the earth have suffered with it.

For, while most distinctly you may perceive in past history that Art has never been produced, except by nations who took pleasure in it, just as assuredly, and even more plainly, you may perceive that Art has always destroyed the power and life of those who pursued it for pleasure only. Surely this fact must have struck you as you glanced at the career of the great nations of the earth: surely it must have occurred to you as a point for serious questioning, how far, even in our days, we were wise in promoting the advancement of pleasures which appeared as yet only to have corrupted the souls and numbed the strength of those who attained to them. I have been complaining of England that she despises the Arts; but I might, with still more appearance of justice, complain that she does not rather dread them than despise. For, what has been the source of the ruin of nations since the world began? Has it been plague, or famine, earthquake-shock or volcano-flame? None of these ever prevailed against a great people, so as to make their name pass from the earth. In every period and place of national decline, you will find other causes than these at work to bring it about, namely, luxury, effeminaey, love of pleasure, fineness in Art, ingenuity in enjoyment.

What is the main lesson which, as far as we seek any in our classical reading, we gather for our youth from ancient history? Surely this—that simplicity of life, of language, and of manners gives strength to a nation; and that luxuriousness of life, subtlety of language, and smoothness of manners bring weakness and destruction on a nation. While men possess little and desire less, they remain brave and noble: while they are scornful of all the arts of luxury, and are in the sight of other nations as barbarians, their swords are irresistible and their sway illimitable: but let them become sensitive to the refinements of taste, and quick in the capacities of pleasure, and that instant the fingers that had grasped the iron rod, fail from the golden sceptre. You cannot charge me with any exaggeration in this matter; it is impossible to state the truth too strongly, or as too universal. For ever you will see the rude and simple nation at once more virtuous and more victorious than one practised in the arts. Watch how the Lydian is overthrown by the Persian; the Persian by the Athenian; the Athenian by the Spartan; then the whole of polished Greece by the rougher Roman; the Roman, in his turn refined, only to be crushed by the Goth: and at the turning point of the middle ages, the liberty of Europe first asserted, the virtues of Christianity best practised, and its doctrines best attested, by a handful of mountain shepherds, without art, without literature, almost without a language, yet remaining unconquered in the midst of the Teutonic chivalry, and uncorrupted amidst the hierarchies of Rome.*

I was strangely struck by this great fact during the course of a journey last summer among the northern vales of Switzerland. My mind had been turned to the subject of the ulti-

* I ought perhaps to remind the reader that this statement refers to two different societies among the Alps; the Waldenses in the 13th, and the people of the Forest Cantons in the 14th and following centuries. Protestants are perhaps apt sometimes to forget that the virtues of these mountaineers were shown in connection with vital forms of opposing religions; and that the patriots of Schwytz and Uri were as zealous Roman Catholics as they were good soldiers. We have to lay to their charge the death of Zuinglius as well as of Gessler.

mate effects of Art on national mind before I left England, and I went straight to the chief fields of Swiss history: first to the centre of her feudal power, Hapsburg, the hawk's nest from which the Swiss Rodolph rose to found the Austrian empire; and then to the heart of her republicanism, that little glen of Morgarten, where first in the history of Europe the shepherd's staff prevailed over the soldier's spear. And it was somewhat depressing to me to find, as day by day I found more certainly, that this people which first asserted the liberties of Europe, and first conceived the idea of equitable laws, was in all the—shall I call them the slighter, or the higher?—sensibilities of the human mind, utterly deficient; and not only had remained from its earliest ages till now, without poetry, without Art, and without music, except a mere modulated cry; but, as far as I could judge from the rude efforts of their early monuments, would have been, at the time of their greatest national probity and power, incapable of producing good poetry or Art under any circumstances of education.

I say, this was a sad thing for me to find. And then, to mend the matter, I went straight over into Italy, and came at once upon a curious instance of the patronage of Art, of the character that usually inclines most to such patronage, and of the consequences thereof.

From Morgarten and Grutli, I intended to have crossed to the Vaudois Valleys, to examine the shepherd character there; but on the way I had to pass through Turin, where unexpectedly I found the Paul Veroneses, one of which, as I told you just now, stayed me at once for six weeks. Naturally enough, one asked how these beautiful Veroneses came there: and found they had been commissioned by Cardinal Maurice of Savoy. Worthy Cardinal, I thought: that's what Cardinals were made for. However, going a little farther in the gallery, one comes upon four very graceful pictures by Albani—these also commissioned by the Cardinal, and commissioned with special directions, according to the Cardinal's fancy. Four pictures, to be illustrative of the four elements.

One of the most curious things in the mind of the people of that century is their delight in these four elements, and in the four seasons. They had hardly any other idea of decorating a room, or of choosing a subject for a picture, than by some renewed reference to fire and water, or summer and winter; nor were ever tired of hearing that summer came after spring, and that air was not earth, until these interesting pieces of information got finally and poetically expressed in that well-known piece of elegant English conversation about the weather, Thomson's "Seasons." So the Cardinal, not appearing to have any better idea than the popular one, orders the four elements; but thinking that the elements pure would be slightly dull, he orders them, in one way or another, to be mixed up with Cupids; to have, in his own words, "*una copiosa quantita di Amorini*." Albani supplied the Cardinal accordingly with Cupids in clusters; they hang in the sky like bunches of cherries; and leap out of the sea like flying fish; grow out of the earth in fairy rings; and explode out the fire like squibs. No work whatsoever is done in any of the four elements, but by the Cardinal's Cupids. They are ploughing the earth with their arrows; fishing in the sea with their bow-strings; driving the clouds with their breath; and fanning the fire with their wings. A few beautiful nymphs are assisting them here and there in pearl-fishing, flower-gathering, and other such branches of graceful industry; the moral of the whole being, that the sea was made for its pearls, the earth for its flowers, and all the world for pleasure.

Well, the Cardinal, this great encourager of the arts, having these industrial and social theories, carried them out in practice, as you may perhaps remember, by obtaining a dispensation from the Pope to marry his own niece, and building a villa for her on one of the slopes of the pretty hills which rise to the east of the city. The villa which he built is now one of the principal objects of interest to the traveller as an example of Italian domestic architecture: to me, during my stay in the city, it was much more than an object of interest; for its deserted gardens were by much the pleasantest place I could

find for walking or thinking in, in the hot summer afternoons.

I say thinking, for these gardens often gave me a good deal to think about. They are, as I told you, on the slope of the hill above the city, to the east; commanding, therefore, the view over it and beyond it, westward—a view which, perhaps, of all those that can be obtained north of the Apennines, gives the most comprehensive idea of the nature of Italy, considered as one great country. If you glance at the map, you will observe that Turin is placed in the centre of the crescent which the Alps form round the basin of Piedmont; it is within ten miles of the foot of the mountains at the nearest point; and from that point the chain extends half round the city in one unbroken Moorish crescent, forming three-fourths of a circle from the Col de Tende to the St. Gothard; that is to say, just two hundred miles of Alps, as the bird flies. I don't speak rhetorically or carelessly; I speak as I ought to speak here—with mathematical precision. Take the scale on your map; measure fifty miles of it accurately; try that measure from the Col de Tende to the St. Gothard, and you will find that four chords of fifty miles will not quite reach to the two extremities of the curve.

You see, then, from this spot, the plain of Piedmont, on the north and south, literally as far as the eye can reach; so that the plain terminates as the sea does, with a level blue line, only tufted with woods instead of waves, and crowded with towers of cities instead of ships. Then, in the luminous air beyond and behind this blue horizon-line, stand, as it were, the shadows of mountains, they themselves dark, for the southern slopes of the Alps of the Lago Maggiore and Bellinzona are all without snow; but the light of the unseen snowfields, lying level behind the visible peaks, is sent up with strange reflection upon the clouds; an everlasting light of calm Aurora in the north. Then, higher and higher around the approaching darkness of the plain, rise the central chains, not as on the Switzer's side, a recognizable group and following of successive and separate hills, but a wilderness of jagged peaks,

cast in passionate and fierce profusion along the circumference of heaven : precipice behind precipice, and gulf beyond gulf, filled with the flaming of the sunset, and forming mighty channels for the flowings of the clouds, which roll up against them out of the vast Italian plain, forced together by the narrowing crescent, and breaking up at last against the Alpine wall in towers of spectral spray ; or sweeping up its ravines with long moans of complaining thunder. Out from between the cloudy pillars, as they pass, emerge for ever the great battlements of the memorable and perpetual hills : Viso, with her shepherd-witnesses to ancient faith ; Rocca-Melone, the highest place of Alpine pilgrimage ;* Iseran, who shed her burial sheets of snow about the march of Hannibal ; Cenis, who shone with her glacier light on the descent of Charlemagne ; Paradiso, who watched with her opposite crest the stoop of the French eagle to Marengo ; and underneath all these, lying in her soft languor, this tender Italy, lapped in dews of sleep, or more than sleep—one knows not if it is trance, from which morning shall yet roll the blinding mists away, or if the fair shadows of her quietude are indeed the shades of purple death. And, lifted a little above this solemn plain, and looking beyond it to its snowy ramparts, vainly guardian, stands this palace dedicate to pleasure, the whole legend of Italy's past history written before it by the finger of God, written as with an iron pen upon the rock for ever, on all those fronting

* The summit of Rocca-Melone is the sharp peak seen from Turin on the right hand of the gorge of the Cenis, dominant over the low projecting pyramid of the hill called by De Saussure Montagne de Musinet. Rocca-Melone rises to a height of 11,000 feet above the sea, and its peak is a place of pilgrimage to this day, though it seems temporarily to have ceased to be so in the time of De Saussure, who thus speaks of it :

“ Il y a eu pendant long-tems sur cette cime, une petite chapelle avec une image de Notre Dame qui étoit en grande vénération dans le pays, et où un grand nombre de gens alloient au mois d'aôût en procession, de Suze et des environs ; mais le sentier qui conduit à cette chapelle est si étroit et si escabreux qu'il n'y avoit presque pas d'années qu'il n'y pèrit du monde ; la fatigue et la rareté de l'air saisissoient ceux qui avoient plutôt consulté leur dévotion que leurs forces ; ils tombèrent en défaillance, et de là dans la précipice.”

walls of reproachful Alp; blazoned in gold of lightning upon the clouds that still open and close their unsealed scrolls in heaven; painted in purple and scarlet upon the mighty misal pages of sunset after sunset, spread vainly before a nation's eyes for a nation's prayer. So stands this palace of pleasure; desolate as it deserves—desolate in smooth corridor and glittering chamber—desolate in pleached walk and planted bower—desolate in that worst and bitterest abandonment which leaves no light of memory. No ruins are here of walls rent by war, and falling above their defenders into mounds of graves: no remnants are here of chapel-altar, or temple-porch, left shattered or silent by the power of some purer worship: no vestiges are here of sacred hearth and sweet homestead, left lonely through vicissitudes of fate, and heaven-sent sorrow. Nothing is here but the vain apparellings of pride sunk into dishonour, and vain appanages of delight now no more delightful. The hill-waters, that once flowed and plashed in the garden fountains, now trickle sadly through the weeds that encumber their basins, with a sound as of tears: the creeping, insidious, neglected flowers weave their burning nets about the white marble of the balustrades, and rend them slowly, block from block, and stone from stone: the thin, sweet-scented leaves tremble along the old masonry joints as if with palsy at every breeze; and the dark lichens, golden and grey, make the foot-fall silent in the path's centre.

And day by day as I walked there, the same sentence seemed whispered by every shaking leaf, and every dying echo, of garden and chamber.

“Thus end all the arts of life, only in death; and thus issue all the gifts of man, only in his dishonour, when they are pursued or possessed in the service of pleasure only.”

This then is the great enigma of Art History,—you must not follow Art without pleasure, nor must you follow it for the sake of pleasure. And the solution of that enigma, is simply this fact; that wherever Art has been followed *only* for the sake of luxury or delight, it has contributed, and largely contributed, to bring about the destruction of the

nation practising it: but wherever Art has been used *also* to teach any truth, or supposed truth—religious, moral, or natural—there it has elevated the nation practising it, and itself with the nation.

Thus the Art of Greece rose, and did service to the people, so long as it was to them the earnest interpreter of a religion they believed in: the Arts of northern sculpture and architecture rose, as interpreters of Christian legend and doctrine; the Art of painting in Italy, not only as religious, but also mainly as expressive of truths of moral philosophy, and powerful in human portraiture. The only great painters in our schools of painting in England have either been of portrait—Reynolds and Gainsborough; of the philosophy of social life—Hogarth; or of the facts of nature in landscape—Wilson and Turner. In all these cases, if I had time, I could show you that the success of the painter depended on his desire to convey a truth, rather than to produce a merely beautiful picture; that is to say, to get a likeness of a man, or of a place; to get some moral principle rightly stated, or some historical character rightly described, rather than merely to give pleasure to the eyes. Compare the feeling with which a Moorish architect decorated an arch of the Alhambra, with that of Hogarth painting the “Marriage à la Mode,” or of Wilkie painting the “Chelsea Pensioners,” and you will at once feel the difference between Art pursued for pleasure only, and for the sake of some useful principle or impression.

But what you might not so easily discern is, that even when painting does appear to have been pursued for pleasure only, if ever you find it rise to any noble level, you will also find that a stern search after truth has been at the root of its nobleness. You may fancy, perhaps, that Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret were painters for the sake of pleasure only: but in reality they were the only painters who ever sought entirely to master, and who did entirely master, the truths of light and shade as associated with colour, in the noblest of all physical created things, the human form. They were the only men who ever painted the human body; all other

painters of the great schools are mere anatomical draughtsmen compared to them ; rather makers of maps of the body, than painters of it. The Venetians alone, by a toil almost superhuman, succeeded at last in obtaining a power almost superhuman ; and were able finally to paint the highest visible work of God with unexaggerated structure, undegraded colour, and unaffected gesture. It seems little to say this ; but I assure you it is much to have *done* this—so much, that no other men but the Venetians ever did it : none of them ever painted the human body without in some degree caricaturing the anatomy, forcing the action, or degrading the hue.

Now, therefore, the sum of all is, that you who wish to encourage Art in England have to do two things with it : you must delight in it, in the first place ; and you must get it to serve some serious work, in the second place. I don't mean by serious, necessarily moral ; all that I mean by serious is in some way or other useful, not merely selfish, careless, or indolent. I had, indeed, intended before closing my address, to have traced out a few of the directions in which, as it seems to me, Art may be seriously and practically serviceable to us in the career of civilization. I had hoped to show you how many of the great phenomena of nature still remained unrecorded by it, for *us* to record ; how many of the historical monuments of Europe were perishing without memorial, for the want of a little honest, simple, laborious, loving draughtsmanship ; how many of the most impressive historical events of the day failed of teaching us half of what they were meant to teach, for want of painters to represent them faithfully, instead of fancifully, and with historical truth for their aim, instead of national self-glorification. I had hoped to show you how many of the best impulses of the heart were lost in frivolity or sensuality, for want of purer beauty to contemplate, and of noble thoughts to associate with the fervour of hallowed human passion ; how, finally, a great part of the vital power of our religious faith was lost in us, for want of such art as would realise in some rational, probable, believable way, those events of sacred history which, as they visibly and

intelligibly occurred, may also be visibly and intelligibly represented. But all this I dare not do yet. I felt, as I thought over these things, that the time was not yet come for their declaration: the time will come for it, and I believe soon; but as yet, the man would only lay himself open to the charge of vanity, of imagination, and of idle fondness of hope, who should venture to trace in words the course of the highest blessings which the Arts may have yet in store for mankind. As yet there is no need to do so: all that we have to plead for is an earnest and straightforward exertion in those courses of study which are open to us day by day, believing only that they are to be followed gravely and for grave purposes, as by men, and not by children. I appeal, finally, to all those who are to become the pupils of these schools, to keep clear of the notion of following Art as dilettantism: it ought to delight you, as your reading delights you—but you never think of your reading as dilettantism. It ought to delight you as your studies of physical science delight you—but you don't call physical science dilettantism. If you are determined only to think of Art as a play or a pleasure, give it up at once: you will do no good to yourselves, and you will degrade the pursuit in the sight of others. Better, infinitely better, that you should never enter a picture gallery, than that you should enter only to saunter and to smile: better, infinitely better, that you should never handle a pencil at all, than handle it only for the sake of complacency in your small dexterity: better, infinitely better, that you should be wholly uninterested in pictures, and uninformed respecting them, than that you should just know enough to detect blemishes in great works,—to give a colour of reasonableness to presumption, and an appearance of acuteness to misunderstanding. Above all, I would plead for this so far as the teaching of these schools may be addressed to the junior Members of the University. Men employed in any kind of manual labour, by which they must live, are not likely to take up the notion that they can learn any other art for amusement only; but amateurs are: and it is of the highest importance

nay, it is just the one thing of all importance, to show them what drawing really means; and not so much to teach them to produce a good work themselves, as to know it when they see it done by others. Good work, in the stern sense of the word, as I before said, no mere amateur can do; and good work, in any sense, that is to say, profitable work for himself or for any one else, he can only do by being made in the beginning to see what is possible for him, and what not; — what is accessible, and what not; and by having the majesty and sternness of the everlasting laws of fact set before him in their infinitude. It is no matter for appalling him: the man is great already who is made well capable of being appalled; nor do we ever wisely hope, nor truly understand, till we are humiliated by our hope, and awestruck by our understanding. Nay, I will go farther than this, and say boldly, that what you may have mainly to teach the young men here is, not so much what they can do, as what they cannot;—to make them see how much there is in nature which cannot be imitated, and how much in man which cannot be emulated. He only can be truly said to be educated in Art to whom all his work is only a feeble sign of glories which he cannot convey, and a feeble means of measuring, with ever-enlarging admiration, the great and untraversable gulf which God has set between the great and the common intelligences of mankind: and all the triumphs of Art which man can commonly achieve are only truly crowned by pure delight in natural scenes themselves, and by the sacred and self-forgetful veneration which can be nobly abashed, and tremblingly exalted, in the presence of a human spirit greater than his own.

CŒLI ENARRANT.

STUDIES OF CLOUD FORM

AND OF ITS VISIBLE CAUSES.

COLLECTED AND COMPLETED OUT OF

‘‘MODERN PAINTERS.’’

BY

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NEW YORK:

JOHN WILEY & SONS,

15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

PREFACE.

THE studies of the nature and form of clouds, reprinted in the following pages from the fourth and fifth volumes of 'Modern Painters,' will be in this series third in order, as they are in those volumes, of the treatises on natural history which were there made the foundation of judgment in landscape art. But the essay on trees will require more careful annotation than I have at present time for, and I am also desirous of placing these cloud studies quickly in the hands of any one who may have been interested in my account of recent storms. I find nothing to alter,* and little to explain, in the following portions of my former work, in which such passages as the eighth and ninth paragraphs of the opening chapter—usually thought of by the public merely as word-painting, but which are in reality accurately abstracted, and finally concentrated, expressions of the general laws of natural phenomena,†—are indeed among the best I have ever written, and in their way, I am not ashamed to express my conviction, unlikely to be surpassed by any other author. But it may be necessary

* Sometimes a now useless reference to other parts of the book is omitted, or one necessary to connect the sentence broken by such omission; otherwise I do not retouch the original text.

† Thus the sentence at page 7, "murmuring only when the winds raise them, or rocks divide," does not describe, or word-paint, the sound of waters, but (with only the admitted art of a carefully reiterated 'r') sums the general *causes* of it; while, again, the immediately following one, defining the imitations of sea and river, "restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels," attempts no word-painting either of coast or burn-side; but states, with only such ornament of its simplicity as could be got of the doubled 't' and doubled 'ch,' the fact of the stability of existing rock structure which I was, at that time, alone among geologists in asserting.

to advise the student of these now isolated chapters not to interpret any of their expressions of awe or wonder as meaning to attribute any supernatural, or in any special sense miraculous, character to the phenomena described, other than that of their adaptation to human feeling or need. I did not in the least mean to insinuate, because it was not easy to explain the buoyancy of clouds, that they were supported in the air as St. Francis in his ecstasy; or because the forms of a thunder-cloud were terrific, that they were less natural than those of a diamond; but in all the forms and actions of non-sentient things, I recognized, (as more at length explained in the conclusion of my essay on the plague cloud) constant miracle, and according to the need and deserving of man, more or less constantly manifest Deity. Time, and times, have since passed over my head, and have taught me to hope for more than this;—nay, perhaps so much more as that in English cities, where two or three are gathered in His name, such vision as that recorded by the sea-king Dandolo * might again be seen, when he was commanded that in the midst of the city he should build a church, “in the place above which he should see a red cloud rest.”

J. RUSKIN.

OXFORD, *November 8th*, 1884.

* St. Mark's.

CŒLI ENARRANT.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRMAMENT.

‘Modern Painters,’ Vol. IV., Part V., Chap. VI.

I. THE task which we now enter upon, as explained in the close of the preceding chapter, is the ascertaining as far as possible what the proper effect of the natural beauty of different objects *ought* to be on the human mind, and the degree in which this nature of theirs, and true influence, have been understood and transmitted by Turner.

I mean to begin with the mountains, for the sake of convenience in illustration, but, in the proper order of thought, the clouds ought to be considered first; and I think it will be well, in this intermediate chapter, to bring to a close that line of reasoning by which we have gradually, as I hope, strengthened the defences around the love of mystery, which distinguishes our modern art; and to show, on final and conclusive authority, what noble things these clouds are, and with what feeling it seems to be intended by their Creator that we should contemplate them.

2. The account given of the stages of creation in the first chapter of Genesis is in every respect clear and intelligible to the simplest reader, except in the statement of the work of the second day. I suppose that this statement is passed over by careless readers as a sublime mystery which was not intended to be understood. But there is no mystery in any other part of the chapter, and it seems to me unjust to conclude that any was intended here.

And the passage ought to be peculiarly interesting to us, as being the first in the Bible in which the *heavens* are named, and the only one in which the word "Heaven," all important as that word is to our understanding of the most precious promises of Scripture, receives a definite explanation.

Let us, therefore, see whether by a careful comparison of the verse with other passages in which the word occurs, we may not be able to arrive at as clear an understanding of this portion of the chapter as of the rest.

3. In the first place the English word "Firmament" itself is useless, because we never employ it but as a synonym of heaven; it conveys no other distinct idea to us; and the verse, though from our familiarity with it we imagine that it possesses meaning, has in reality no more point or value than if it were written, "God said, Let there be a something in the midst of the waters, and God called the something Heaven."

But the marginal reading, "Expansion," has definite value, and the statement that "God said, Let there be an expansion in the midst of the waters, and God called the expansion Heaven," has an apprehensible meaning.

4. Accepting this expression as the one intended, we have next to ask what expansion there is between two waters, describable by the term Heaven. Milton adopts the term "expanses" *; but he understands it of the whole volume of the air which surrounds the earth. Whereas, so far as we can tell there is no water beyond the air, in the fields of space; and the whole expression of division of waters from waters is thus rendered valueless.

5. Now, with respect to this whole chapter, we must remember always that it is intended for the instruction of all mankind, not for the learned reader only; and that, therefore

* "God made
The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, elemental air, diffused
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great round."

the most simple and natural interpretation is the likeliest in general to be the true one. An unscientific reader knows little about the manner in which the volume of the atmosphere surrounds the earth ; but I imagine that he could hardly glance at the sky when rain was falling in the distance, and see the level line of the bases of the clouds from which the shower descended, without being able to attach an instant and easy meaning to the words “expansion in the midst of the waters.” And, if having once seized this idea, he proceeded to examine it more accurately, he would perceive at once, if he had ever noticed *anything* of the nature of clouds, that the level line of their bases did indeed most severely and stringently divide “waters from waters,” that is to say, divide water in its collective and tangible state, from water in its divided and aerial state ; or the waters which *fall* and *flow*, from those which *rise* and *float*. Next, if we try this interpretation in the theological sense of the word *Heaven*, and examine whether the clouds are spoken of as God’s dwelling-place, we find God going before the Israelites in a pillar of cloud ; revealing Himself in a cloud on Sinai ; appearing in a cloud on the mercy seat ; filling the Temple of Solomon with the cloud when its dedication is accepted ; appearing in a great cloud to Ezekiel ; ascending into a cloud before the eyes of the disciples on Mount Olivet, and in like manner returning to Judgment. “Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him.” “Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven, with power and great glory.”* While farther, the “clouds” and “heavens” are used as interchangeable words in those Psalms which most distinctly set forth the power of God : “He bowed the heavens also, and came down ; He made darkness pavilions round about Him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies.” And again, “Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.”

* The reader may refer to the following texts, which it is needless to quote :—Exod. xiii. 21, xvi. 10, xix. 9, xxiv. 16, xxxiv. 5 ; Levit. xvi. 2 ; Num. x. 34 ; Judges v. 4 ; 1 Kings viii. 10 ; Ezek. i. 4 ; Dan. vii. 13 ; Matt. xxiv. 30 ; 1 Thess. iv. 17 ; Rev. i. 7.

And again: "His excellency is over Israel, and His strength is in the clouds." Again: "The clouds poured out water, the skies sent out a sound, the voice of Thy thunder was in the heaven." Again: "Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne; the heavens declare His righteousness, and all the people see His glory."

6. In all these passages the meaning is unmistakable, if they possess definite meaning at all. We are too apt to take them merely for sublime and vague imagery, and therefore gradually to lose the apprehension of their life and power. The expression, "He bowed the heavens," for instance, is, I suppose, received by most readers as a magnificent hyperbole, having reference to some peculiar and fearful manifestation of God's power to the writer of the Psalm in which the words occur. But the expression either has plain meaning, or it has *no* meaning. Understand by the term "Heavens" the compass of infinite space around the earth, and the expression, "bowed the Heavens," however sublime, is wholly without meaning; infinite space cannot be bent or bowed. But understand by the "Heavens" the veil of clouds above the earth, and the expression is neither hyperbolical nor obscure; it is pure, plain, and accurate truth, and it describes God, not as revealing Himself in any peculiar way to David, but doing what He is still doing before our own eyes day by day. By accepting the words in their simple sense, we are thus led to apprehend the immediate presence of the Deity, and His purpose of manifesting Himself as near us whenever the storm-cloud stoops upon its course; while by our vague and inaccurate acceptance of the words we remove the idea of His presence far from us, into a region which we can neither see nor know; and gradually, from the close realization of a living God who "maketh the clouds His chariot," we refine and explain ourselves into dim and distant suspicion of an inactive God, inhabiting inconceivable places, and fading into the multitudinous formalisms of the laws of Nature.

7. All errors of this kind—and in the present day we are

in constant and grievous danger of falling into them—arise from the originally mistaken idea that man can, “by searching, find out God—find out the Almighty to perfection ;” that is to say, by help of courses of reasoning and accumulations of science, apprehend the nature of the Deity in a more exalted and more accurate manner than in a state of comparative ignorance ; whereas it is clearly necessary, from the beginning to the end of time, that God’s way of revealing Himself to His creatures should be a *simple* way, which *all* those creatures may understand. Whether taught or untaught, whether of mean capacity or enlarged, it is necessary that communion with their Creator should be possible to all ; and the admission to such communion must be rested, not on their having a knowledge of astronomy, but on their having a human soul. In order to render this communion possible, the Deity has stooped from His throne, and has not only, in the person of the Son, taken upon Him the veil of our human *flesh*, but, in the person of the Father, taken upon Him the veil of our human *thoughts*, and permitted *us*, by His own spoken authority, to conceive Him simply and clearly as a loving Father and Friend ;—a being to be walked with and reasoned with ; to be moved by our entreaties, angered by our rebellion, alienated by our coldness, pleased by our love, and glorified by our labour ; and finally, to be beheld in immediate and active presence in all the powers and changes of creation.

This conception of God, which is the child’s, is evidently the only one which can be universal, and therefore the only one which *for us* can be true. The moment that, in our pride of heart, we refuse to accept the condescension of the Almighty, and desire Him, instead of stooping to hold our hands, to rise up before us into His glory,—we, hoping that by standing on a grain of dust or two of human knowledge higher than our fellows, we may behold the Creator as He rises—God takes us at our word ; He rises, into His own invisible and inconceivable Majesty ; He goes forth upon the ways which are not our ways, and retires into the thoughts

which are not our thoughts; and we are left alone. And presently we say in our vain hearts, "There is no God."

S. I would desire, therefore, to receive God's account of His own creation as under the ordinary limits of human knowledge and imagination it would be received by a simple minded man; and finding that the "heavens and the earth" are spoken of always as having something like equal relation to each other, ("thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them,") I reject at once all idea of the term "Heavens" being intended to signify the infinity of space inhabited by countless sand, with which space though we measured not the earth only, but the sun itself, with all the solar system, no relation of equality or comparison could be inferred. But I suppose the heavens to mean that part of the creation which holds equal companionship with our globe; I understand the "rolling of those heavens together as a scroll" to be an equal and relative destruction with the "melting of the elements in fervent heat;" * and I understand the making the firmament to signify that, so far as man is concerned, most magnificent ordinance of the clouds,—the ordinance, that as the great plain of waters was formed on the face of the earth, so also a plain of waters should be stretched along the height of air, and the face of the cloud answer the face of

* Compare also Job xxxvi. 29, "The spreading of the clouds, and the noise of His *tabernacle*"; and xxxviii. 33, "Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds?"

Observe that in the passage of Addison's well-known hymn—

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim"—

the writer has clearly the true distinctions in his mind; he does not use his words, as we too often accept them, in vain tautology. By the *spacious* firmament he means the clouds, using the word "spacious" to mark the true meaning of the Hebrew term: the blue *ethereal* sky is the real air or ether, blue above the clouds; the heavens are the starry space, for which he uses this word, less accurately indeed than the others, but as the only one available for his meaning.

the ocean; and this upper and heavenly plain should be of waters, as it were, glorified in their nature, no longer quenching the fire, but now bearing fire in their own bosoms; no longer murmuring only when the winds raise them or rocks divide, but answering each other with their own voices from pole to pole; no longer restrained by established shores, and guided through unchanging channels, but going forth at their pleasure like the armies of the angels, and choosing their encampments upon the heights of the hills; no longer hurried downwards for ever, moving but to fall, nor lost in the lightless accumulation of the abyss, but covering the east and west with the waving of their wings, and robing the gloom of the farther infinite with a vesture of divers colours, of which the threads are purple and scarlet, and the embroideries flame.

9. This, I believe, is the ordinance of the firmament; and it seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of these heavens God means us to acknowledge His own immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set His bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, His promises of everlasting love. "In them hath He set a *tabernacle* for the sun," whose burning ball, which, without the firmament, would be seen but as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring. And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to

set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men, upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabitor of eternity, we cannot behold Him; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed His dwelling-place. “Swear not, neither by heaven, for it is God’s throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool.” And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of coloured robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance, and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, “Our Father, which art in heaven.”

CHAPTER II.

THE CLOUD-BALANCINGS.

'Modern Painters,' Vol. V., Part VII., Chap. I.

1. WE have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the habitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth, and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens, also, had to be prepared for his habitation.

Between their burning light,—their deep vacuity, and man, as between the earth's gloom of iron substance, and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being;—which should appease the unendurable glory to the level of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between the earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapour.

2. Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought their nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is *it* so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendour of morning, when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge

and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light,—their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps! why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapour gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines: nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them, wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet, slowly: now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's veil; now fading, now gone: we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast within those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hill,—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest,—how is it stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow—nowhere touching it, the clear sky seen between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest?

Or those war-clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon-crested, tongued with fire;—how is their barbed strength bridled? what bits are these they are champing with their vaporous lips; flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the Sea of Heaven, out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning;—the sword of him that layeth at them cannot hold the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them into peace? what hand has reined them back by the way by which they came?

3. I know not if the reader will think at first that questions like these are easily answered. So far from it, I rather believe that some of the mysteries of the clouds never will be understood by us at all. "Knowest thou the balancings of the clouds?" Is the answer ever to be one of pride? "The wondrous works of Him which is *perfect* in knowledge?" Is *our* knowledge ever to be so?

It is one of the most discouraging consequences of the varied character of this work of mine, that I am wholly unable to take note of the advance of modern science. What has conclusively been discovered or observed about clouds, I know not; but by the chance inquiry possible to me I find no book which fairly states the difficulties of accounting for even the ordinary aspects of the sky. I shall, therefore, be able in this section to do little more than suggest inquiries to the reader, putting the subject in a clear form for him. All men accustomed to investigation will confirm me in saying that it is a great step when we are personally quite certain what we do *not* know.

4. First, then, I believe we do not know what makes clouds float. Clouds are water, in some fine form or another; but water is heavier than air, and the finest form you can give a heavy thing will not make it float in a light thing.* *On* it, yes; as a boat: but *in* it, no. Clouds are not boats, nor boat-shaped, and they float in the air, not on the top of it. "Nay, but though unlike boats, may they not be like feathers? If out of quill substance there may be constructed eider-down, and out of vegetable tissue, thistle-down, both buoyant enough for a time, surely of water-tissue may be constructed also water-down, which will be buoyant enough for all cloudy purposes." Not so. Throw out your eider plumage in a calm day, and it will all come settling to the ground: slowly

* [Compare the old note to § 6: but I had not, when I wrote it, enough reflected on the horrible buoyancy of smoke, nor did I know over what spaces volcanic ashes were diffusible. Will any of my scientific friends now state for me the approximate weight and bulk of a particle of dust of any solid substance which would be buoyant in air of given density?]

indeed, to aspect; but practically so fast that all our finest clouds would be here in a heap about our ears in an hour or two, if they were only made of water feathers. "But may they not be quill feathers, and have air inside them? May not all their particles be minute little balloons?"

A balloon only floats when the air inside it is either specifically, or by heating, lighter than the air it floats in. If the cloud-feathers had warm air inside their quills, a cloud would be warmer than the air about it, which it is not (I believe). And if the cloud-feathers had hydrogen inside their quills, a cloud would be unwholesome for breathing, which it is not—at least so it seems to me.

"But may they not have nothing inside their quills?" Then they would rise, as bubbles do through water, just as certainly as, if they were solid feathers, they would fall. All our clouds would go up to the top of the air, and swim in eddies of cloud-foam.

"But is not that just what they do?" No. They float at different heights, and with definite forms, in the body of the air itself. If they rose like foam, the sky on a cloudy day would look like a very large flat glass of champagne seen from below, with a stream of bubbles (or clouds) going up as fast as they could to a flat foam-ceiling.

"But may they not be just so nicely mixed out of something and nothing, as to float where they are wanted?"

Yes: that is just what they not only may, but must be: only this way of mixing something and nothing is the very thing I want to explain or have explained, and cannot do it, nor get it done.

5. Except thus far. It is conceivable that minute hollow spherical globules might be formed of water, in which the enclosed vacuity just balanced the weight of the enclosing water, and that the arched sphere formed by the watery film was strong enough to prevent the pressure of the atmosphere from breaking it in. Such a globule would float like a balloon at the height in the atmosphere where the equipoise between the vacuum it enclosed, and its own excess of weight above

that of the air, was exact. It would, probably, approach its companion globules by reciprocal attraction, and form aggregations which might be visible.

This is, I believe, the view usually taken by meteorologists. I state it as a possibility, to be taken into account in examining the question—a possibility confirmed by the scriptural words which I have taken for the title of this chapter.

6. Nevertheless, I state it as a possibility only, not seeing how any known operation of physical law could explain the formation of such molecules. This, however, is not the only difficulty. Whatever shape the water is thrown into, it seems at first improbable that it should lose its property of wetness. Minute division of rain, as in “Scotch mist,” makes it capable of floating farther,* or floating up and down a little, just as dust will float, though pebbles will not; or gold-leaf, though a sovereign will not; but minutely divided rain wets as much as any other kind, whereas a cloud, partially always, sometimes entirely, loses its power of moistening. Some low clouds look,

* The buoyancy of solid bodies of a given specific gravity, in a given fluid, depends, first on their size, then on their forms.

First, on their size; that is to say, on the proportion of the magnitude of the object (irrespective of the distribution of its particles) to the magnitude of the particles of the air.

Thus, a grain of sand is buoyant in wind, but a large stone is not; and pebbles and sand are buoyant in water in proportion to their smallness, fine dust taking long to sink, while a large stone sinks at once. Thus, we see that water may be arranged in drops of any magnitude, from the largest rain-drop, about the size of a large pea, to an atom so small as not to be separately visible, the smallest rain passing gradually into mist. Of these drops of different sizes (supposing the strength of the wind the same), the largest fall fastest, the smaller drops are more buoyant, and the small misty rain floats about like a cloud, as often up as down, so that an umbrella is useless in it; though in a heavy thunderstorm, if there is no wind, one may stand gathered up under an umbrella without a drop touching the feet.

Secondly, buoyancy depends on the amount of surface which a given weight of the substance exposes to the resistance of the substance it floats in. Thus, gold leaf is in a high degree buoyant, while the same quantity of gold in a compact grain would fall like a shot; and a feather is buoyant, though the same quantity of animal matter in a compact form would be as heavy as a little stone. A slate blows far from a house-top, while a brick falls vertically, or nearly so.

when you are in them, as if they were made of specks of dust, like short hairs; and these clouds are entirely dry. And also many clouds will wet some substances, but not others. So that we must grant farther, if we are to be happy in our theory, that the spherical molecules are held together by an attraction which prevents their adhering to any foreign body, or perhaps ceases only under some peculiar electric conditions.

7. The question remains, even supposing their production accounted for,—What intermediate states of water may exist between these spherical hollow molecules and pure vapour?

Has the reader ever considered the relations of commonest forms of volatile substance? The invisible particles which cause the scent of a rose-leaf, how minute, how multitudinous, passing richly away into the air continually! The visible cloud of frankincense—why visible? Is it in consequence of the greater quantity, or larger size of the particles, and how does the heat act in throwing them off in this quantity, or of this size?

Ask the same questions respecting water. It dries, that is, becomes volatile, invisibly, at (any?) temperature. Snow dries, as water does. Under increase of heat, it volatilizes faster, so as to become dimly visible in large mass, as a heat-haze. It reaches boiling point, then becomes entirely visible. But compress it, so that no air shall get between the watery particles—it is invisible again. At the first issuing from the steam-pipe the steam is transparent; but opaque, or visible, as it diffuses itself. The water is indeed closer, because cooler, in that diffusion; but more air is between its particles. Then this very question of visibility is an endless one, wavering between form of substance and action of light. The clearest (or least visible) stream becomes brightly opaque by more minute division in its foam, and the clearest dew in hoar-frost. Dust, unperceived in shade, becomes constantly visible in sunbeam; and watery vapour in the atmosphere, which is itself opaque, when there is promise of fine weather, becomes exquisitely transparent; and (questionably) blue, when it is going to rain.

8. Questionably blue: for besides knowing very little about water, we know what, except by courtesy, must, I think, be called Nothing—about air. Is it the watery vapour, or the air itself, which is blue? Are neither blue, but only white, producing blue when seen over dark spaces? If either blue, or white, why, when crimson is their commanded dress, are the most distant clouds crimsonest? Clouds close to us may be blue, but far off, golden,—a strange result, if the air is blue. And again, if blue, why are rays that come through large spaces of it red; and that Alp, or anything else that catches far-away light, why coloured red, at dawn and sunset? No one knows, I believe. It is true that many substances, as opal, are blue, or green, by reflected light, yellow by transmitted; but air, if blue at all, is blue always by transmitted light. I hear of a wonderful solution of nettles, or other unlovely herb, which is green when shallow,—red when deep. Perhaps some day, as the motion of the heavenly bodies by help of an apple, their light by help of a nettle, may be explained to mankind.

9. But farther: these questions of volatility, and visibility, and hue, are all complicated with those of shape. How is a cloud outlined? Granted whatever you choose to ask, concerning its material, or its aspect, its loftiness and luminousness,—how of its limitation? What hews it into a heap, or spins it into a web? Cold is usually shapeless, I suppose, extending over large spaces equally, or with gradual diminution. You cannot have, in the open air, angles, and wedges, and coils, and cliffs of cold. Yet the vapour stops suddenly, sharp and steep as a rock, or thrusts itself across the gates of heaven in likeness of a brazen bar; or braids itself in and out, and across and across, like a tissue of tapestry; or falls into ripples, like sand; or into waving shreds and tongues, as fire. On what anvils and wheels is the vapour pointed, twisted, hammered, whirled, as the potter's clay? By what hands is the incense of the sea built up into domes of marble?

And, lastly, all these questions respecting substance, and aspect, and shape, and line, and division, are involved with

others as inscrutable, concerning action. The curves in which clouds move are unknown;—nay, the very method of their motion, or apparent motion, how far it is by change of place, how far by appearance in one place and vanishing from another. And these questions about movement lead partly far away into high mathematics, where I cannot follow them, and partly into theories concerning electricity and infinite space, where I suppose at present no one can follow them.

What, then, is the use of asking the questions?

For my own part, I enjoy the mystery, and perhaps the reader may. I think he ought. He should not be less grateful for summer rain, or see less beauty in the clouds of morning, because they come to prove him with hard questions: to which, perhaps, if we look close at the heavenly scroll,* we may find also a syllable or two of answer illuminated here and there.

*There is a beautiful passage in *Sartor Resartus* concerning this old Hebrew scroll, in its deeper meanings, and the child's watching it, though long illegible for him, yet "with an eye to the gilding." It signifies in a word or two nearly all that is to be said about clouds.—(Not quite. J. R., 1884.)

THE OPENING
OF
THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

*CONSIDERED IN SOME OF ITS
RELATIONS TO THE PROSPECTS OF ART.*

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NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY & SONS,
No. 15 ASTOR PLACE.

1886.

THE OPENING

OF

THE CRYSTAL PALACE

CONSIDERED IN SOME OF ITS RELATIONS TO THE PROSPECTS OF ART.

I READ the account in the *Times* newspaper of the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, as I ascended the hill between Vevay and Chatel St. Denis, and the thoughts which it called up haunted me all day long, as my road wound among the grassy slopes of the Simmenthal. There was a strange contrast between the image of that mighty palace, raised so high above the hills on which it is built as to make them seem little else than a basement for its glittering stateliness, and those low larch huts, half hidden beneath their coverts of forest, and scattered like gray stones along the masses of far away mountain. Here, man contending with the power of Nature for his existence; there, commanding them for his recreation: here a feeble folk nested among the rocks with the wild goat and the coney, and retaining the same quiet thoughts from generation to generation; there, a great multitude triumphing in the splendour of immeasurable habitation, and haughty with hope of endless progress and irresistible power.

It is indeed impossible to limit, in imagination, the beneficent results which may follow from the undertaking thus happily begun. For the first time in the history of the world, a national museum is formed in which a whole nation is in-

terested; formed on a scale which permits the exhibition of monuments of art in unbroken symmetry, and of the productions of nature in unthwarted growth,—formed under the auspices of science which can hardly err, and of wealth which can hardly be exhausted; and placed in the close neighbourhood of a metropolis overflowing with a population weary of labour, yet thirsting for knowledge, where contemplation may be consistent with rest, and instruction with enjoyment. It is impossible, I repeat, to estimate the influence of such an institution on the minds of the working-classes. How many hours once wasted may now be profitably dedicated to pursuits in which interest was first awakened by some accidental display in the Norwood palace; how many constitutions, almost broken, may be restored by the healthy temptation into the country air,—how many intellects, once dormant, may be roused into activity within the crystal walls, and how these noble results may go on multiplying and increasing and bearing fruit seventy times sevenfold, as the nation pursues its career,—are questions as full of hope as incapable of calculation. But with all these grounds for hope there are others for despondency, giving rise to a group of melancholy thoughts, of which I can neither repress the importunity nor forbear the expression.

For three hundred years, the art of architecture has been the subject of the most curious investigation; its principles have been discussed with all earnestness and acuteness; its models in all countries and of all ages have been examined with scrupulous care, and imitated with unsparing expenditure. And of all this refinement of enquiry,—this lofty search after the ideal,—this subtlety of investigation and sumptuousness of practice,—the great result, the admirable and long-expected conclusion is, that in the centre of the 19th century, we suppose ourselves to have invented a new style of architecture when we have magnified a conservatory!

In Mr. Laing's speech, at the opening of the palace, he declares that "*an entirely novel order of architecture*, producing by means of unrivalled mechanical ingenuity, the most mar-

vellous and beautiful effects, sprang into existence to provide a building." * In these words, the speaker is not merely giving utterance to his own feelings. He is expressing the popular view of the facts, nor that a view merely popular, but one which has been encouraged by nearly all the professors of art of our time.

It is to this, then, that our Doric and Palladian pride is at last reduced ! We have vaunted the divinity of the Greek ideal—we have plumed ourselves on the purity of our Italian taste,—we have cast our whole souls into the proportions of pillars, and the relations of orders—and behold the end ! Our taste, thus exalted and disciplined, is dazzled by the lustre of a few rows of panes of glass ; and the first principles of architectural sublimity, so far sought, are found all the while to have consisted merely in sparkling and in space.

Let it not be thought that I would depreciate (were it possible to depreciate) the mechanical ingenuity which has been displayed in the erection of the Crystal Palace, or that I underrate the effect which its vastness may continue to produce on the popular imagination. But mechanical ingenuity is *not* the essence either of painting or architecture : and largeness of dimension does not necessarily involve nobleness of design. There is assuredly as much ingenuity required to build a screw frigate, or a tubular bridge, as a hall of glass ;—all these are works characteristic of the age ; and all, in their several ways, deserve our highest admiration ; but not admiration of the kind that is rendered to poetry or to art. We may cover the German Ocean with frigates, and bridge the Bristol Channel with iron, and roof the county of Middlesex with crystal, and yet not possess one Milton, or Michael Angelo.

Well, it may be replied, we need our bridges, and have pleasure in our palaces ; but we do not want Miltons, nor Michael Angelos.

Truly, it seems so ; for, in the year in which the first Crys-

* See the *Times* of Monday, June 12th.

tal Palace was built, there died among us a man whose name in after ages, will stand with those of the great of all time. Dying, he bequeathed to the nation the whole mass of his most cherished works: and for these three years, while we have been building this colossal receptacle for casts and copies of the art of other nations, these works of our own greatest painter have been left to decay in a dark room near Cavendish Square, under the custody of an aged servant.

This is quite natural. But it is also memorable.

There is another interesting fact connected with the history of the Crystal Palace as it bears on that of the art of Europe, namely, that in the year 1851, when all that glittering roof was built, in order to exhibit the petty arts of our fashionable luxury—the carved bedsteads of Vienna, and glued toys of Switzerland, and gay jewellery of France—in that very year, I say, the greatest pictures of the Venetian master were rotting at Venice in the rain, for want of roof to cover them, with holes made by cannon shot through their canvas.

There is another fact, however, more curious than either of these, which will hereafter be connected with the history of the palace now in building; namely, that at the very period when Europe is congratulated on the invention of a new style of architecture, because fourteen acres of ground have been covered with glass, the greatest examples in existence of true and noble Christian architecture were being resolutely destroyed; and destroyed by the effects of the very interest which was slowly beginning to be excited by them.

Under the firm and wise government of the third Napoleon—France has entered on a new epoch of prosperity, one of the signs of which is a zealous care for the preservation of her noble public buildings. Under the influence of this healthy impulse, repairs of the most extensive kind are at this moment proceeding, on the cathedrals of Rheims, Amiens, Rouen, Chartres, and Paris (probably also in many other instances unknown to me). These repairs were, in many cases, necessary up to a certain point; and they have been executed by architects as skilful and learned as at present exist,

executed with noble disregard of expense, and sincere desire on the part of their superintendents that they should be completed in a manner honourable to the country.

They are nevertheless more fatal to the monuments they are intended to preserve, than fire, war, or revolution. For they are undertaken, in the plurality of instances, under an impression, which the efforts of all true antiquaries have as yet been unable to remove, that it is possible to reproduce the mutilated sculpture of past ages in its original beauty.

“Reproduire avec une exactitude mathématique,” are the words used, by one of the most intelligent writers on this subject,* of the proposed regeneration of the statue of Ste. Modeste, on the north porch of the Cathedral of Chartres.

Now, it is not the question at present, whether 13th century sculpture be of value, or not. Its value is assumed by the authorities who have devoted sums so large to its so-called restoration, and may therefore be assumed in my argument. The worst state of the sculptures whose restoration is demanded may be fairly represented by that of the celebrated group of the Fates, among the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum. With what favour would the guardians of those marbles, or any other persons interested in Greek art, receive a proposal from a living sculptor to “reproduce with mathematical exactitude” the group of the Fates, in a perfect form, and to destroy the original? For with exactly such favour, those who are interested in Gothic art should receive proposals to reproduce the sculpture of Chartres or Rouen.

In like manner, the state of the architecture which it is proposed to restore, may, at its worst, be fairly represented to the British public by that of the best preserved portions of Melrose Abbey. With what encouragement would those among us who are sincerely interested in history, or in art, receive a proposal to pull down Melrose Abbey, and “reproduce it mathematically”? There can be no doubt of the answer

* M. l'Abbé Bulteau, *Description de la Cathédrale de Chartres*, (8vo. Paris, Sagnier et Bray, 1850), p. 98, *note*.

which, in the instances supposed, it would be proper to return. "By all means, if you can, reproduce mathematically elsewhere, the group of the Fates, and the Abbey of Melrose. But leave unharmed the original fragment, and the existing ruin." And an answer of the same tenour ought to be given to every proposal to restore a Gothic sculpture or building. Carve or raise a model of it in some other part of the city, but touch not the actual edifice, except only so far as may be necessary to sustain, to protect it. I said above that repairs were in many instances necessary. These necessary operations consist in substituting new stones for decayed ones, where they are absolutely essential to the stability of the fabric; in propping, with wood or metal, the portions likely to give way; in binding or cementing into their places the sculptures which are ready to detach themselves; and in general care to remove luxuriant weeds, and obstructions of the channels for the discharge of the rain. But no modern or imitative sculpture ought *ever*, under any circumstances, to be mingled with the ancient work.

Unfortunately, repairs thus conscientiously executed are always unsightly, and meet with little approbation from the general public; so that a strong temptation is necessarily felt by all superintendents of public works, to execute the required repairs in a manner which, though indeed fatal to the monument, may be, in appearance, seemly. But a far more cruel temptation is held out to the architect. He who should propose to a municipal body, to build in the form of a new church, to be erected in some other part of their city, modelled of such portions of their cathedral as were falling into decay, would be looked upon as merely asking for employment, and his offer would be rejected with disdain. But let an architect declare that the existing fabric stands in need of repairs, and offer to restore it to its original beauty, and he is instantly regarded as a lover of his country, and has a chance of obtaining a commission which will furnish him with a large and steady income, and enormous patronage, for twenty or thirty years to come.

I have great respect for human nature. But I would rather leave it to others than myself to pronounce how far such a temptation is always likely to be resisted, and how far, when repairs are once permitted to be undertaken, a fabric is likely to be spared from mere interest in its beauty, when its destruction, under the name of restoration, has become permanently remunerative to a large body of workmen.

Let us assume, however, that the architect is always conscientious—always willing, the moment he has done what is strictly necessary for the safety and decorous aspect of the building, to abandon his income, and declare his farther services unnecessary. Let us presume, also, that every one of the two or three hundred workmen who must be employed under him, is equally conscientious, and, during the course of years of labour, will never destroy in carelessness what it may be inconvenient to save, or in cunning, what it is difficult to imitate. Will all this probity of purpose preserve the hand from error, and the heart from weariness? Will it give dexterity to the awkward—sagacity to the dull—and at once invest two or three hundred imperfectly educated men with the feeling, intention, and information, of the freemasons of the 13th century? Grant that it can do all this, and that the new building is both equal to the old in beauty, and precisely correspondent to it in detail. Is it, therefore, altogether *worth* the old building? Is the stone carved to-day in their masons' yards altogether the same in value to the hearts of the French people as that which the eyes of St. Louis saw lifted to its place? Would a loving daughter, in mere desire for gaudy dress, ask a jeweller for a bright facsimile of the worn cross which her mother bequeathed to her on her deathbed?—would a thoughtful nation, in mere fondness for splendour of streets, ask its architects to provide for it facsimiles of the temples which for centuries had given joy to its saints, comfort to its mourners, and strength to its chivalry?

But it may be replied, that all this is already admitted by the antiquaries of France and England; and that it is impos-

sible that works so important should now be undertaken without due consideration and faithful superintendence.

I answer, that the men who justly feel these truths are rarely those who have much influence in public affairs. It is the poor abbé, whose little garden is sheltered by the mighty buttresses from the north wind, who knows the worth of the cathedral. It is the bustling mayor and the prosperous architect who determine its fate.

I answer farther, by the statement of a simple fact. I have given many years, in many cities, to the study of Gothic architecture; and of all that I know, or knew, the entrance to the north transept of Rouen Cathedral was, on the whole, the most beautiful—beautiful, not only as an elaborate and faultless work of the finest time of Gothic art, but yet more beautiful in the partial, though not dangerous, decay which had touched its pinnacles with pensive colouring, and softened its severer lines with unexpected change, and delicate fracture, like sweet breaks in a distant music. The upper part of it has been already restored to the white accuracies of novelty; the lower pinnacles, which flanked its approach, far more exquisite in their partial ruin than the loveliest remains of our English abbeys, have been entirely destroyed, and rebuilt in rough blocks, now in process of sculpture. This restoration, so far as it has gone, has been executed by peculiarly skilful workmen; it is an unusually favourable example of restoration, especially in the care which has been taken to preserve intact the exquisite, and hitherto almost uninjured sculptures which fill the quatrefoils of the tracery above the arch. But I happened myself to have made, five years ago, detailed drawings of the buttress decorations on the right and left of this tracery, which are part of the work that has been completely restored. And I found the restorations as inaccurate as they were unnecessary.

If this is the case in a most favourable instance, in that of a well-known monument, highly esteemed by every antiquary in France, what, during the progress of the now almost universal

repairs, is likely to become of architecture which is unwatched and despised?

Despised! and more than despised—even hated! It is a sad truth, that there is something in the solemn aspect of ancient architecture which, in rebuking frivolity and chastening gaiety, has become at this time literally *repulsive* to a large majority of the population of Europe. Examine the direction which is taken by all the influences of fortune and of fancy, wherever they concern themselves with art, and it will be found that the real, earnest effort of the upper classes of European society is to make every place in the world as much like the Champs Elysées of Paris as possible. Wherever the influence of that educated society is felt, the old buildings are relentlessly destroyed; vast hotels, like barracks, and rows of high, square-windowed dwelling-houses, thrust themselves forward to conceal the hated antiquities of the great cities of France and Italy. Gay promenades, with fountains and statues, prolong themselves along the quays once dedicated to commerce; ball-rooms and theatres rise upon the dust of desecrated chapels, and thrust into darkness the humility of domestic life. And when the formal street, in all its pride of perfumery and confectionery, has successfully consumed its way through the wrecks of historical monuments, and consummated its symmetry in the ruin of all that once prompted to reflection, or pleaded for regard, the whitened city is praised for its splendour, and the exulting inhabitants for their patriotism—patriotism which consists in insulting their fathers with forgetfulness, and surrounding their children with temptation.

I am far from intending my words to involve any disrespectful allusion to the very noble improvements in the city of Paris itself, lately carried out under the encouragement of the Emperor. Paris, in its own peculiar character of bright magnificence, had nothing to fear, and everything to gain, from the gorgeous prolongations of the Rue Rivoli. But I speak of the general influence of the rich travellers and proprietors of Europe on the cities which they pretend to admire, or en-

deavour to improve. I speak of the changes wrought during my own lifetime, on the cities of Venice, Florence, Geneva, Lucerne, and chief of all on Rouen: a city altogether inestimable for its retention of mediæval character in the infinitely varied streets in which one half of the existing and inhabited houses date from the 15th or early 16th century; and the only town left in France in which the effect of old French domestic architecture can yet be seen in its collective groups. But when I was there, this last spring, I heard that these noble old Norman houses are all, as speedily as may be, to be stripped of the dark slates which protected their timbers, and deliberately whitewashed over all their sculptures and ornaments, in order to bring the interior of the town into some conformity with the "handsome fronts" of the hotels and offices on the quay.

Hotels and offices, and "handsome fronts" in general—they can be built in America or Australia—built at any moment, and in any height of splendour. But who shall give us back, when once destroyed, the habitations of the French chivalry and bourgeoisie, in the days of the Field of the Cloth of Gold?

It is strange that no one seems to think of this! What do men travel for, in this Europe of ours? Is it only to gamble with French dies—to drink coffee out of French porcelain—to dance to the beat of German drums, and sleep in the soft air of Italy? Are the ball-room, the billiard-room, and the Boulevard, the only attractions that win us into wandering, or tempt us to repose? And when the time is come, as come it will, and that shortly, when the parsimony—or lassitude—which, for the most part, are the only protectors of the remnants of elder time, shall be scattered by the advance of civilisation—when all the monuments, preserved only because it was too costly to destroy them, shall have been crushed by the energies of the new world, will the proud nations of the twentieth century, looking round on the plains of Europe, disencumbered of their memorial marbles,—will those nations indeed stand up with no other feeling than one of triumph,

freed from the paralysis of precedent and the entanglement of memory, to thank us, the fathers of progress, that no saddening shadows can any more trouble the enjoyments of the future,—no moments of reflection retard its activities; and that the new-born population of a world without a record and without a ruin, may, in the fulness of ephemeral felicity, dispose itself to eat, and to drink, and to die?

Is this verily the end at which we aim, and will the mission of the age have been then only accomplished, when the last castle has fallen from our rocks, the last cloisters faded from our valleys, the last streets, in which the dead have dwelt, been effaced from our cities, and regenerated society is left in luxurious possession of towns composed only of bright saloons, overlooking gay parterres? If this be indeed our end, yet why must it be so laboriously accomplished? Are there no new countries on the earth, as yet uncrowned by Thorns of cathedral spires, untormented by the consciousness of a past? Must this little Europe—this corner of our globe, gilded with the blood of old battles, and grey with the temples of old pieties—this narrow piece of the world's pavement, worn down by so many pilgrims' feet, be utterly swept and garnished for the masque of the Future? Is America not wide enough for the elasticities of our humanity? Asia not rich enough for its pride? or among the quiet meadow-lands and solitary hills of the old land, is there not yet room enough for the spreadings of power, or the indulgences of magnificence, without founding all glory upon ruin, and prefacing all progress with obliteration?

We must answer these questions speedily, or we answer them in vain. The peculiar character of the evil which is being wrought by this age is its utter irreparableness. Its newly formed schools of art, its extending galleries, and well-ordered museums will assuredly bear some fruit in time, and give once more to the popular mind the power to discern what is great, and the disposition to protect what is precious. But it will be too late. We shall wander through our palaces of crystal, gazing sadly on copies of pictures torn by cannon-

shot, and on casts of sculpture dashed to pieces long ago. We shall gradually learn to distinguish originality and sincerity from the decrepitudes of imitation and palsies of repetition; but it will be only in hopelessness to recognise the truth, that architecture and painting can be "restored" when the dead can be raised,—and not till then.

Something might yet be done, if it were but possible thoroughly to awaken and alarm the men whose studies of archæology have enabled them to form an accurate judgment of the importance of the crisis. But it is one of the strange characters of the human mind, necessary, indeed to its peace, but infinitely destructive of its power, that we never thoroughly feel the evils which are not actually set before our eyes. If, suddenly, in the midst of the enjoyments of the palate and lightnesses of heart of a London dinner-party, the walls of the chamber were parted, and through their gap, the nearest human beings who were famishing, and in misery, were borne into the midst of the company—feasting and fancy-free—if, pale with sickness, horrible in destitution, broken by despair, body by body, they were laid upon the soft carpet, one beside the chair of every guest, would only the crumbs of the dainties be cast to them—would only a passing glance, a passing thought be vouchsafed to them? Yet the actual facts, the real relations of each Dives and Lazarus, are not altered by the intervention of the house wall between the table and the sick-bed—by the few feet of ground (how few!) which are indeed all that separate the merriment from the misery.

It is the same in the matters of which I have hitherto been speaking. If every one of us, who knows what food for the human heart there is in the great works of elder time, could indeed see with his own eyes their progressive ruin; if every earnest antiquarian, happy in his well-ordered library, and in the sense of having been useful in preserving an old stone or two out of his parish church, and an old coin or two out of a furrow in the next ploughed field, could indeed behold, each morning as he awaked, the mightiest works of departed nations mouldering to the ground in disregarded heaps; if he could

always have in clear phantasm before his eyes the ignorant monk trampling on the manuscript, the village mason striking down the monument, the court painter daubing the despised and priceless masterpiece into freshness of fatuity, he would not always smile so complacently in the thoughts of the little learnings and petty preservations of his own immediate sphere. And if every man who has the interest of Art and of History at heart, would at once devote himself earnestly—not to enrich his own collection—not even to enlighten his own neighbours or investigate his own parish-territory—but to far-sighted and *fore-sighted* endeavour in the great field of Europe, there is yet time to do much. An association might be formed thoroughly organised so as to maintain active watchers and agents in every town of importance, who, in the first place, should furnish the society with a *perfect* account of every monument of interest in its neighbourhood, and then with a yearly or half-yearly report of the state of such monuments, and of the changes proposed to be made upon them; the society then furnishing funds, either to buy, freehold, such buildings or other works of untransferable art as at any time might be offered for sale, or to assist their proprietors, whether private individuals or public bodies, in the maintenance of such guardianship as was really necessary for their safety; and exerting itself, with all the influence which such an association would rapidly command, to prevent unwise restoration, and unnecessary destruction.

Such a society would of course be rewarded only by the consciousness of its usefulness. Its funds would have to be supplied, in pure self-denial, by its members, who would be required, so far as they assisted it, to give up the pleasure of purchasing prints or pictures for their own walls, that they might save pictures which in their lifetime they might never behold;—they would have to forego the enlargement of their own estates, that they might buy, for a European property, ground on which their feet might never tread. But is it absurd to believe that men are capable of doing this? Is the love of art altogether a selfish principle in the heart? and are

its emotions altogether incompatible with the exertions of self-denial, or enjoyments of generosity?

I make this appeal at the risk of incurring only contempt for my Utopianism. But I should for ever reproach myself if I were prevented from making it by such a risk; and I pray those who may be disposed in anywise to favour it, to remember that it must be answered at once or never. The next five years determine what is to be saved—what destroyed. The restorations have actually begun like cancers on every important piece of Gothic architecture in Christendom; the question is only how much can yet be saved. All projects, all pursuits, having reference to art, are at this moment of less importance than those which are simply protective. There is time enough for everything else. Time enough for teaching—time enough for criticising—time enough for inventing. But time little enough for saving. Hereafter we can create, but it is now only that we can preserve. By the exertion of great national powers, and under the guidance of enlightened monarchs, we may raise magnificent temples and gorgeous cities; we may furnish labour for the idle, and interest for the ignorant. But the power neither of emperors, nor queens, nor kingdoms, can ever print again upon the sands of time the effaced footsteps of departed generations, or gather together from the dust the stones which had been stamped with the spirit of our ancestors.

THE END.

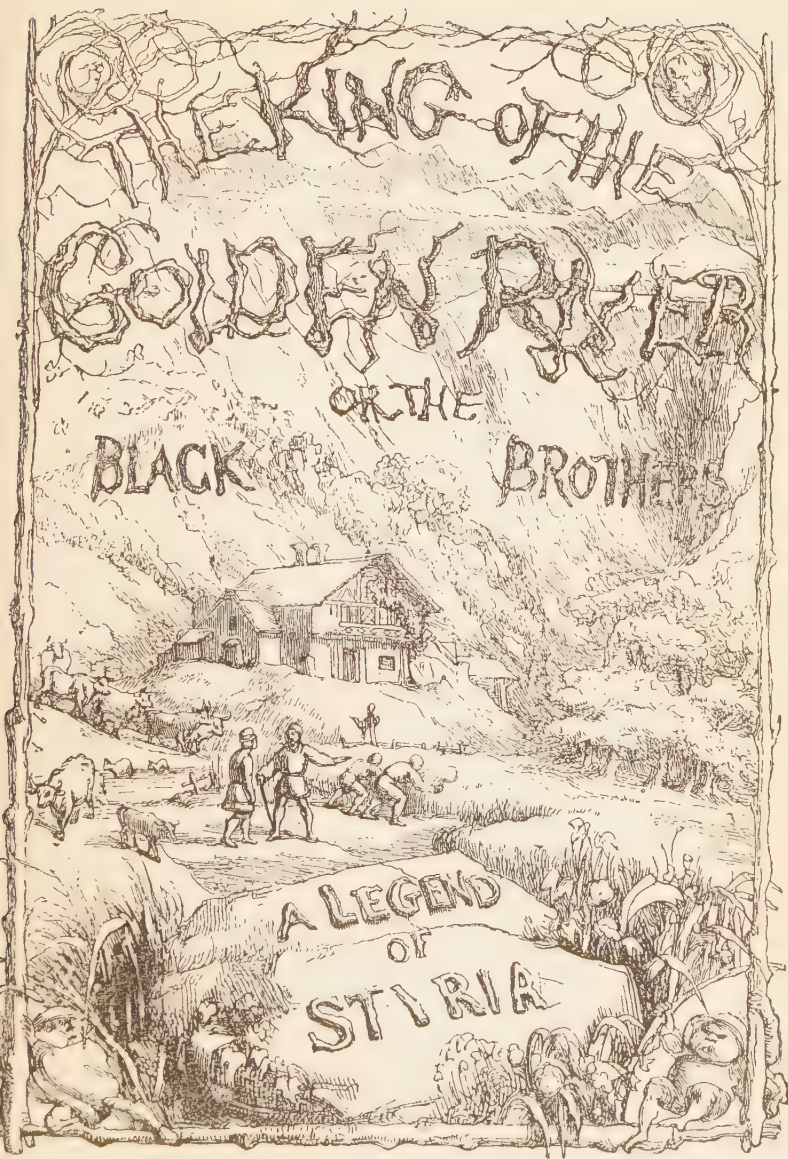
KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.



Frontispiece.

THE KING OF THE
GOLDEN RIVER
OR THE
BLACK BROTHERS

A LEGEND
OF
STIRIA



THE KING OF THE
GOLDEN RIVER,
OR THE
BLACK BROTHERS

A Legend of Stiria.

BY JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD DOYLE.

NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY & SONS.

1886.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers think it due to the Author of this Fairy Tale, to state the circumstances under which it appears.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER was written in 1841, at the request of a very young lady, and solely for her amusement, without any idea of publication. It has since remained in the possession of a friend, to whose suggestion, and the passive assent of the Author, the Publishers are indebted for the opportunity of printing it.

The Illustrations, by Mr. Richard Doyle, will, it is hoped, be found to embody the Author's ideas with characteristic spirit.

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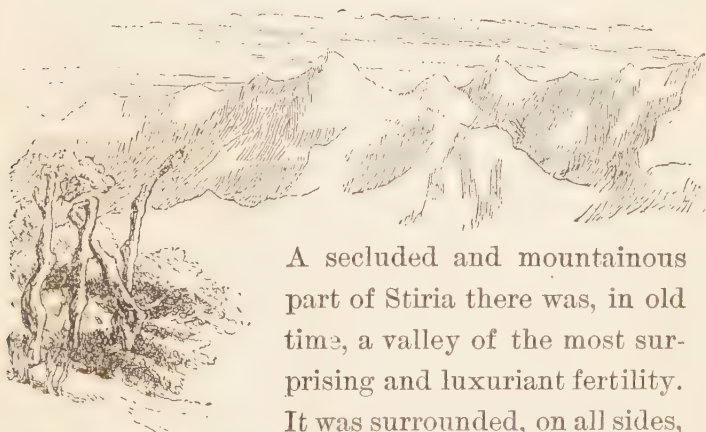
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THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER; OR, THE BLACK BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

HOW THE AGRICULTURAL SYSTEM OF THE BLACK BROTHERS WAS
INTERFERED WITH BY SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE.



A secluded and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded, on all sides,

by steep and rocky mountains, rising into peaks, which were always covered with snow, and from

which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell westward, over the face of a crag so high, that, when the sun had set to everything else, and all below was darkness, his beams still shone full upon this waterfall, so that it looked like a shower of gold. It was, therefore, called by the people of the neighbourhood, the Golden River. It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound away through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was burnt up, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its hay so high, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were

very ugly men, with over-hanging eyebrows and small dull eyes, which were always half shut, so that you couldn't see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*. They lived by farming the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit; and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen; and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees. They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarrelled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd, if with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they hadn't got very rich; and very rich they *did* get. They generally contrived to keep their corn by them till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value; they had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet it was never known that they had given so much as a penny or a crust in charity; they never went to mass; grumbled perpetually at paying tithes; and were,

in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those with whom they had any dealings, the nick-name of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely opposed, in both appearance and character, to his seniors as could possibly be imagined or desired. He was not above twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind in temper to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree particularly well with his brothers, or rather, they did not agree with *him*. He was usually appointed to the honourable office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often ; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times he used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesome quantity of dry blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been got in, when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by an inundation ; the vines

were cut to pieces with the hail; the corn was all killed by a black blight; only in the Treasure Valley, as usual, all was safe. As it had rain when there was rain no where else, so it had sun when there was sun no where else. Every body came to buy corn at the farm, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers. They asked what they liked, and got it, except from the poor people, who could only beg, and several of whom were starved at their very door, without the slightest regard or notice.

It was drawing towards winter, and very cold weather, when one day the two elder brothers had gone out, with their usual warning to little Gluck, who was left to mind the roast, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck sat down quite close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were by no means dry or comfortable looking. He turned and turned, and the roast got nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask any body to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their

hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull, as though the knocker had been tied up—more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

"No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was particularly astounding, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and not to be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put his head out to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-coloured; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted a supposition that he had been blowing a refractory fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his moustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth,

and his hair, of a curious mixed pepper-and-salt colour, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same altitude, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was much obscured by the swelling folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind, whistling round the old house, carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and a more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its mouth and eyes very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's

not the way to answer the door : I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice, he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella ; and from the ends of his moustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg pardon, sir," said Gluck, "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what !" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir,—I can't, indeed ; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir ?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire, and shelter ; and there's your great fire there blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say ; I only want to warm myself."

Gluck had had his head, by this time, so long out of the window, that he began to feel it was really unpleasantly cold, and when he turned, and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were

licking its chops at the savoury smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door, and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap accommodated up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the roof.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did *not* dry there, but went on drip, drip,



dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed, and sputtered, and began to look very black, and uncomfortable: never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

“I beg pardon, sir,” said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long, quicksilver-like streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; “mayn’t I take your cloak?”

“No, thank you,” said the old gentleman.

“Your cap, sir?”

“I am all right, thank you,” said the old gentleman rather gruffly.

“But,—sir,—I’m very sorry,” said Gluck, hesitatingly ; “but—really, sir,—you’re—putting the fire out.”

“It’ll take longer to do the mutton, then,” replied his visitor drily.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behaviour of his guest ; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the string meditatively for another five minutes.

“That mutton looks very nice,” said the old gentleman at length. “Can’t you give me a little bit ?”

“Impossible, sir,” said Gluck.

“I’m very hungry,” continued the old gentleman : “I’ve had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn’t miss a bit from the knuckle !”

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck’s heart. “They promised me one slice to-day, sir,” said he ; I can give you that, but not a bit more.”

“That’s a good boy,” said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a

knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck fitted the slice into the mutton again, with desperate efforts at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Ay! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling-pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.



“How did he get in?” roared Schwartz.

“My dear brother,” said Gluck, deprecatingly, “he was so *very* wet!”

The rolling-pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman interposed his conical cap, on which it crashed with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling-pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

“Who are you, sir?” demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

“What’s your business?” snarled Hans.

“I’m a poor old man, sir,” the little gentleman began very modestly, “and I saw your fire through the window, and begged shelter for a quarter of an hour.”

“Have the goodness to walk out again, then,” said Schwartz. “We’ve quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house.”

“It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my grey hairs.” They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

“Ay!” said Hans, “there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!”

“I’m very, very hungry, sir; couldn’t you spare me a bit of bread before I go?”

“Bread, indeed!” said Schwartz; “do you suppose we’ve nothing to do with our bread, but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?”

“Why don’t you sell your feather?” said Hans, sneeringly. “Out with you.”

“A little bit,” said the old gentleman.

“Be off!” said Schwartz.

“Pray, gentlemen.”

“Off, and be hanged!” cried Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman’s collar, than away he went after the rolling-pin, spinning round and round, till he fell into the corner on the top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he also had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling-pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round with velocity in the opposite direction; continued to spin until his long cloak was all wound neatly about him; clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side (for it could not stand upright without going through the ceiling), gave an additional twist to his corkscrew moustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: “Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o’clock to-night I’ll call again; after such a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced,

you will not be surprised if that visit is the last I ever pay you."

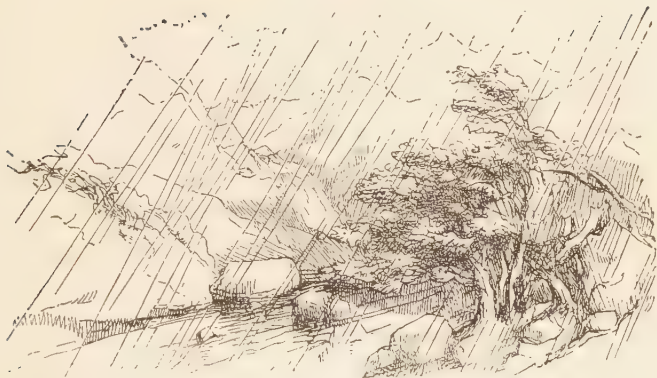
"If ever I catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner—but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air; and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again—bless me, why the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal-cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The



brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind, and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

“What’s that?” cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

“Only I,” said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moon-beam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it, an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was off.

“Sorry to incommode you,” said their visitor, ironically. “I’m afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother’s room: I’ve left the ceiling on, there.”

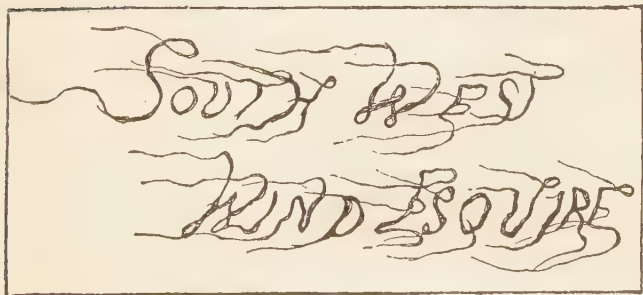
They required no second admonition, but rushed into Gluck’s room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

“You’ll find my card on the kitchen table,” the old gentleman called after them. “Remember, the *last* visit.”

“Pray Heaven it may!” said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck’s little window in the morning. The

Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The inundation had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand, and grey mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had gutted the whole first floor ; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words :—



CHAPTER II.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE THREE BROTHERS AFTER THE VISIT OF SOUTH-WEST WIND, ESQUIRE; AND HOW LITTLE GLUCK HAD AN INTERVIEW WITH THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER.



SOUTH - WEST WIND, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit above related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted a similiar line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing

in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, become a shifting heap of red sand ; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with the adverse skies, abandoned their valueless patrimony in despair, to seek some means of gaining a livelihood among the cities and people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

“ Suppose we turn goldsmiths ? ” said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered the large city. “ It is a good knave’s trade ; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one’s finding it out.”

The thought was agreed to be a very good one ; they hired a furnace, and turned goldsmiths. But two slight circumstances affected their trade : the first, that people did not approve of the coppered gold ; the second, that the two elder brothers, whenever they had sold anything, used to leave little Gluck to mind the furnace, and go and drink out the money in the ale-house next door.



So they melted all their gold, without making money enough to buy more, and were at last reduced to one large drinking mug, which an uncle of his had given to little Gluck, and which he was very fond of, and would not have parted with for the world; though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water. The mug was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce

little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz positively averred, that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink! When it came to the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but the brothers only laughed at him, tossed the mug into the melting-pot, and staggered out to the ale-house: leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting-pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparking eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He sauntered disconsolately to the window, and sat himself down to catch the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace. Now this window commanded a direct view of the range

of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and



more especially of the peak from which fell the Golden River. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson, and purple with the

sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell, in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with the double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

“Ah!” said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, “if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be.”

“No, it wouldn’t, Gluck,” said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

“Bless me, what’s that?” exclaimed Gluck,

jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking again that it would be very convenient if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners, and cupboards, and then began turning round, and round, as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running effervescent melody, something like that of a kettle on the boil. Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Up stairs, and down stairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time, and clearer notes, every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck, that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening, and looked

in : yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He uncovered it, and ran back in a great fright, for the pot was certainly singing ! He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up, and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear, and pronounciative.

“Hollo !” said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

“Hollo ! Gluck, my boy,” said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river ; but instead of reflecting little Gluck’s head, as he looked in, he saw meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose, and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder, and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

“Come, Gluck, my boy,” said the voice out of the pot again, “I’m all right ; pour me out.”

But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

“Pour me out, I say,” said the voice rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice passionately, "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible, and sloped it, so as to pour out the gold. But instead of a liquid stream, there came out, first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and, finally, the well-known head of his friend the mug; all which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor, in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs, and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes, without stopping; apparently with the view of ascertaining if he were quite correctly put together, while Gluck stood contemplating him in speechless amazement. He was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colours gleamed over it, as if on a surface of mother of pearl; and, over this brilliant doublet, his hair and beard fell full



half way to the ground, in waving curls, so exquisitely delicate, that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended ; they seemed to melt into air. The features of the face, however, were by no means finished with the same delicacy ; they were rather coarse, slightly inclining to coppery in complexion, and indicative, in expression, of a very

pertinaceous and intractable disposition in their small proprietor. When the dwarf had finished his self-examination, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him deliberately for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly rather an abrupt, and unconnected mode of commencing conversation. It might indeed be supposed to refer to the course of Gluck's thoughts, which had first produced the dwarf's observations out of the pot; but whatever it referred to, Gluck had no inclination to dispute the dictum.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly, and submissively indeed.

"No," said the dwarf, conclusively. "No, it wouldn't." And with that the dwarf pulled his cap hard over his brows, and took two turns, of three feet long, up and down the room, lifting his legs up very high, and setting them down very hard. This pause gave time for Gluck to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his diminutive visitor with dread, and feeling his curiosity overcome his amazement, he ventured on a question of peculiar delicacy.

“Pray, sir,” said Gluck, rather hesitatingly, “were you my mug?”

On which the little man turned sharp round, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. “I,” said the little man, “am the King of the Golden River.” Whereupon he turned about again, and took two more turns, some six feet long, in order to allow time for the consternation which this announcement produced in his auditor to evaporate. After which, he again walked up to Gluck and stood still, as if expecting some comment on his communication.

Gluck determined to say something at all events. “I hope your Majesty is very well,” said Gluck.

“Listen!” said the little man, deigning no reply to this polite inquiry, “I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in, was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have this instant freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you ; therefore, attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue,

and shall cast into the stream at its source, three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in his second attempt ; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone." So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the centre of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling—a blaze of intense light—rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh !" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him ; " Oh, dear, dear, dear me ! My mug ! my mug ! my mug ! "



CHAPTER III.

HOW MR. HANS SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER,
AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.



HE King of the Golden River had hardly made the extraordinary exit related in the last chapter, before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of

plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him very steadily for a quarter of an hour ; at the expiration of which period they dropped into a couple of chairs, and requested to know what he had got to say for

himself. Gluck told them his story, of which, of course, they did not believe a word. They beat him again, till their arms were tired, and staggered to bed. In the morning, however, the steadiness with which he adhered to his story obtained him some degree of credence; the immediate consequence of which was, that the two brothers, after wrangling



a long time on the knotty question, which of them should try his fortune first, drew their swords and began fighting. The noise of the fray alarmed the neighbours, who, finding they could not pacify the combatants, sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before the magistrate, fined for breaking the peace, and, having

drunk out his last penny the evening before, was thrown into prison till he should pay.



When Hans heard this, he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water, was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under pretence of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung

them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself peeping out of the bars, and looking very disconsolate.

“Good morning, brother,” said Hans; “have you any message for the King of the Golden River?”

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his strength; but Hans only laughed at him, and advising him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, shouldered his basket, shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz’s face till it frothed again, and marched off in the highest spirits in the world.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains—their lower cliffs in pale grey shadow, hardly distinguishable from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy colour, along the angular crags, and pierced, in long level rays,

through their fringes of spear-like pine. Far above, shot up red splintered masses of castellated rock, jagged and shivered into myraids of fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to traverse, he set off at an imprudent rate of walking, which greatly exhausted him before he had scaled the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised, on surmounting them, to find that a large glacier, of whose existence, notwithstanding his previous knowledge of the mountains, he had been absolutely ignorant,

lay between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practised mountaineer ; yet he thought he had never traversed so strange or so dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was excessively slippery, and out of all its chasms came wild sounds of gushing water ; not monotonous or low, but changeful and loud, rising occasionally into drifting passages of wild melody, then breaking off into short melancholy tones, or sudden shrieks, resembling those of human voices in distress or pain. The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious *expression* about all their outlines—a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows, and lurid lights, played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveller ; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the concealed waters. These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced ; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet, tottering spires nodded around

him, and fell thundering across his path ; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

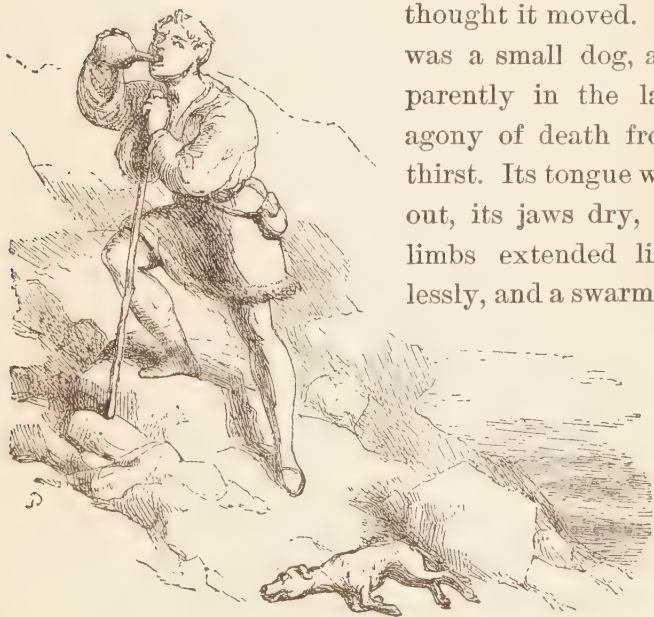
He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a perilous incumbrance on the glacier, and had now no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off and eating some of the pieces of ice. This, however, relieved his thirst ; an hour's repose recruited his hardy frame, and with the indomitable spirit of avarice, he resumed his laborious journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or a projecting angle to afford an inch of shade from the south sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless, and penetrated with heat. Intense thirst was soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was now afflicted ; glance after glance he cast on the flask of

water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may, at least, cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the

rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of



black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in

his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. And he did not know how it was, but he thought that a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment. Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again, as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, and its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. And a dark grey cloud came over the sun, and long, snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was

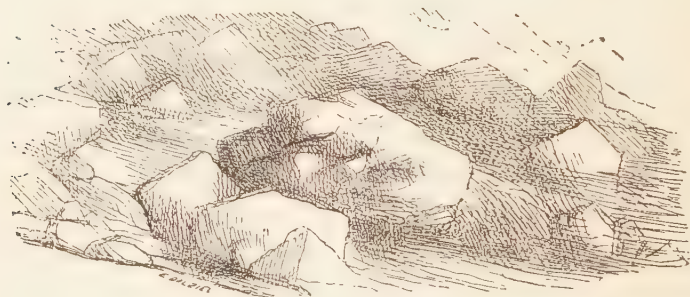
near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hill-side, scarcely five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned, and saw a grey-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "Water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset: they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and

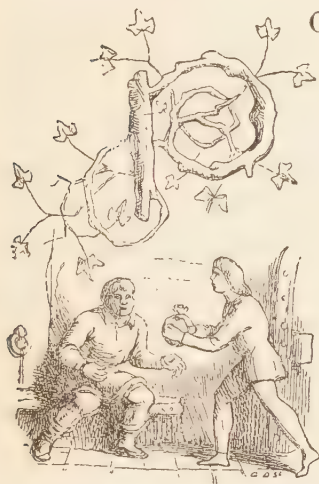
mightier on his senses ; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the centre of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs : he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over.



THE BLACK STONE.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. SCHWARTZ SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN.



OUR little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house, for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and told Schwartz in the prison, all that had happened. Then Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money, so Gluck went, and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard, and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got

money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went, and gave it all to Schwartz, and Schwartz got out of prison. Then Schwartz was quite pleased, and said he should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

Now when Schwartz had heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that such a proceeding might not be considered altogether correct by the King of the Golden River, and determined to manage matters better. So he took some more of Gluck's money, and went to a bad priest, who gave him some holy water very readily for it. Then Schwartz was sure it was all quite right. So Schwartz got up early in the morning before the sun rose, and took some bread and wine, in a basket, and put his holy water in a flask, and set off for the mountains. Like his brother he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving his basket behind him. The day was cloudless, but not bright : there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. And as Schwartz climbed the

steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother, until he lifted his flask to his lips to drink. Then he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water.

"Water indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and passed on. And as he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and when he had climbed for another hour the thirst overcame



him again, and he would have drunk. Then he saw the old man lying before him on the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz, "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from before his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist, of the colour of blood, had come over the sun; and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of the angry sea. And they cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Then Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted his flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted on the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms to him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for *you*?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. And, when he had gone a few yards

farther, he looked back ; but the figure was not there.

And a sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why ; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. And the bank of black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. And the sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood ; and a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds into fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness. And when Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire ; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above met, as he cast the flask into the stream. And, as he did so, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LITTLE GLUCK SET OFF ON AN EXPEDITION TO THE GOLDEN RIVER, AND HOW HE PROSPERED THEREIN; WITH OTHER MATTERS OF INTEREST.



WHEN Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money, and was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. So, after a month

or two, Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone." So he went to the priest, and the priest gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it.



Then Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had occasioned a great deal of fatigue to his brothers, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practised on the mountains. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange noises under the ice. He lay a long time to rest on the grass, after he had got over, and began to climb the hill just in the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour, he got dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers, when he saw an

old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble, and leaning on a staff. "My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst, give me some of that water." Then Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water; "Only pray don't drink it all," said Gluck. But the old man drank a great deal, and gave him back the bottle two-thirds empty. Then he bade him good speed, and Gluck went on again merrily. And the path became easier to his feet, and two or three blades of grass appeared upon it, and some grasshoppers began singing on the bank beside it; and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

Then he went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. But, as he raised the flask, he saw a little child lying panting by the road-side, and it cried out piteously for water. Then Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank it all but a few drops. Then it smiled on him, and got up, and ran down the hill; and Gluck

looked after it, till it became as small as a little star, and then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss, with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians, more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. And crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent



down such pure light, that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet, when he had climbed for another hour, his thirst became intolerable again ; and, when he looked at his bottle, he saw that there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. And, as he was hanging the flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks, gasping for breath—just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. And Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River, not five hundred yards above him ; and he thought of the dwarf's words, “that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt ;” and he tried to pass the dog, but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again. “Poor beastie,” said Gluck, “it'll be dead when I come down again, if I don't help it.” Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully, that he could not stand it. “Confound the King and his gold too,” said Gluck ; and he opened the flask, and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer,

silky, golden ; its nose became very red, its eyes became very twinkling ; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

“Thank you,” said the monarch ; “but don’t be frightened, it’s all right ;” for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. “Why didn’t you come before,” continued the dwarf, “instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones ? Very hard stones they make too.”

“Oh dear me !” said Gluck, “have you really been so cruel ?”

“Cruel !” said the dwarf, “they poured unholy water into my stream : do you suppose I’m going to allow that ?”

“Why,” said Gluck, “I am sure, sir—your Majesty, I mean—they got the water out of the church font.”

“Very probably,” replied the dwarf ; “but,” and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, “the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying, is unholy, though it had been

blessed by every saint in heaven ; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. And the dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good speed."

As he spoke, the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colours of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light : he stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colours grew faint, the mist rose into the air ; the monarch had evaporated.

And Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River, and its waves were as clear as crystal, and as brilliant as the sun. And, when he cast the three drops of dew into the stream, there opened where they fell, a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very

much disappointed, because not only the river was not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend the dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains, towards the Treasure Valley; and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way under the ground. And, when he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of red sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew, and climbed among the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle, and tendrils of vine, cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. And thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

And Gluck went, and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door: so

that his barns became full of corn, and his house of treasure. And, for him, the river had, according to the dwarf's promise, become a River of Gold.

And, to this day, the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where the three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground, until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. And at the top of the cataract of the Golden River, are still to be seen two BLACK STONES, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset; and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

THE END.

NOTES

ON THE

CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS

BY

JOHN RUSKIN, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE," &c.

NEW YORK:
JOHN WILEY & SONS,
15 ASTOR PLACE.
1886.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MANY persons will probably find fault with me for publishing opinions which are not new ; but I shall bear this blame contentedly, believing that opinions on this subject could hardly be just if they were not 1800 years old. Others will blame me for making proposals which are altogether new ; to whom I would answer, that things in these days seem not so far right but that they may be mended. And others will simply call the opinions false and the proposals foolish—to whose good will, if they take it in hand to contradict me, I must leave what I have written—having no purpose of being drawn, at present, into religious controversy. If, however, any should admit the truth, but regret the tone of what I have said, I can only pray them to consider how much less harm is done in the world by ungraceful boldness, than by untimely **Fear**.

Denmark Hill,
Feb 1851.

NOTES ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF SHEEPFOLDS.

THE following remarks were intended to form part of the appendix to an essay on Architecture: But it seemed to me, when I had put them into order, that they might be useful to persons who would not care to possess the work to which I proposed to attach them; I publish them, therefore, in a separate form; but I have not time to give them more consistency than they would have had in the subordinate position originally intended for them. I do not profess to teach Divinity; and I pray the reader to understand this, and to pardon the slightness and insufficiency of notes set down with no more intention of connected treatment of their subject than might regulate an accidental conversation. Some of them are simply copied from my private diary; others are detached statements of facts, which seem to me significative or valuable, without comment; all are written in haste, and in the intervals of occupation with an entirely different subject. It may be asked of me, whether I hold it right to speak thus hastily and insufficiently respecting the matter in question? Yes. I hold it right to *speak* hastily: not to *think* hastily. I have not thought hastily of these things; and, besides, the haste of speech is confessed, that the reader may think of me only as talking to him, and saying, as shortly and simply as I can, things which, if he

esteem them foolish or idle, he is welcome to cast aside; but which, in very truth, I cannot help saying at this time.

The passages in the essay which required notes, described the repression of the political power of the Venetian Clergy by the Venetian Senate; and it became necessary for me—in supporting an assertion made in the course of the inquiry, that the idea of separation of Church and State was both vain and impious—to limit the sense in which it seemed to me that the word “Church” should be understood, and to note one or two consequences which would result from the acceptance of such limitation. This I may as well do in a separate paper, readable by any person interested in the subject; for it is high time that *some* definition of the word should be agreed upon. I do not mean a definition involving the doctrine of this or that division of Christians, but limiting, in a manner understood by all of them, the sense in which the *word* should thenceforward be used. There is grievous inconvenience in the present state of things. For instance, in a sermon lately published at Oxford, by an anti Tractarian divine, I find this sentence,—“It is clearly within the province of the State to establish a national *church*, or *external institution of certain forms of worship*.” Now suppose one were to take this interpretation of the word “Church” given by an Oxford divine, and substitute it for the simple word in some Bible Texts, as for instance, “Unto the angel of the external institution of certain forms of worship of Ephesus, write,” &c. Or, “Salute the brethren which are in Laodicea, and Nymphas, and the external institution of certain forms of worship which is in his house,”—what awkward results we should have, here and there! Now I do not say it is possible for men to agree with each other in their religious *opinions*, but it is certainly possible for them to agree with each other upon their religious *expressions*; and when a word occurs in the Bible a hundred and fourteen times, it is surely not asking too much of con-

tending divines to let it stand in the sense in which it there occurs; and when they want an expression of something for which it does *not* stand in the Bible, to use some other word. There is no compromise of religious opinion in this: it is simply proper respect for the Queen's English.

The word occurs in the New Testament, as I said, one hundred and fourteen times.* In every one of those occurrences, it bears one and the same grand sense: that of a congregation or assembly of men. But it bears this sense under four different modifications, giving four separate meanings to the word. These are—

I. The entire Multitude of the Elect; otherwise called the Body of Christ; and sometimes the Bride, the Lamb's Wife; including the Faithful in all ages; Adam, and the children of Adam yet unborn.

In this sense it is used in Ephesians v. 25, 27, 32; Colossians i. 18, and several other passages.

II. The entire multitude of professing believers in Christ, existing on earth at a given moment; including false brethren, wolves in sheep's clothing, goats, and tares, as well as sheep and wheat, and other forms of bad fish with good in the net.

In this sense it is used in 1 Cor. x. 32; xv. 9; Galatians 1. 13, 1 Tim. iii. 5, &c.

III. The multitude of professed believers, living in a certain city, place, or house. This is the most frequent sense in which the word occurs, as in Acts vii. 38; xiii. 1; 1 Cor. i. 2; xvi. 19, &c.

IV. Any assembly of men: as in Acts xix. 32, 41.

That in a hundred and twelve out of the hundred and fourteen texts, the word bears some one of these four meanings, is

* I may, perhaps, have missed count of one or two occurrences of the word: but not, I think, in any important passages.

indisputable.* But there are two texts in which, if the word had alone occurred, its meaning might have been doubtful. These are Matt. xvi. 18, and xviii. 17.

The absurdity of founding any doctrine upon the inexpressibly minute possibility that in these two texts, the word might have been used with a different meaning from that which it bore in all the others, coupled with the assumption that the meaning was this or that, is self-evident: it is not so much a religious error as a philological solecism; unparalleled, so far as I know, in any other science but that of divinity.

Nor is it ever, I think, committed with open front by Protestants. No English divine, asked in a straightforward manner for a Scriptural definition of "the Church," would, I suppose, be bold enough to answer "the Clergy." Nor is there any harm in the common use of the word, so only that it be distinctly understood to be not the Scriptural one; and therefore to be unfit for substitution in a Scriptural text. There is no harm in a man's talking of his son's "going into the Church": meaning that he is going to take orders; but there is much harm in his supposing this a Scriptural use of the word, and therefore, that when Christ said, "Tell it to the Church," He might possibly have meant, "Tell it to the Clergy."

It is time to put an end to the chance of such misunderstanding. Let it but be declared plainly by all men, when they begin to state their opinions on matters ecclesiastical, that they will use the word "Church" in one sense or the other;—That they will accept the sense in which it is used by the Apostles, or that they deny this sense, and propose a new definition of their own. We shall then know what we are

* The expression "House of God," in Tim. iii. 15, is shown to be used of the congregation by 1 Cor. iii. 16, 17.

I have not noticed the word *ἐκκλησία* (*ekklesia*), from which the German "Kirche," the English "Church," and the Scotch "Kirk," are derived, as it is not used with that signification in the New Testament.

about with them—we may perhaps grant them their new use of the term, and argue with them on that understanding; so only that they will not pretend to make use of Scriptural authority, while they refuse to employ Scriptural language. This, however, it is not my purpose to do at present. I desire only to address those who are willing to accept the Apostolic sense of the word Church, and with them, I would endeavor shortly to ascertain what consequences must follow from an acceptance of that Apostolic sense, and what must be our first and most necessary conclusions from the common language of Scripture* respecting these following points:—

1. The distinctive characters of the Church.
2. The Authority of the Church.
3. The Authority of the Clergy over the Church.
4. The connection of the Church with the State.

These are four separate subjects of question; but we shall not have to put these questions in succession with each of the four Scriptural meanings of the word Church, for evidently its second and third meaning may be considered together, as merely expressing the general or particular conditions of the Visible Church, and the fourth signification is entirely independent of all questions of a religious kind. So that we shall only put the above inquiries successively respecting the Invisible and Visible Church; and as the two last,—of authority of Clergy, and connection with State—can evidently only have reference to the Visible Church, we shall have, in all, these six questions to consider.

* Any reference, *except* to Scripture, in notes of this kind would of course be useless: the argument from, or with, the Fathers, is not to be compressed into fifty pages. I have ~~something~~ to say about Hooker; but I reserve that for another time, not wishing to say it hastily, or to leave it without support

1. The distinctive characters of the Invisible Church.
2. The distinctive characters of the Visible Church.
3. The Authority of the Invisible Church.
4. The Authority of the Visible Church.
5. The Authority of Clergy over the Visible Church.
- 6 The Connection of the Visible Church with the State.

1. What are the distinctive characters of the Invisible Church; that is to say, What is it which makes a person a member of this Church, and how is he to be known for such?

Wide question—if we had to take cognizance of all that has been written respecting it, remarkable as it has been always for quantity rather than carefulness, and full of confusion between Visible and Invisible: even the article of the Church of England being ambiguous in its first clause: “The *Visible* Church is a congregation of Faithful men.” As if ever it had been possible, except for God, to see Faith! or to know a Faithful man by sight. And there is little else written on this question, without some such quick confusion of the Visible and Invisible Church;—needless and unaccountable confusion. For evidently, the Church which is composed of Faithful men, is the one true, indivisible, and indiscernible Church, built on the foundation of Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. It includes all who have ever fallen asleep in Christ, and all yet unborn, who are to be saved in Him; its Body is as yet imperfect; it will not be perfected till the last saved human spirit is gathered to its God.

A man becomes a member of this Church only by believing in Christ with all his heart; nor is he positively recognizable for a member of it, when he has become so, by any one but God, not even by himself. Nevertheless, there are certain signs by which Christ's sheep may be guessed at. Not by their being in any definite Fold—for many are lost sheep at

times: but by their sheep-like behavior; and a great many are indeed sheep which, on the far mountain side, in their peacefulness, we take for stones. To themselves, the best proof of their being Christ's sheep is to find themselves on Christ's shoulders; and, between them, there are certain sympathies (expressed in the Apostles' Creed by the term "communion of Saints"), by which they may in a sort recognise each other, and so become verily visible to each other for mutual comfort.

2. The Limits of the Visible Church, or of the Church in the Second Scriptural Sense, are not so easy to define; they are awkward questions, these, of stake-nets. It has been ingeniously and plausibly endeavored to make Baptism a sign of admission into the Visible Church, but absurdly enough; for we know that half the baptized people in the world are very visible rogues, believing neither in God nor devil; and it is flat blasphemy to call these Visible Christians; we also know that the Holy Ghost was sometimes given before Baptism,* and it would be absurdity to call a man on whom the Holy Ghost had fallen, an Invisible Christian. The only rational distinction is that which practically, though not professedly, we always assume. If we hear a man profess himself a believer in God and in Christ, and detect him in no glaring and wilful violation of God's law, we speak of him as a Christian; and on the other hand, if we hear him or see him denying Christ, either in his words or conduct, we tacitly assume him not to be a Christian. A mawkish charity prevents us from outspeaking in this matter, and from earnestly endeavoring to discern who are Christians and who are not; and this I hold† to be one of the chief sins of the Church in

* Acts x. 44.

† Let not the reader be displeased with me for these short and apparently insolent statements of opinion. I am not writing insolently, but as shortly and clearly as I can; and when I seriously believe a thing, I say so in a few

the present day ; for thus wicked men are put to no shame ; and better men are encouraged in their failings, or caused to hesitate in their virtues, by the example of those whom, in false charity, they choose to call Christians. Now, it being granted that it is impossible to know, determinedly, who are Christians indeed, that is no reason for utter negligence in separating the nominal, apparent, or possible Christian from the professed Pagan or enemy of God. We spend much time in arguing about efficacy of sacraments and such other mysteries ; but we do not act upon the very certain tests which are clear and visible. We know that Christ's people are not thieves—not liars—not busybodies—not dishonest—not avaricious—not wasteful—not cruel. Let us then get ourselves well clear of thieves—liars—wasteful people—avaricious people—cheating people—people who do not pay their debts. Let us assure them that they, at least, do not belong to the Visible Church ; and having thus got that Church into decent shape and cohesion, it will be time to think of drawing the stake-nets closer.

I hold it for a law, palpable to common sense, and which

words, leaving the reader to determine what my belief is worth. But I do not choose to temper down every expression of personal opinion into courteous generalities, and so lose space, and time, and intelligibility at once. We are utterly oppressed in these days by our courtesies, and considerations, and compliances, and proprieties. Forgive me them, this once, or rather let us all forgive them to each other, and learn to speak plainly first, and, if it may be, gracefully afterwards ; and not only to speak, but to stand by what we have spoken. One of my Oxford friends heard, the other day, that I was employed on these notes, and forthwith wrote to me, in a panic, not to put my name to them, for fear I should “compromise myself.” I think we are most of us compromised to some extent already, when England has sent a Roman Catholic minister to the second city in Italy, and remains herself for a week without any government, because her chief men cannot agree upon the position which a Popish cardinal is to have leave to occupy in London.

nothing but the cowardice and faithlessness of the Church prevents it from putting in practice, that the conviction of any dishonorable conduct or wilful crime, of any fraud, falsehood, cruelty, or violence, should be ground for the excommunication of any man:—for his publicly declared separation from the acknowledged body of the Visible Church: and that he should not be received again therein without public confession of his crime and declaration of his repentance. If this were vigorously enforced, we should soon have greater purity of life in the world, and fewer discussions about high and low churches. But before we can obtain any idea of the manner in which such law could be enforced, we have to consider the second question, respecting the Authority of the Church. Now Authority is twofold: to declare doctrine and to enforce discipline; and we have to inquire, therefore, in each kind,—

3. What is the authority of the Invisible Church? Evidently, in matters of doctrine, all members of the Invisible Church must have been, and must ever be, at the time of their deaths, right in the points essential to Salvation. But, (A.) we cannot tell who *are* members of the Invisible Church.

(B.) We cannot collect evidence from deathbeds in a clearly stated form.

(C.) We can collect evidence, in any form, only from some one or two out of every sealed thousand of the Invisible Church. Elijah thought he was alone in Israel; and yet there were seven thousand invisible ones around him. Grant that we had Elijah's intelligence; and we could only calculate on collecting the $\frac{1}{7000}$ th part of the evidence or opinions of the part of the Invisible Church living on earth at a given moment: that is to say, the seven-millionth or trillionth of its collective evidence. It is very clear, therefore, we cannot hope to get rid of the contradictory opinions, and keep the consistent ones, by a general equation. But, it has been said there are no contra-

dictory opinions; the Church is infallible. There was some talk about the infallibility of the Church, if I recollect right, in that letter of Mr. Bennett's to the Bishop of London. If any Church be infallible, it is assuredly the Invisible Church, or Body of Christ; and infallible in the main sense it must of course be by its definition. An Elect person must be saved and therefore cannot eventually be deceived on essential points: so that Christ says of the deception of such, "If it were *possible*," implying it to be impossible. Therefore, as we said, if one could get rid of the variable opinions of the members of the Invisible Church, the constant opinions would assuredly be authoritative: but for the three reasons above stated, we cannot get at their constant opinions: and as for the feelings and thoughts which they daily experience or express, the question of Infallibility—which is practical only in this bearing—is soon settled. Observe St. Paul, and the rest of the Apostles, write nearly all their epistles to the Invisible Church:—Those epistles are headed,—Romans, "To the beloved of God, called to be saints;" 1 Corinthians, "To them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus;" 2 Corinthians, "To the saints in all Achaia;" Ephesians, "To the saints which are at Ephesus, and to the faithful in Christ Jesus;" Philippians, "To all the saints which are at Philippi;" Colossians, "To the saints and faithful brethren which are at Colosse;" 1 and 2 Thessalonians, "To the Church of the Thessalonians, which is in God the Father, and the Lord Jesus;" 1 and 2 Timothy, "To his own son in the faith;" Titus, to the same; 1 Peter, "To the Strangers, Elect according to the foreknowledge of God;" 2 Peter, "To them that have obtained like precious faith with us;" 2 John, "To the Elect lady;" Jude, "To them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ and called."

There are thus fifteen epistles, expressly directed to the members of the Invisible Church. Philemon and Hebrews,

and 1 and 3 John, are evidently also so written, though not so expressly inscribed. That of James, and that to the Galatians, are as evidently to the Visible Church: the one being general, and the other to persons "removed from Him that called them." Missing out, therefore, these two epistles, but including Christ's words to His disciples, we find in the Scriptural addresses to members of the Invisible Church, fourteen, if not more, direct injunctions "not to be deceived."* So much for the "Infallibility of the Church."

Now, one could put up with Puseyism more patiently, if its fallacies arose merely from peculiar temperaments yielding to peculiar temptations. But its bold refusals to read plain English; its elaborate adjustments of tight bandages over its own eyes, as wholesome preparation for a walk among traps and pitfalls; its daring trustfulness in its own clairvoyance all the time, and declarations that every pit it falls into is a seventh heaven; and that it is pleasant and profitable to break its legs;—with all this it is difficult to have patience. One thinks of the highwayman with his eyes shut, in the Arabian Nights; and wonders whether any kind of scourging would prevail upon the Anglican highwayman to open "first one and then the other."

4. So much, then, I repeat for the infallibility of the *Invisible* Church, and for its consequent authority. Now, if we want to ascertain what infallibility and authority there is in the Visible Church, we have to alloy the small wisdom and the light weight of Invisible Christians, with large per-centage of the false wisdom and contrary weight of Undetected Anti-Christians. Which alloy makes up the current coin of opinions in the Visible Church, having such value as we may choose—its nature being properly assayed—to attach to it.

* Matt. xxiv. 4; Mark xiii. 5; Luke xxi. 8; 1 Cor. iii. 18, vi. 9, xv. 33; Eph. iv. 14, v. 6; Col. ii. 8; 2 Thess. ii. 3; Heb. iii. 13; 1 John i. 8 iii. 7; 2 John 7, 8.

There is, therefore, in matters of doctrine, *no such thing as* the Authority of the Church. We might as well talk of the authority of the morning cloud. There may be light *in* it, but the light is not of it; and it diminishes the light that it gets; and lets less of it through than it receives, Christ being its sun. Or, we might as well talk of the authority of a flock of sheep—for the Church is a body to be taught and fed, not to teach and feed: and of all sheep that are fed on the earth, Christ's Sheep are the most simple (the children of this generation are wiser): always losing themselves; doing little else in this world *but* lose themselves;—never finding themselves; always found by Some One else; getting perpetually into sloughs, and snows, and bramble thickets, like to die there, but for their Shepherd, who is for ever finding them and bearing them back, with torn fleeces and eyes full of fear.

This, then, being the No-Authority of the Church in matter of Doctrine, what Authority has it in matters of Discipline?

Much, every way. The sheep have natural and wholesome power (however far scattered they may be from their proper fold) of getting together in orderly knots; following each other on trodden sheepwalks, and holding their heads all one way when they see strange dogs coming; as well as of casting out of their company any whom they see reason to suspect of not being right sheep, and being among them for no good. All which things must be done as the time and place require, and by common consent. A path may be good at one time of day which is bad at another, or after a change of wind; and a position may be very good for sudden defence, which would be very stiff and awkward for feeding in. And common consent must often be of such and such a company on this or that hillside, in this or that particular danger,—not of all the sheep in the world: and the consent may either be literally common, and expressed in assembly, or it may be to appoint officers over the rest, with such and such trusts of the common

authority, to be used for the common advantage. Conviction of crimes, and excommunication, for instance, could neither be effected except before, or by means of, officers of some appointed authority.

5. This, then, brings us to our fifth question. What is the Authority of the Clergy over the Church?

The first clause of the question must evidently be,—Who *are* the Clergy? and it is not easy to answer this without begging the rest of the question.

For instance, I think I can hear certain people answering, That the Clergy are folk of three kinds,—Bishops, who overlook the Church; Priests, who sacrifice for the Church; Deacons, who minister to the Church: thus assuming in their answer, that the Church is to be sacrificed *for*, and that people cannot overlook and minister to her at the same time; which is going much too fast. I think, however, if we define the Clergy to be the “Spiritual Officers of the Church,”—meaning, by Officers, merely People in office,—we shall have a title safe enough and general enough to begin with, and corresponding too, pretty well, with St. Paul’s general expression *πρωτοσταμένοι*, in Rom. xii. 8, and 1 Thess. v. 13.

Now, respecting these Spiritual Officers, or office-bearers, we have to inquire, first, What their Office or Authority is, or should be; secondly, Who gave, or should give, them that Authority? That is to say, first, What is, or should be the *nature* of their office; and secondly, What the *extent* or force of their authority in it? for this last depends mainly on its derivation.

First, then, What should be the offices, and of what kind should be the authority of the Clergy?

I have hitherto referred to the Bible for an answer to every question. I do so again; and behold, the Bible gives me no answer. I defy you to answer me from the Bible. You can only guess, and dimly conjecture, what the offices of the

Clergy *were* in the first century. You cannot show me a single command as to what they shall be. Strange, this; the Bible give no answer to so apparently important a question! God surely would not have left His word without an answer to anything His children ought to ask. Surely it must be a ridiculous question—a question we ought never to have put, or thought of putting. Let us think of it again a little. To be sure,—it *is* a ridiculous question, and we should be ashamed of ourselves for having put it :—What should be the offices of the Clergy? That is to say, What are the possible spiritual necessities which at any time may arise in the Church, and by what means and men are they to be supplied ;—evidently an infinite question. Different kinds of necessities must be met by different authorities, constituted as the necessities arise. Robinson Crusoe, in his island, wants no Bishop, and makes a thunderstorm do for an Evangelist. The University of Oxford would be ill off without its Bishop; but wants an Evangelist besides; and that forthwith. The authority which the Vandois shepherds need, is of Barnabas, the son of Consolation; the authority which the City of London needs, is of James, the son of Thunder. Let us then alter the form of our question, and put it to the Bible thus; What are the necessities most likely to arise in the Church; and may they be best met by different men, or in great part by the same men acting in different capacities? and are the names attached to their offices of any consequence? Ah, the Bible answers now, and that loudly. The Church is built on the Foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the corner-stone. Well; We cannot have two foundations, so we can have no more Apostles or Prophets :—then, as for the other needs of the Church in its edifying upon this foundation, there are all manner of things to be done daily ;—rebukes to be given; comfort to be brought; Scripture to be explained; warning to be enforced; threaten

ings to be executed; charities to be administered; and the men who do these things are called, and call themselves, with absolute indifference, Deacons, Bishops, Elders, Evangelists, according to what they are doing at the time of speaking. St. Paul almost always calls himself a deacon, St. Peter calls himself an elder, 1 Pet. v. 1, and Timothy, generally understood to be addressed as a bishop, is called a deacon in 1 Tim. iv. 6—forbidden to rebuke an elder, in v. 1, and exhorted to do the work of an evangelist, in 2 Tim. iv. 5. But there is one thing which, as officers, or as separate from the rest of the flock, they *never* call themselves,—which it would have been impossible, as so separate, they ever *should* have called themselves; that is—*Priests*.

It would have been just as possible for the Clergy of the early Church to call themselves Levites, as to call themselves (ex officio) Priests. The whole function of Priesthood was, on Christmas morning, at once and for ever gathered into His Person who was born at Bethlehem; and thenceforward, all who are united with Him, and who with Him make sacrifice of themselves; that is to say, all members of the Invisible Church, become at the instant of their conversion, Priests; and are so called in 1 Pet. ii. 5, and Rev. i. 6, and xx. 6, where, observe, there is no possibility of limiting the expression to the Clergy; the conditions of Priesthood being simply having been loved by Christ, and washed in His blood. The blasphemous claim on the part of the Clergy of being *more* Priests than the godly laity—that is to say, of having a higher Holiness than the Holiness of being one with Christ,—is altogether a Romanist heresy, dragging after it, or having its origin in, the other heresies respecting the sacrificial power of the Church officer, and his repeating the oblation of Christ, and so having power to absolve from sin:—with all the other endless and miserable falsehoods of the Papal hierarchy; falsehoods for which, that there might be no shadow of excuse, it

has been ordained by the Holy Spirit that no Christian minister shall once call himself a Priest from one end of the New Testament to the other, except together with his flock; and so far from the idea of any peculiar sanctification, belonging to the Clergy, ever entering the Apostles' minds, we actually find St. Paul defending himself against the possible imputation of inferiority: "If any man trust to himself that he is Christ's, let him of himself think this again, that, as he is Christ's, even so are we Christ's" (2 Cor. x. 7). As for the unhappy retention of the term Priest in our English Prayer-book, so long as it was understood to mean nothing but an upper order of Church officer, licensed to tell the congregation from the reading-desk, what (for the rest) they might, one would think, have known without being told,—that "God pardoneth all them that truly repent,"—there was little harm in it; but, now that this order of Clergy begins to presume upon a title which, if it mean anything at all, is simply short for Presbyter, and has no more to do with the word *Hiereus* than with the word *Levite*, it is time that some order should be taken both with the book and the Clergy. For instance, in that dangerous compound of halting poetry with hollow Divinity, called the *Lyra Apostolica*, we find much versification on the sin of Korah and his company: with suggested parallel between the Christian and Levitical Churches, and threatening that there are "Judgment Fires, for high-voiced Korahs in their day." There are indeed such fires. But when Moses said, "a Prophet shall the Lord raise up unto you, like unto me," did he mean the writer who signs γ in the *Lyra Apostolica*? The office of the Lawgiver and Priest is now for ever gathered into One Mediator between God and man; and THEY are guilty of the sin of Korah who blasphemously would associate themselves in his Mediatorship.

As for the passages in the "Ordering of Priests" and "Visitation of the Sick" respecting Absolution, they are evi

dently pure Romanism, and might as well not be there, for any practical effect which they have on the consciences of the Laity; and had much better not be there, as regards their effect on the minds of the Clergy. It is indeed true that Christ promised absolving power to His Apostles: He also promised to those who believed, that they should take up serpents, and if they drank any deadly thing, it should not hurt them. His words were fulfilled literally; but those who would extend their force to beyond the Apostolic times, must extend both promises, or neither.

Although, however, the Protestant laity do not often admit the absolving power of their clergy, they are but too apt to yield, in some sort, to the impression of their greater sanctification; and from this instantly results the unhappy consequence that the sacred character of the Layman himself is forgotten, and his own Ministerial duty is neglected. Men not in office in the Church suppose themselves, on that ground, in a sort unholy; and that, therefore, they may sin with more excuse, and be idle or impious with less danger, than the Clergy: especially they consider themselves relieved from all ministerial function, and as permitted to devote their whole time and energy to the business of this world. No mistake can possibly be greater. Every member of the Church is equally bound to the service of the Head of the Church; and that service is pre-eminently the saving of souls. There is not a moment of a man's active life in which he may not be indirectly preaching; and throughout a great part of his life he ought to be *directly* preaching, and teaching both strangers and friends; his children, his servants, and all who in any way are put under him, being given to him as especial objects of his ministration. So that the only difference between a Church officer and a lay member, is either a wider degree of authority given to the former, as apparently a wiser and better man, or a special appointment to some office more easily discharged

by one person than by many: as, for instance, the serving of tables by the deacons; the authority or appointment being, in either case, commonly signified by a marked separation from the rest of the Church, and the privilege or power* of being maintained by the rest of the Church, without being forced to labor with his hands or encumber himself with any temporal concerns.

Now, putting out of question the serving of tables, and other such duties, respecting which there is no debate, we shall find the offices of the Clergy, whatever names we may choose to give to those who discharge them, falling mainly into two great heads:—Teaching; including doctrine, warning, and comfort: Discipline; including reproof and direct administration of punishment. Either of which functions would naturally become vested in single persons, to the exclusion of others, as a mere matter of convenience: whether those persons were wiser and better than others or not: and respecting each of which, and the authority required for its fitting discharge, a short inquiry must be separately made.

I. Teaching.—It appears natural and wise that certain men should be set apart from the rest of the Church that they may make Theology the study of their lives: and that they should be thereto instructed specially in the Hebrew and Greek tongues; and have entire leisure granted them for the study of the Scriptures, and for obtaining general knowledge of the grounds of Faith, and best modes of its defence against all heretics: and it seems evidently right also, that with this Scholastic duty should be joined the Pastoral duty of constant visitation and exhortation to the people; for, clearly, the Bible, and the truths of Divinity in general, can only be understood rightly in their practical application; and

* *ἐξουσία*, in 1 Cor. ix. 12. 2 Thess. iii. 9.

clearly, also, a man spending his time constantly in spiritual ministrations, must be better able, on any given occasion, to deal powerfully with the human heart than one unpractised in such matters. The unity of Knowledge and Love, both devoted altogether to the service of Christ and his Church, marks the true Christian Minister; who I believe, whenever he has existed, has never failed to receive due and fitting reverence from all men,—of whatever character or opinion; and I believe that if all those who profess to be such, were such indeed, there would never be question of their authority more.

But, whatever influence they may have over the Church, their authority never supersedes that of either the intellect or the conscience of the simplest of its lay members. They can assist those members in the search for truth, or comfort their over-worn and doubtful minds; they can even assure them that they are in the way of truth, or that pardon is within their reach: but they can neither manifest the truth, nor grant the pardon. Truth is to be discovered, and Pardon to be won for every man by himself. This is evident from innumerable texts of Scripture, but chiefly from those which exhort every man to seek after Truth, and which connect knowing with doing. We are to seek after knowledge as silver, and search for her as for hid treasures; therefore, from every man she must be naturally hid, and the discovery of her is to be the reward only of personal search. The kingdom of God is as treasure hid in a field; and of those who profess to help us to seek for it, we are not to put confidence in those who say,—Here is the treasure, we have found it, and have it, and will give you some of it; but to those who say,—We think that is a good place to dig, and you will dig most easily in such and such a way.

Farther, it has been promised that if such earnest search be made, Truth shall be discovered: as much truth, that is, as is necessary for the person seeking. These, therefore, I

hold, for two fundamental principles of religion,—that, without seeking, truth cannot be known at all; and that, by seeking, it may be discovered by the simplest. I say, without seeking it cannot be known at all. It can neither be declared from pulpits, nor set down in Articles, nor in any wise “prepared and sold” in packages, ready for use. Truth must be ground for every man by himself out of its husk, with such help as he can get, indeed, but not without stern labor of his own. In what science is knowledge to be had cheap? or truth to be told over a velvet cushion, in half an hour’s talk every seventh day? Can you learn chemistry so?—zoology?—anatomy? and do you expect to penetrate the secret of all secrets, and to know that whose price is above rubies; and of which the depth saith,—It is not in me, in so easy fashion? There are doubts in this matter which evil spirits darken with their wings, and that is true of all such doubts which we were told long ago—they can “be ended by action alone.”*

As surely as we live, this truth of truths can only so be discerned: to those who act on what they know, more shall be revealed; and thus, if any man will do His will, he shall know the doctrine whether it be of God. Any man:—not the man who has most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brains, or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library fullest of most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at His word, and sets

* (Carlyle, Past and Present, Chap. xi.) Can anything be more striking than the repeated warnings of St. Paul against strife of words; and his distinct setting forth of Action as the only true means of attaining knowledge of the truth, and the only sign of men’s possessing the true faith. Compare 1 Timothy vi. 4, 20, (the latter verse especially, in connection with the previous three), and 2 Timothy ii. 14, 19, 22, 23, tracing the connection here also; add Titus i. 10, 14, 16, noting “*in works they deny him*,” and Titus iii. 8, 9, “affirm constantly that they be careful to maintain good works; but avoid foolish questions;” and finally, 1 Timothy i. 4—7: a passage which seems to have been especially written for these times.

himself to dig up the heavenly mystery, roots and all, before sunset, and the night come, when no man can work. Beside such a man, God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils, and teaches him that which no preacher can teach—no earthly authority gainsay. By such a man, the preacher must himself be judged.

Doubt you this? There is nothing more certain nor clear throughout the Bible: the Apostles themselves appeal constantly to their flocks, and actually *claim* judgment from them, as deserving it, and having a right to it, rather than discouraging it. But, first notice the way in which the discovery of truth is spoken of in the Old Testament: “Evil men understand not judgment; but they that seek the Lord understand all things,” Proverbs xxviii. 5. God overthroweth, not merely the transgressor or the wicked, but even “the words of the transgressor,” Proverbs xxii. 12, and “the counsel of the wicked,” Job v. 13, xxi. 16; observe again, in Proverbs xxiv. 4, “My son, eat thou honey, because it is good—so shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul, when thou hast *found it*, there shall be a reward;” and again, “What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall he teach in the way that he shall choose;” so Job xxxii. 8, and multitudes of places more; and then, with all these places, which express the definite and personal operation of the Spirit of God on every one of His people, compare the place in Isaiah, which speaks of the contrary of this human teaching: a passage which seems as if it had been written for this very day and hour. “Because their fear towards me is taught by the *precept of men*; therefore, behold the wisdom of their wise men shall perish, and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid.” (xvix. 13, 14.) Then take the New Testament, and observe how St. Paul himself speaks of the Romans, even as hardly needing his epistle, but able to admonish one another; “*Nevertheless, brethren, I have written*

the more boldly unto you in some sort, as putting you in mind." (xv. 15.) Any one, we should have thought, might have done as much as this, and yet St. Paul increases the modesty of it as he goes on; for he claims the right of doing as much as this, only "because of the grace given to me of God, that I should be the minister of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles." Then compare 2 Cor. v. 11, where he appeals to the consciences of the people for the manifestation of his having done his duty; and observe in verse 21 of that, and 1 of the next chapter, the "pray" and "beseech," not "command;" and again, in chapter vi. verse 4, "approving ourselves as the ministers of God." But the most remarkable passage of all is 2 Cor. iii. 1, whence it appears that the churches were actually in the habit of giving letters of recommendation to their ministers; and St. Paul dispenses with such letters, not by virtue of his Apostolic authority, but because the power of his preaching was enough manifested in the Corinthians themselves. And these passages are all the more forcible, because if in any of them St. Paul had claimed absolute authority over the Church as a teacher, it was no more than we should have expected him to claim, nor could his doing so have in anywise justified a successor in the same claim. But now that he has not claimed it—who, following him, shall dare to claim it? And the consideration of the necessity of joining expressions of the most exemplary humility, which were to be the example of succeeding ministers, with such assertion of Divine authority as should secure acceptance for the epistle itself in the sacred canon, sufficiently accounts for the apparent inconsistencies which occur in 2 Thess. iii. 14, and other such texts.

So much, then, for the authority of the Clergy in matters of Doctrine. Next, what is their authority in matters of Discipline. It must evidently be very great, even if it were derived from the people alone, and merely vested in the cleri

ral officers as the executors of their ecclesiastical judgments, and general overseers of all the Church. But granting, as we must presently, the minister to hold office directly from God, his authority of discipline becomes very great indeed; how great, it seems to me most difficult to determine, because I do not understand what St. Paul means by "delivering a man to Satan for the destruction of the flesh." Leaving this question, however, as much too hard for casual examination, it seems indisputable that the authority of the Ministers or court of Ministers should extend to the pronouncing a man Excommunicate for certain crimes against the Church, as well as for all crimes punishable by ordinary law. There ought, I think, to be an ecclesiastical code of laws; and a man ought to have jury trial, according to this code, before an ecclesiastical judge; in which, if he were found guilty, as of lying, or dishonesty, or cruelty, much more of any actually committed violent crime, he should be pronounced Excommunicate; refused the Sacrament; and have his name written in some public place as an excommunicate person until he had publicly confessed his sin and besought pardon of God for it. The jury should always be of the laity, and no penalty should be enforced in an ecclesiastical court except this of excommunication.

This proposal may sound strange to many persons; but assuredly this, if not much more than this, is commanded in Scripture, first in the (much abused) text, "Tell it unto the Church;" and most clearly in 1 Cor. v. 11—13; 2 Thess. iii. 6 and 14; 1 Tim. v. 8 and 20; and Titus iii. 10; from which passages we also know the two proper degrees of the penalty. For Christ says, Let him who refuses to hear the Church, "be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican." But Christ ministered to the heathen, and sat at meat with the publican; only always with declared or implied expression of their inferiority; here, therefore, is one degree of excommunication for persons who "offend" their brethren; committing some

minor fault against them; and who, having been pronounced in error by the body of the Church, refuse to confess their fault or repair it; who are then to be no longer considered members of the Church; and their recovery to the body of it is to be sought exactly as it would be in the case of a heathen. But covetous persons, railers, extortioners, idolaters, and those guilty of other gross crimes, are to be entirely cut off from the company of the believers; and we are not so much as to eat with them. This last penalty, however, would require to be strictly guarded, that it might not be abused in the infliction of it, as it has been by the Romanists. We are not, indeed, to eat with them, but we may exercise all Christian charity towards them, and give them to eat, if we see them in hunger, as we ought to all our enemies; only we are to consider them distinctly as our *enemies*: that is to say, enemies of our Master Christ; and servants of Satan.

As for the rank or name of the officers in whom the authorities, either of teaching or discipline, are to be vested, they are left undetermined by Scripture. I have heard it said by men who know their Bible far better than I, that careful examination may detect evidence of the existence of three orders of Clergy in the Church. This may be; but one thing is very clear, without any laborious examination, that "bishop" and "elder" sometimes mean the same thing, as, indisputably, in Titus i. 5 and 7, and 1 Pet. v. 1 and 2, and that the office of the bishop or overseer was one of considerably less importance than it is with us. This is palpably evident from 1 Timothy iii., for what divine among us, writing of episcopal proprieties, would think of saying that bishops "must not be given to wine," must be "no strikers," and must not be "novices?" We are not in the habit of making bishops of novices in these days; and it would be much better that, like the early Church, we sometimes ran the risk of doing so; for the fact is we have not bishops enough---by some hundreds. The idea of over

seership has been practically lost sight of, its fulfilment having gradually become physically impossible, for want of more bishops. The duty of a bishop is, without doubt, to be accessible to the humblest clergymen of his diocese, and to desire very earnestly that all of them should be in the habit of referring to him in all cases of difficulty; if they do not do this of their own accord, it is evidently his duty to visit them; live with them sometimes, and join in their ministrations to their flocks, so as to know exactly the capacities, and habits of life of each; and if any of them complained of this or that difficulty with their congregations, the bishop should be ready to go down to help them, preach for them, write general epistles to their people, and so on: besides this, he should of course be watchful of their errors—ready to hear complaints from their congregations of inefficiency or aught else; besides having general superintendence of all the charitable institutions and schools in his diocese, and good knowledge of whatever was going on in theological matters, both all over the kingdom and on the continent. This is the work of a right overseer; and I leave the reader to calculate how many additional bishops—and those hard-working men, too—we should need to have it done even decently. Then our present bishops might all become archbishops with advantage, and have general authority over the rest.*

* I leave, in the main text, the abstract question of the fitness of Episcopacy unapproached, not feeling any call to speak of it at length at present; all that I feel necessary to be said is, that bishops being granted, it is clear that we have too few to do their work. But the argument from the practice of the Primitive Church appears to me to be of erroneous weight,—nor have I ever heard any rational plea alleged against Episcopacy, except that, like other things, it is capable of abuse, and had sometimes been abused; and as, altogether clearly and indisputably, there is described in the Bible an episcopal office, distinct from the merely ministerial one; and, apparently, also an Episcopal officer attached to each church, and distinguished in the Revelations as an Angel, I hold the resistance of the Scotch Presbyterian Church to Episcopacy to be unscriptural, futile, and schismatic.

As to the mode in which the officers of the Church should be elected or appointed, I do not feel it my business to say anything at present, nor much respecting the extent of their authority, either over each other or over the congregation, this being a most difficult question, the right solution of which evidently lies between two most dangerous extremes—insubordination and radicalism on one hand, and ecclesiastical tyranny and heresy on the other: of the two, insubordination is far the least to be dreaded—for this reason, that nearly all real Christians are more on the watch against their pride than their indolence, and would sooner obey their clergyman, if possible, than contend with him; while the very pride they suppose conquered often returns masked, and causes them to make a merit of their humility and their abstract obedience, however unreasonable: but they cannot so easily persuade themselves there is a merit in abstract *disobedience*.

Ecclesiastical tyranny has, for the most part, founded itself on the idea of Vicarianism, one of the most pestilent of the Romanist theories, and most plainly denounced in Scripture. Of this I have a word or two to say to the modern “Vicarian.” All powers that be are unquestionably ordained of God; so that they that resist the Power, resist the ordinance of God. Therefore, say some in these offices, We, being ordained of God, and having our credentials, and being in the English Bible called ambassadors for God, do, in a sort, represent God. We are Vicars of Christ, and stand on earth in place of Christ. I have heard this said by Protestant clergymen.

Now the word ambassador has a peculiar ambiguity about it, owing to its use in modern political affairs; and these clergymen assume that the word, as used by St. Paul, means an Ambassador Plenipotentiary; representative of his King, and capable of acting for his King. What right have they to assume that St. Paul meant this? St. Paul never uses the word ambassador at all. He says simply, “We are in embas-

sage from Christ; and Christ beseeches you through us." Most true. And let it further be granted, that every word that the clergyman speaks is literally dictated to him by Christ; that he can make no mistake in delivering his message; and that, therefore, it is indeed Christ himself who speaks to us the word of life through the messenger's lips. Does, therefore, the messenger represent Christ? Does the channel which conveys the waters of the Fountain represent the Fountain itself? Suppose, when we went to draw water at a cistern, that all at once the Leaden Spout should become animated, and open its mouth and say to us, See, I am Vicarious for the Fountain. Whatever respect you show to the Fountain, show some part of it to me. Should we not answer the Spout, and say, Spout, you were set there for our service, and may be taken away and thrown aside* if anything goes wrong with you. But the Fountain will flow for ever.

Observe, I do not deny a most solemn authority vested in every Christian messenger from God to men. I am prepared to grant this to the uttermost; and all that George Herbert says, in the end of the Church-porch, I would enforce, at another time than this, to the uttermost. But the Authority is simply that of a King's *messenger*; not of a King's *Representative*. There is a wide difference; all the difference between humble service and blasphemous usurpation.

Well, the congregation might ask, grant him a King's messenger in cases of doctrine,—in cases of discipline, an officer bearing the King's commission. How far are we to obey him? How far is it lawful to dispute his commands?

For, in granting, above, that the Messenger always gave his message faithfully, I granted too much to my adversaries, in order that their argument might have all the weight it possibly could. The Messengers rarely deliver their message

* "By just judgment be deposed." Art. 26.

faithfully; and sometimes have declared, as from the King, messages of their own invention. How far are we, knowing them for King's messengers, to believe or obey them?

Suppose for instance, in our English army, on the eve of some great battle, one of the colonels were to give this order to his regiment. "My men, tie your belts over your eyes, throw down your muskets, and follow me as steadily as you can, through this marsh, into the middle of the enemy's line," (this being precisely the order issued by our Puseyite Church officers.) It might be questioned, in the real battle, whether it would be better that a regiment should show an example of insubordination, or be cut to pieces. But happily in the Church, there is no such difficulty; for the King is always with his army: Not only with his army, but at the right hand of every soldier of it. Therefore, if any of their colonels give them a strange command, all they have to do is to ask the King; and never yet any Christian asked guidance of his King, in any difficulty whatsoever, without mental reservation or secret resolution, but he had it forthwith. We conclude then, finally, that the authority of the Clergy is, in matters of discipline, large (being executive, first, of the written laws of God, and secondly, of those determined and agreed upon by the body of the Church), in matters of doctrine, dependent on their recommending themselves to every man's conscience, both as messengers of God, and as themselves men of God, perfect, and instructed to good works.*

* The difference between the authority of doctrine and discipline is beautifully marked in 2 Timothy ii. 25. and Titus ii. 12—15. In the first passage, the servant of God, teaching divine doctrine, must not strive, but must "in meekness instruct those that oppose themselves;" in the second passage, teaching us "that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts he is to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," the minister is to speak, exhort, and rebuke with ALL AUTHORITY—both functions being expressed as united in 2 Timothy iv. 3.

6. The last subject which we had to investigate was, it will be remembered, what is usually called the connection of "Church and State." But, by our definition of the term Church, throughout the whole of Christendom, the Church (or society of professing Christians) is the State, and our subject is therefore, properly speaking, the connection of the lay and clerical officers of the Church; that is to say, the degrees in which the civil and ecclesiastical governments ought to interfere with or influence each other.

It would of course be vain to attempt a formal inquiry into this intricate subject;—I have only a few detached points to notice respecting it.

There are three degrees or kinds of civil government. The first and lowest, executive merely; the government in this sense being simply the National Hand, and composed of individuals who administer the laws of the nation, and execute its established purposes.

The second kind of government is deliberative; but in its deliberation, representative only of the thoughts and will of the people or nation, and liable to be deposed the instant it ceases to express those thoughts and that will. This, whatever its form, whether centred in a king or in any number of men, is properly to be called Democratic. The third and highest kind of government is deliberative, not as representative of the people, but as chosen to take separate counsel for them, and having power committed to it, to enforce upon them whatever resolution it may adopt, whether consistent with their will or not. This government is properly to be called Monarchical, whatever its form.

I see that politicians and writers of history continually run into hopeless error, because they confuse the Form of a government with its Nature. A government may be nominally vested in an individual; and yet if that individual be in such fear of those beneath him, that he does nothing but

what he supposes will be agreeable to them, the Government is Democratic; on the other hand, the Government may be vested in a deliberative assembly of a thousand men, all having equal authority, and all chosen from the lowest ranks of the people; and yet if that assembly act independently of the will of the people, and have no fear of them, and enforce its determinations upon them, the government is Monarchical; that is to say, the Assembly, acting as One, has power over the Many, while in the case of the weak king, the Many have power over the One.

A Monarchical Government, acting for its own interests, instead of the people's, is a tyranny. I said the Executive Government was the hand of the nation;—the Republican Government is in like manner its tongue. The Monarchical Government is its head.

All true and right Government is Monarchical, and of the head. What is its best form, is a totally different question; but unless it act *for* the people, and not as representative of the people, it is no government at all; and one of the grossest blockheadisms of the English in the present day, is their idea of sending men to Parliament to “represent *their* opinions.” Whereas their only true business is to find out the wisest men among them, and send them to Parliament to represent their *own* opinions, and act upon them. Of all puppet-shows in the Satanic Carnival of the earth, the most contemptible puppet-show is a Parliament with a mob pulling the strings.

Now, of these three states of government, it is clear that the merely executive can have no proper influence over ecclesiastical affairs. But of the other two, the first, being the voice of the people, or voice of the Church, must have such influence over the Clergy as is properly vested in the body of the Church. The second, which stands in the same relation to the people as a father does to his family, will have such farther influence over ecclesiastical matters, as a father has

over the consciences of his adult children. No absolute authority, therefore, to enforce their attendance at any particular place of worship, or subscription to any particular Creed. But indisputable authority to procure for them such religious instruction as he deems fittest,* and to recommend it to them by every means in his power; he not only has authority, but is under obligation to do this, as well as to establish such disciplines and forms of worship in his house as he deems most convenient for his family: With which they are indeed at liberty to refuse compliance, if such disciplines appear to them clearly opposed to the law of God; but not

* Observe, this and the following conclusions depend entirely on the supposition that the Government is part of the Body of the Church, and that some pains have been taken to compose it of religious and wise men. If we choose, knowingly and deliberately, to compose our Parliament, in great part, of infidels and Papists, gamblers and debtors, we may well regret its power over the Clerical officer; but that we should, at any time, so compose our Parliament, is a sign that the Clergy themselves have failed in their duty, and the Church in its watchfulness;—thus the evil accumulates in re-action. Whatever I say of the responsibility or authority of Government, is therefore to be understood only as sequent on what I have said previously of the necessity of closely circumscribing the Church, and then composing the Civil Government out of the circumscribed Body. Thus, all Papists would at once be rendered incapable of share in it, being subjected to the second or most severe degree of excommunication—first, as idolaters, by 1 Cor. v. 10; then, as covetous and extortioners, (selling absolution,) by the same text: and, finally, as heretics and maintainers of falsehoods, by Titus iii. 10, and 1 Tim. iv. 1.

I do not write this hastily, nor without earnest consideration both of the difficulty and the consequences of such Church Discipline. But either the Bible is a superannuated book, and is only to be read as a record of past days; or these things follow from it, clearly and inevitably. That we live in days when the Bible has become impracticable, is (if it be so) the very thing I desire to be considered. I am not setting down these plans or schemes as at present possible. I do not know how far they are possible: but it seems to me that God has plainly commanded them, and that, therefore, their impracticability is a thing to be meditated on.

without most solemn conviction of their being so, nor without deep sorrow to be compelled to such a course.

But it may be said, the Government of a people never does stand to them in the relation of a father to his family. If it do not, it is no Government. However grossly it may fail in its duty, and however little it may be fitted for its place, if it be a Government at all, it has paternal office and relation to the people. I find it written on the one hand,—“Honor thy Father;” on the other,—“Honor the King;” on the one hand,—“Whoso smiteth his Father, shall be put to death;”* on the other,—“They that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.” Well, but, it may be farther argued, the Clergy are in a still more solemn sense the Fathers of the People, and the People are the beloved Sons; why should not, therefore, the Clergy have the power to govern the civil officers?

For two very clear reasons.

In all human institutions certain evils are granted, as of necessity; and, in organizing such institutions, we must allow for the consequences of such evils, and make arrangements such as may best keep them in check. Now, in both the civil and ecclesiastical governments there will of necessity be a certain number of bad men. The wicked civilian has comparatively little interest in overthrowing ecclesiastical authority; it is often a useful help to him, and presents in itself little which seems covetable. But the wicked ecclesiastical officer has much interest in overthrowing the civilian, and getting the political power into his own hands. As far as wicked men are concerned, therefore, it is better that the State should have power over the Clergy, than the Clergy over the State.

Secondly, supposing both the Civil and Ecclesiastical officer to be Christians; there is no fear that the civil officer should

* Exod. xxi. 15.

under-rate the dignity or shorten the serviceableness of the minister; but there is considerable danger that the religious enthusiasm of the minister might diminish the serviceableness of the civilian. (The History of Religious Enthusiasm should be written by some one who had a life to give to its investigation; it is one of the most melancholy pages in human records, and one the most necessary to be studied.) Therefore, so far as good men are concerned, it is better the State should have power over the Clergy, than the Clergy over the State.

This we might, it seems to me, conclude by unassisted reason. But surely the whole question is, without any need of human reason, decided by the history of Israel. If ever a body of Clergy should have received independent authority, the Levitical Priesthood should; for they were indeed a Priesthood, and more holy than the rest of the nation. But Aaron is always subject to Moses. All solemn revelation is made to Moses, the civil magistrate, and he actually commands Aaron as to the fulfilment of his priestly office, and that in a necessity of life and death: "Go and make an atonement for the people." Nor is anything more remarkable throughout the whole of the Jewish history than the perfect subjection of the Priestly to the Kingly Authority. Thus Solomon thrusts out Abiathar from being priest, 1 Kings ii. 27; and Jehohaz administers the funds of the Lord's House, 2 Kings xii. 4, though that money was actually the Atonement Money, the Ransom for Souls (Exod. xxx. 12).

We have, however, also the beautiful instance of Samuel uniting in himself the offices of Priest, Prophet, and Judge; nor do I insist on any special manner of subjection of Clergy to civil officers, or *vice versa*; but only on the necessity of their perfect unity and influence upon each other in every Christian Kingdom. Those who endeavor to effect the utter separation of ecclesiastical and civil officers, are striving, on

the one hand, to expose the Clergy to the most grievous and most subtle of temptations from their own spiritual enthusiasm and spiritual pride; on the other, to deprive the civil officer of all sense of religious responsibility, and to introduce the fearful, godless, conscienceless, and soulless policy of the Radical and the (so called) Socialist. Whereas, the ideal of all government is the perfect unity of the two bodies of officers, each supporting and correcting the other; the Clergy having due weight in all the national councils; the civil officers having a solemn reverence for God in all their acts; the Clergy hallowing all worldly policy by their influence; and the magistracy repressing all religious enthusiasm by their practical wisdom. To separate the two is to endeavor to separate the daily life of the nation from God, and to map out the dominion of the soul into two provinces—one of Atheism, the other of Enthusiasm. These, then, were the reasons which caused me to speak of the idea of separation of Church and State as Fatuity; for what Fatuity can be so great as the not having God in our thoughts; and, in any act or office of life, saying in our hearts, "There is no God."

Much more I would fain say of these things, but not now: this only, I must emphatically assert, in conclusion:—That the schism between the so called Evangelical and High Church parties in Britain, is enough to shake many men's faith in the truth or existence of Religion at all. It seems to me one of the most disgraceful scenes in Ecclesiastical history, that Protestantism should be paralyzed at its very heart by jealousies, based on little else than mere difference between high and low breeding. For the essential differences, in the religious opinions of the two parties, are sufficiently marked in two men whom we may take as the highest representatives of each—George Herbert and John Milton; and I do not think there would have been much difficulty in atoning those two, if one could have got them together. But the real difficulty, nowa-

days, lies in the sin and folly of both parties: in the superciliousness of the one, and the rudeness of the other. Evidently, however, the sin lies most at the High Church door, for the Evangelicals are much more ready to act with Churchmen than they with the Evangelicals; and I believe that this state of things cannot continue much longer; and that if the Church of England does not forthwith unite with herself the entire Evangelical body, both of England and Scotland, and take her stand with them against the Papacy, her hour has struck. She cannot any longer serve two masters; nor make curtsies alternately to Christ and anti-Christ. That she *has* done this is visible enough by the state of Europe at this instant. Three centuries since Luther—three hundred years of Protestant knowledge—and the Papacy not yet overthrown! Christ's truth still restrained, in narrow dawn, to the white cliffs of England and white crests of the Alps;—the morning star paused in its course in heaven;—the sun and moon stayed, with Satan for their Joshua.

But how to unite the two great sects of paralyzed Protestants? By keeping simply to Scripture. The members of the Scottish Church have not a shadow of excuse for refusing Episcopacy; it has indeed been abused among them; grievously abused; but it is in the Bible; and that is all they have a right to ask.

They have also no shadow of excuse for refusing to employ a written form of prayer. It may not be to their taste—it may not be the way in which they like to pray; but it is no question, at present, of likes or dislikes, but of duties; and the acceptance of such a form on their part would go half way to reconcile them with their brethren. Let them allege such objections as they can reasonably advance against the English form, and let these be carefully and humbly weighed by the pastors of both churches: some of them ought to be at once forestalled. For the English Church, on the other

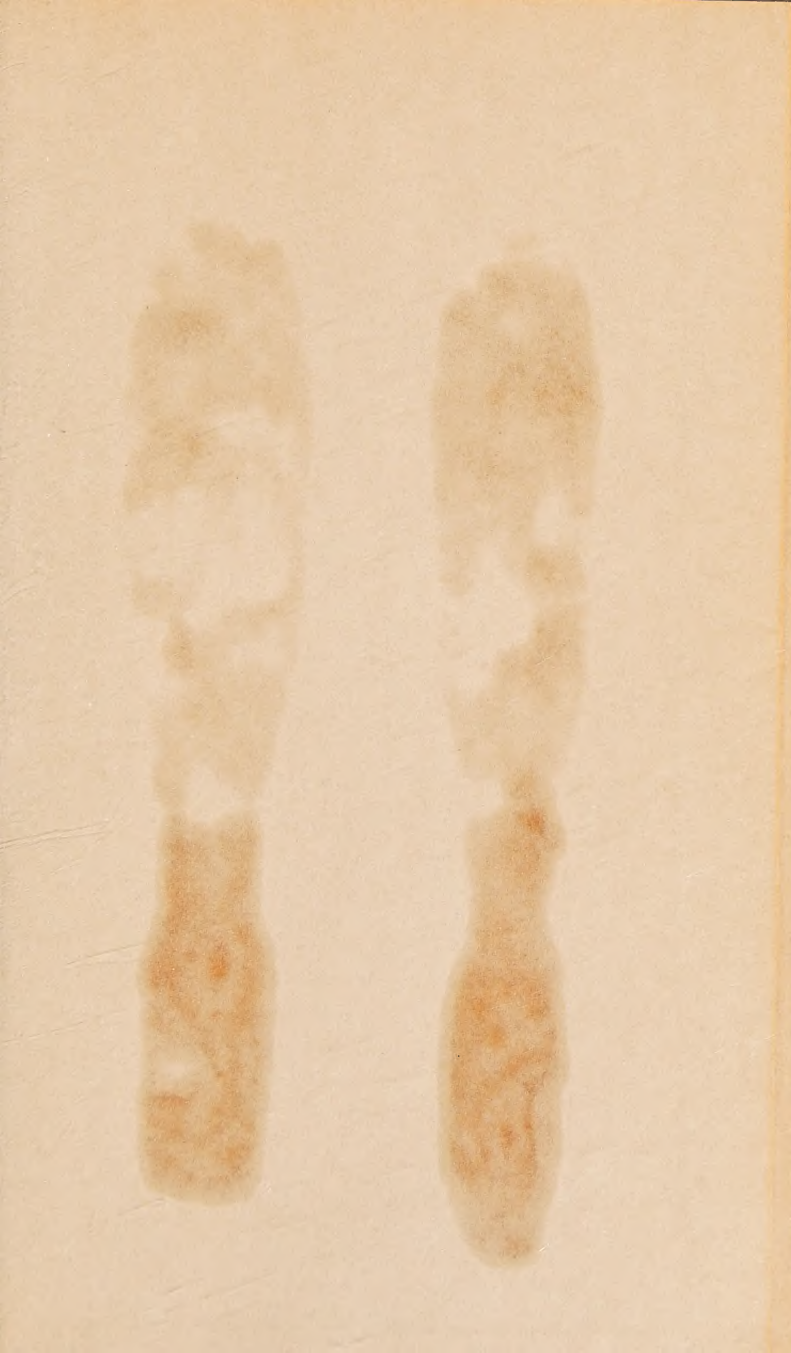
hand, *must* cut the term Priest entirely out of her Prayer-book, and substitute for it that of Minister or Elder; the passages respecting absolution must be thrown out also, except the doubtful one in the Morning Service, in which there is no harm; and then there would be only the Baptismal question left, which is one of words rather than of things, and might easily be settled in Synod, turning the refractory Clergy out of their offices, to go to Rome if they chose. Then, when the Articles of Faith and form of worship had been agreed upon between the English and Scottish Churches, the written forms and articles should be carefully translated into the European languages, and offered to the acceptance of the Protestant churches on the Continent, with earnest entreaty that they would receive them, and due entertainment of all such objections as they could reasonably allege; and thus the whole body of Protestants, united in one great Fold, would indeed go in and out, and find pasture; and the work appointed for them would be done quickly, and Antichrist overthrown.

Impossible: a thousand times impossible!—I hear it exclaimed against me. No—not impossible. Christ does not order impossibilities, and He *has* ordered us to be at peace, one with another. Nay, it is answered—He came not to send peace, but a sword. Yes, verily: to send a sword upon earth, but not within His Church; for to His Church He said, “My Peace I leave with you.”

THE END.

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